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THE

HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING

THE HISTORY

OF

MODERN PAINTING

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BY

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IN THREE VOLUMES

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INTRODUCTION

A Prelude.—Philipp Otto Runge.

IS history governed by the laws of logic? Are those who are celebrated as historical personalities invariably the men who really "made" history? Every development implies a battle. Old dogmas give way, and the position is conquered by new principles. The laurel of victory is worn by those who, with their exultant huzzas, storm the heights in possession of the enemy. But the unfortunate soldiers who fall upon the way are silently buried. Yet it is often they who gave the signal for attack, and rushed forward, as the boldest, in the van of their comrades. It is not genius and talent alone that are decisive in art. For even the most gifted is lost, if he does not possess, in addition to his artistic capacity, the peculiar aggregate of faculties which is demanded by "society;" that power of pushing which one must have to force one's self upon the world. Such characters—during their lives, at any rate—are almost regularly vanquished by mediocrities, more or less expert, in whom the great public recognizes the flesh of its flesh and the bone of its bone. Others, and by no means the most unworthy, meet with an early death. Fate only gave them time to point to their aims with a bold hand, and a successor, to whom longer life was accorded, erected a towering palace upon the firmly drawn outlines of their plan. Others again are foiled because they gave their signal by some decades too early. But no power in the universe is lost; though it may rest for a long period latent, there will surely come a time

when it is felt once more. And thus a fine flower-dust escapes from the works of such innovators, and is carried over far countries, as it were by germs in the air, until, at length, it falls somewhere upon fruitful soil. But the place whence it took wing is forgotten.

A remarkable picture hangs in the Hamburg Kunsthalle. Three children are represented out of doors in the full sunlight. A boy of about eight, and a little girl somewhat older, are stopping at the corner of a fence, painted grey, with a tiny go-cart occupied by a fine, healthy-looking baby. They are just about to go farther. The boy has his whip lifted in his right hand, and the girl anxiously turns round to look at the little one, who is gazing into vacancy, with a childish dreaminess, out of its great, bright eyes. On the far side of the fence, through which the graceful stalks of a thick privet hedge are stretching out, lies a wide meadow, hemmed in by the gardens of country villas; while farther back the high towers of a Hamburg suburb rise over bush and tree. The light of a pleasant summer's day is thrown full and soft upon the little group; there is a tremor in the warm air above, and the leaves of the trees are bathed in the fragrant, caressing atmosphere. Everything is sun, tremulous light, and airiness. Only over the little red dress of the child in the cart, over its naked feet thrust out in play and the blue cushion striped with white, does there fall the shadow of a great sunflower plant which stands in the way, and a branching stalk of which the little hand of the child holds mechanically in its grasp. And how clear and transparent are these shadows! Since the Renaissance, artists had systematically increased the intensity of shadows for the sake of picturesque effect. But here is formulated one of the leading principles of the new art: the more light there is, the fainter are the shadows, not the darker. The green suit of the boy throws pale greenish reflections over the white dress of the little girl and over the lines of her neck. And on the folds of her dress beneath there plays the cold reflection of the bright brown road, on which are set the yellow shoes of the lad and the green ones of the little maiden. The master has not painted merely colours and forms

with lights and cast-shadows, as these were understood by the old artists, but pellucid, shining light, as it pours over forms and colours and is absorbed and refracted by them. The latter virtually confined light to the surface of objects, but this painter believed in its omnipresence—beheld in it the father of all life and of the manifold nature of the visible world, and therefore of colour also.

It is a very remarkable picture. The harmony of air and light, with the objects of which they are the life—the great problem of modern painting—is not merely announced in it, but solved in a masterly fashion. And yet upon it there stands the date 1805. The work of three successive generations has hardly brought art any further.

Is history governed by the laws of logic? Can the historian expect to follow the artist's creative power, his thoughts and his imagination, in their strange, intricate ways, with the plummet of the philologer? Does that intangible factor which one knows as the spirit of the age ever give him the means of explaining personalities? The spirit of the age produces the scores of men who embody merely what the full current brings in their way; the really great natures also stand amid the general current, but it seems as if other forces came to them from unknown sources, so strangely do they grow above their surroundings and stand out of a sudden as something entirely new, embodying the spirit of the age and yet different from everything that lies before them or at their side. In later years the attempt is made to trace these sources documentally; one imagines one's self to know why it was that this and the other happened as they actually did. But finally there remains a note of interrogation, and one finds one's self on the verge of the wide region of the incalculable, where that power comes into play which Frederick the Great called the mightiest arbiter of battles—*sa Majesté le hasard*—chance. It is impossible, for example, to read without emotion that passage in the first pages of *Wahrheit und Dichtung* where Goethe writes: "Through the clumsiness of the midwife I was thought to be dead when I came into the world, and it was only after repeated efforts had

Munich: Photographic Union.]

PHILIPP OTTO RUNGE: "PORTRAIT OF CHILDREN."

been made by those around me that I saw the light." If he had died at his birth! What a different form the development of German literature would have taken! Or that of German art if Asmus Jakob Carstens had not existed and *Philipp Otto Runge* had not taken the lead! Carstens was the man of the epoch; he embodied the spirit of the age. But, as regards Runge's works, there was no one who foresaw that anything could spring up from this grain and bear new seed. Yet that which he sowed concealed the germs of the future.

Not in Rome and not in Munich are the beginnings of modern painting to be sought, nor, for the matter of that, in any of the towns where art was fostered by academies and picture-galleries. Academies and picture-galleries bred the tribe

of professional artists, who availed themselves of the old art to meet the needs of the day. But the men of individuality in the service of art became great, apart from the ruling centres of production, because they created something new. Their works still repose in lumber-rooms, but a future age will find them out and write the history of the artistic movement from the beginning of our century, under their influence.

Philipp Otto Runge was born in Wolgast on June 23rd, 1777, and settled down to work in Hamburg, after studying in the Academies of Copenhagen and Dresden. His name is not to be found in manuals on the history of art. It could not be included because he did not join himself to any leading group, and even if notice had been taken of him, his historical importance could not have been appreciated, since his best works were out of sight, in the possession of private individuals. Besides, the general estimate of him was virtually grounded on one work, the series known as "The Times of Day," which excited a great deal of comment by its appearance in engraving, and had, moreover, a lasting influence on the development of the ornamental style; but—in the outline engraving by which it was made public—it gives no idea of the compass of his gifts and the novelty of his aims.

Philipp Otto Runge was the first German artist of the century who broke with all eclectic, academical dogmas, and, with a full consciousness of the necessity of this step, gave himself up to an unprejudiced study of nature. His artistic production was confined to no isolated province. Full of greatness and independence, like a Renaissance master risen again but rooted in our own time, he attacked all tasks, the highest as well as the most humble. Draughts for frescoes alternated with ornaments for sofa-cushions, *genre* pictures with portraits, representations of sacred subjects with illustrations. And in every case he gave something novel. The haughty and one-sided temperament of Cornelius and Carstens, for whom the artist was in the first place an historical painter, would have been a thing incomprehensible to his universal mind. Whatever the painter sees he must be able to paint.

Hamburg is the great flower-garden of North Germany, and Runge came there to satisfy his passion for gardens and flowers, and not to study picture-galleries and cabinets of antiquities. One of his favourite occupations was to cut silhouettes. Equipped with a pair of scissors and a sheet of white paper, he would cut plants and flowers with a freshness, delicacy, and a profound and sensitive feeling for nature unparalleled in the art of the Western world. In looking at other productions of the hand of man, one is conscious of the marks of period and locality, but here all appreciation is brought to silence. The hardest problems are solved as though they were child's play. A few ears of corn, a cluster of violets, a poppy flower, or a spray of carnation are enough for him to create little masterpieces, of such fragrant poetry and grace that—without knowledge of their origin—one would suspect the hand of a Japanese artist, or be reminded of those great draughtsmen of the English Pre-Raphaelite group who have devoted themselves to industrial art—of Walter Crane and of William Morris. In Germany the century has produced nothing in the province of ornamental work which has united such a sensitive feeling for nature with the same profound feeling for style.

Even in the four compositions which he called himself Times of Day, or Seasons of Life, plants and children are the elements from which the original design is put together. In them he appears as the founder of that ornamental style which Eugen Neureuther usually has the credit of having invented. Everywhere the principal part is played by the forms of plants, studied from nature in a new spirit, and out of all relationship to the ruling Classicism. The whole life of plants is indicated in the most delicate way, after the manner of the Japanese. Even the philosophical meaning of this series, which is at various points in touch with the symbolist movement of the present, is not without interest. But the colouring alone of one of these compositions, "In the Morning" (Hamburg Gallery), gives an idea of the artist's aims. What is incomprehensible in the empty lines of the

outline engraving gains life and meaning. All has become colour, light, air, and space. Runge conceived the series, not as a sequence of arid engravings, but as monumental wall-paintings. And it was not philosophical ideas—on which alone his critics have laid weight—that he wished to express, but brilliant and fanciful visions. His "Nightingale's Lesson" is interesting as an anticipation of Boecklin: here are living bodies, with the green reflections of leaves, modern sentiment of landscape, and dark green boughs set boldly against the profound blue of heaven.

Even in his portraits the study of atmospheric effects has occupied him as much as that of character. They are not numerous—for he only painted those who interested him, or for whom he had an affection—but they belong to the most original work produced at that time, not in Germany alone, but in Europe. Characteristic to the ends of their fingers, and, at the same time, done in the great style, they have an intimacy of feeling unique in that period. Like an old German master, though without imitation, Runge endeavoured to represent men in their daily surroundings, and to paint them in their general household life. And in doing this he has avoided the peril of trimming and making adjustments of the *genre* description, with remarkable sureness of taste. The poetry of customary existence so lives in his pictures that they affect one like the memory of something cherished and familiar—something felt and lived, and not merely arranged and painted. A group of his family, done in 1800 at Copenhagen, begins the list. They are sitting in the garden, before the verandah, at a tea-table, shadowed by tall trees, and Runge in his travelling cloak, back on a holiday visit from the Academy, is hurrying forward to embrace his father and give him a hearty greeting. In a second picture of 1805, he stands chatting with his brother in the garden, whilst his young wife is leaning on him, and the tender twilight of a beautiful summer evening rests over all. The picture of his father and mother was executed in 1806. They are entering the garden on their return from a walk. Two boys, who are

their grandsons, have raced in before them; one of them wishes to pick a lily, and the other and elder boy is looking up in a questioning way to his grandparents for their decision. A cold grey daylight spreads around them. Runge did not recognize the traditional brown gradation of tints. His aim was "to render what he had seen as truly and faithfully as a mirror would reflect it from nature;" and he reckoned his works as failures if, "through the influence of varying light, now brighter and now duller, he had not been able to maintain throughout the atmospheric effect he had originally intended." The scheme of colour has to be in exact keeping with the time and place of the event depicted. And his principle of open-air painting he has formulated in his works as clearly as in his writings.

For Philipp Runge was not only a painter, but also an author; and he was an amiable man as he was an eminent spirit, whom the best of his contemporaries drew into their circle. Goethe exchanges letters with him; he stands in a close relationship with Tieck. Poems of his are set to music. We find him also contributing to Grimm's *Stories* the beautiful tale of the Juniper Tree, which found such a charming illustrator in Schwind. His *Theory of Colours* rivets the attention of Goethe. And his *Posthumous Writings*, given to the world by his brother in 1842, contain, page after page, the most curious testimony of how far he was in advance of his epoch in everything. The most different problems, such as did not engage the attention of artists until a much later period, rise to the surface and are discussed. At a time when the old masters served everywhere as the models and guiding stars of a classic or romantic eclecticism, he expressly protests against the doctrine that really vital works can be produced by copying the older painters; and in clear language he indicates the substance of the art that has to come. Great ideas and the attractions of form have been exhausted, according to him, by the old masters; on the other hand, the study of light and colour had not been seriously undertaken in the elder schools. That must form the point of departure for the

moderns, and this revolution will be first accomplished in landscape-painting. For, as the nineteenth century, he proceeds, has no other materials to work on, landscape will form the substance of the new art.

"We see how the race has altered most clearly in the works of art of all ages, and how the same time has never returned again. How, then, can we light upon the unlucky notion of wishing to call the old art back? We stand at the edge of all religions; abstractions are vanishing, and everything is lighter and airier than before. Everything is tending towards landscape; every one is seeking something decided amid all this indecision. But our artists seize on history again, and only confuse themselves. Yet is there not a summit to be attained in this new art—mere landscape-painting, if any one likes to call it so—which will possibly prove finer than the older ones? The notion is that the painter must go to Italy! Might it not be supposed that the great works of art which are to be seen there lead posterity away from their own ideas, and stifle what stands vividly before their imagination? *It is far better to make art live than to live by art. . . . We must become as children if we would attain the best.*"

That is a distinct utterance. Runge would create new art, not by the repetition of what is already in existence, but by an independent penetration into nature; and, moreover, not by a mechanical adjustment of elements given in nature, but through the expression of strong, individual feeling. And by this conception the empty academic art which has no feeling whatever, the retrogressive Nazarenism, with its abandonment of any personal vision of nature, is as radically overthrown as the art of the following epochs, which, in the historical picture, in *genre*, and in landscape, sought nothing but interesting subject-matter.

"Let us be permitted to say a few words on the artistic opinions and endeavours of this man, who rose swiftly in our midst like a meteor, and vanished swiftly again; though, Heaven grant, not without influence. During his own development as an artist, it became clear and certain to him that, since the flourishing period of the Greeks, the treatment of figures, in

truth and severity as well as in life and beauty of outline, had been almost exhausted, completed, and perfected by Raphael and the Florentines. *On the other hand, light, colour, and moving life*—though by many, it may be, deeply felt and caught by snatches, by several vividly conceived and divined, and by Correggio and a few others clearly recognized, grasped, and understood—*have never been expressed by any one till the present time with full knowledge, both as a dictum and a principle, and in word and deed.*"

When Michael Speckter, in 1815, wrote these words in the *Niederelbischer Merkur*, Runge had been five years dead. On December 2nd, 1810, he succumbed to a chest complaint in Hamburg. And his name was forgotten. For he belonged to no movement about which art-criticism seriously cared. Alfred Lichtwark first rescued him from oblivion, and erected a monument to him. And from the time that "Portrait of Children" emerged from the lumber-room of the Hamburg Kunsthalle, the world knew what a great genius had been lost with this man, before it had been able to spread its pinions. But now the history of art will forget him no more. "*Light and colour and moving life*," that has become the great problem, the great secret, and the great conquest of modern art, and the very essence of all the efforts of those minds of the century which have done anything novel. Three generations of academicians toiled, first to follow the draughtsmen, and then the colourists, of all epochs of the past, under the impression of creating new art in this way. The greatest men exhausted their powers and died in the brilliant though demented effort of borrowing from the old masters, first form, and then colour. And when this cycle had been run without advancing the history of art by a single step, the "new art" rose by systematically following the lines which Runge had prescribed. In his words and works he has prophesied the development of European painting; and the manifold stages through which it had to run, until, in 1865, it reached its goal in the earliest works of Manet—to which that "Portrait of Children" of 1805 prophetically pointed—will form the contents of the following volume.

BOOK III

THE VICTORY OF THE MODERNS

CHAPTER XVII

THE DRAUGHTSMEN

The general alienation of painting from the interests of life during the first half of the nineteenth century.—The draughtsmen and caricaturists the first who brought modern life into the sphere of art.—England: Gillray, Rowlandson, George Cruikshank, "Punch," John Leech, George du Maurier, Charles Keene.—Germany: Johann Adam Klein, Johann Christian Erhard, Ludwig Richter, Oscar Pletsch, Albert Hendschel, Eugen Neureuther, "Die Fliegende Blätter," Wilhelm Busch, Adolf Oberländer.—France: Louis Philibert Debucourt, Carle Vernet, Bosio, Henri Monnier, Honoré Daumier, Gavarni, Guys, Gustave Doré, Cham, Marcellin, Randon, Gill, Hadol, Draner, Léonce Petit, Grévin.—Need of the world being discovered again by painters.—Incitement to this by the English.

SINCE modern art, in the beginning of its career, held an almost exclusive commerce with the spirits of dead men in the past, it had set itself in opposition to all the great epochs that had gone before. All works known to art, from the cathedral pictures of Stephan Lochner down to the works of the followers of Watteau, stand in the closest relationship with the people and the times amid which they have originated. Whoever studies the works of Dürer knows his home and his family, the Nuremberg of the sixteenth century, with its narrow lanes and gabled houses; the whole age is reflected in the engravings of this one artist with a truth and distinctness which put to shame those of the most laborious historian. Dürer and his contemporaries in Italy stood in such an intimate relationship to reality that in their religious pictures they even set themselves above historical probability, and treated the miraculous

stories of sacred tradition as if they had been commonplace incidents of the fifteenth century. Or, to take another instance, with what a striking realism, in the works of Ostade, Brouwer, and Steen, has the entire epoch from which these great artists drew strength and nourishment remained vivid in spirit, sentiment, manners, and costume. Every man whose name has come down to posterity stood firm and unshaken on the ground of his own time, resting like a tree with all the roots of its stem buried in its own peculiar soil; a tree whose branches rustled in the breeze of its native land, while the sun which fell on its blossoms and ripened its fruits was that of Italy or of Germany, of Spain or of the Netherlands, at such and such a time, and never the weak reflection of a planet that formerly had shone in other zones.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that this connection with the life of the present and the soil at home was lost to the art of painting. It cannot be supposed that later generations will be able to form a conception of life in the nineteenth century from pictures produced in this period, and that these pictures will become approximately such documents as the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries possess in the works of Dürer, Bellini, Rubens, or Rembrandt. The old masters were the children of their age to the very tips of their fingers. They were saturated by the purport, the ideals, and the aims of their time, and they saturated them with their own aims, ideals, and purport. On the other hand, if any one enters a modern picture-gallery and picks out the paintings produced up to 1850, he will often receive the impression that they belong to earlier centuries. They are without feeling for the world around, and seem to know nothing of it.

Even David, the first of the moderns, has left no work, with the exception of his "Marat," which has been baptized with the blood of the French Revolution. And to express the sentiment of Liberty militant he made use of the figures of Roman heroes. The political freedom of the people, which had been so recently won, he illustrated by examples from Roman history. And at a later time, when the allied forces entered Paris after the defeat

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MARTIN DROLLING.

of Napoleon, he represented the story of Leonidas at Thermopylæ. Only in portrait-painting was any kind of justice done to modern life by the painters in "the grand style." True it is that there lived, at the time, a few "little masters" who furtively turned out for the market modest little pictures of the life around them, paintings of buildings and kitchen interiors. The poor Alsatian painter *Martin Drolling*, contemptuously designated a "dish-painter" by the critics, showed in his kitchen pictures that, in spite of David, something of the spirit of Chardin and the great Dutchmen was still alive in French art. He has given his figures and his pots and pans and vegetables the pose and the hard outline of Classicism. Better and more delicate are a few of his portraits, particularly that of the actor Baptiste, with his fine head, which is like that of a diplomatist. At the exhibition of 1889 this picture, with its positive and firmly delineated characterization, made the appeal of a Holbein of 1802. Another "little master," *Granet*, painted picturesque ruins, low halls, and the vaults of churches; he studied attentively the problem of light in inner chambers, and thereby drew upon himself the reproach of David, that "his drawing savoured of colour." In *Leopold Boilly* Parisian life—still like that of a country town—and the arrival of the mail, the market, and the busy life of the streets, found an interpreter, *bourgeois* no doubt, but true to his age. In the time of the Revolution he painted a "Triumph of Marat," the tribune of the people, who is being carried on the shoulders of his audience from the *palais de justice* in Paris, after delivering an inflammatory oration. In 1807, when the exhibition of David's Coronation picture had thrown all Paris into excitement, Boilly had the notion of perpetuating in a fleeting sketch the scene of

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Boilvin sc.*

BOILLY: "THE TOILETTE."

the exhibition, with the picture and the crowd pressing round it. His speciality, however, was little portrait groups of honest *bourgeois* in their stiff Sunday finery. Boilly knew with accuracy the toilettes of his age, the gowns of the actresses, and the way they dressed their heads; he cared nothing whatever about æsthetic dignity of style, but represented an event as faithfully as he could, and as honestly and sincerely as possible. For that reason he has the most decided historical value, but he is not painter enough to lay claim to great artistic interest. The execution of his pictures is petty and diffidently careful, and his neat, Philistine painting has a suggestion of china and enamel, without a trace of the ease and spirit with which the eighteenth century chirped over such work. The heads of his women are the heads of dolls, and his silk looks like steel. His forerunners are not the Dutchmen of the good periods, Terborg and Metsu, but the contemporaries of Van der Werff. He and Drolling and Granet were rather the last issue of the fine old Dutch schools, rather descendants of Chardin than pioneers, and amongst the younger men there was at first no one who ventured to sow afresh the region which had been uprooted by Classicism. Géricault was certainly not incited to his "Raft of the Medusa" by Livy or Plutarch, but through an occurrence of the time which was reported in the newspapers; and he ventured to set an ordinary shipwreck in the place of the Deluge or a naval battle, and a crew of unknown mortals in the place of Greek heroes. But then his picture stands alone

amongst the works of the Romanticists, and is too decidedly transposed into a classical key to count as a representation of modern life.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*E. Abst sc.*

BOILLY: "THE NEWSVENDOR."

In its striving after movement and colour, Romanticism opposed the picturesque and passionate Middle Ages to the stiff and frigid neo-Greek or neo-Roman ideal; but it joined hands with Classicism in despising the life of the present. Even the political excitement at the close of the Restoration and the Revolution of July had but little influence on the leading spirits of the time. Accustomed to look for the elements of pictorial invention in religious myths, in the fictions of poets, and in the events of older history, they paid no attention to the mighty social drama enacted in their immediate neighbourhood. The fiery spirit of Delacroix certainly led him to paint his picture of the barricades, but he drew his inspiration from a poet, from an ode of Auguste Barbier, and he gave the whole an air of romance and allegory by introducing the figure of Liberty. He lived in a world of glowing passions, amid which all the struggles of his age seemed to have for him only a petty material interest. For that reason he has neither directly nor indirectly drawn on what he saw around him. He painted the soul, but not the life of his epoch. He was attracted by Teutonic poets and by the Middle Ages. He set art free from Greek subject-matter and Italian form to borrow his ideas from Englishmen and Germans and his colour from the Flemish school. He is inscrutably silent about French society in the nineteenth century.

Paris: Baschet.]

BOILLY: "THE MARIONNETTE THEATRE."

And this alienation from the world is even more noticeable in Ingres. His "Mass of Pius VII. in the Sixtine Chapel" is the only one of his many works which deals with a subject from contemporary life, and it was blamed by the critics because it deviated so far from the great style. As an historical painter, and, at his best moments, a painter of portraits, Ingres has crystallized all the life and marrow of the past in his icy works, and he appears in the midst of the century like a marvellous and sterile sphinx. Nothing can be learnt from him concerning the needs and passions and interests of living men. His own century might writhe and suffer and struggle and bring forth new thoughts, but he knew nothing about them, or, if he did, he never allows it to be seen.

Delaroche approached somewhat nearer to the present, since he advanced from antiquity and the Middle Ages to the seventeenth century; and the historical picture, invented by him, virtually dominated French art under Napoleon III., in union with the dying Classicism. Even then there was no painter

Queen Charlotte. George III.

GILLRAY: "AFFABILITY."

"Well, Friend, where a' you going, hay?—what's your name, hay?—where d'ye live, hay?—hay?"

who yet ventured to portray the manners and types of his age with the fresh insight and merciless observation of Balzac. All those scenes from the life of great cities, their fashion and their misery, which then began to form the substance of drama and romance, as yet had no counterpart in painting.

The Belgians preserved the same silence. During the whole maturity of Classicism, from 1800 to 1830, François, Paelinck, van Hanselaere, Odevaere, de Roi, Duvivier, etc., ruled over figure-painting, with their coloured Greek statues, as unmitigated dictators; and amongst the historical painters who followed them, Wappers, in his "Episode," was the only one who drew on modern life as a subject for representation. There was a desire to revive Rubens. Decaisne, Wappers, de Keyzer, Bièfve, and Gallait lit their candle at his sun, and were hailed as the holy band who were to lead Belgian art to a glorious victory. But their national tendency—as it was in the beginning—deviated from real life instead of leading towards it. For the sake of painting cuirasses and helmets they dragged the most obscure national heroes to the light of day, just as the Classicists had done with Greeks and Romans. German painting wandered through the past with even less method, taking its material, not even from native, but from French, English, and Flemish history. From Carstens down to Makart, German painters of influence carefully shut their eyes to reality, and drew down the blinds so as to see nothing of the life that surged below them in the street, in its filth and splendour, its laughter and its misery, its baseness and its noble humanity. And from an historical point of view this alienation from the world is susceptible of an easy explanation.

In France, as in all other countries, the end of the *ancien régime*, the tempest of the Revolution, and the consequent modification of the whole of life—of sentiments, habits, and ideas, of dress and social conditions—at first implied such a sudden change in the horizon that artists were necessarily thrown into confusion. The survivors from the time of Louis XVI., charming "little masters" who had been great masters in that careless and graceful epoch, were suddenly made witnesses of a revolution more abrupt than the world had yet seen, when the monarchy

entered laughingly upon a struggle of life and death. Savage mobs forced their way into gardens, palaces and reception-rooms, pike in hand, and with the red cap set upon their heads. The walls echoed with their rude speech, and plebeian orators pronounced their oracles of freedom and brotherhood like old Roman tribunes of the people. What was there yesterday was no longer to be seen; a thick powder-smoke hung between the past and the present. And the present itself had not yet assumed any determined shape; it hovered, as yet unready, between the old and the new forms of civilization. The storms of the Revolution put an end to the comfortable security of private life. Thus it was that the ready-made and more easily intelligible shapes and figures of a world long buried out of sight, with which men believed themselves to have an affinity, at first seemed to the artist to have an infinitely greater value than the new forms which were in the throes of birth. Painters became Classicists because they had not yet the courage to tread the place where the century itself was going through a process of fermentation.

The Romanticists despised it, for the fermenting must had yielded flat lemonade instead of fiery wine. The artist must live in art before he can produce art. And the more the life of nations has been beautiful, rich, and splendid, the more nourishment and material has art been able to derive from it. But when they came the Romanticists found—in France as in Germany—everything, except a reality which they thought worthy of being painted. The whole of existence seemed to this generation so poor and bald, the costume so inartistic and so like a caricature, the situation so hopeless and petty, that they were unable to tolerate the portrayal of themselves either in poetry or art. It was the time of that wistfully sought phantom which, as they believed, was only to be found in the past. The powerful passions of the Middle Ages were set in opposition to a flaccid period that was barren in action.

And then came the overwhelming pressure of the old masters. After the forlorn condition of colouring brought about through David and Carstens, it was so vitally necessary to restore the

Paris: Quantin.]

ROWLANDSON: "A FIGHT IN AN ALE-HOUSE."

artistic tradition and the technique of the old masters that it was at first thought also necessary to adopt the old subject-matter—especially the splendid robes of the city of the lagunes—in order to test the newly acquired secrets of the palette. Faltering unsteadily amid influences derived from the old artists, modern painting did not yet believe itself able to create finished works of art with the novel elements which the century placed at its disposal. It still needed to be carried in the arms of a Venetian or a Flemish nurse.

And æsthetic criticism bestowed its blessing on these attempts. If the Romanticists had been led to the treatment of history and the deification of the past out of disgust with the grey and colourless present, the younger generation were long afterwards held captive in this province through æsthetic views of the dignity of history. To paint one's own age was reckoned a crime. One had to paint the age of other people. For this purpose the *prix de Rome* was instituted. The spirit which produced the pictures of Cabanel and Bouguereau was still that

which induced David to write to Gros, that the battles of the empire might give the material for occasional pictures done under the inspiration of chance, but not for great and earnest works of art worthy of an historical painter. That æsthetic criticism which taught that, whatever the subject may be, and whatever personages may be represented, if they belong to the present time, the picture is merely a *genre* picture, was what still held the field. Whilst the world was laughing and crying, the painter, with the colossal power of doing everything, amused himself by trying not to appear the child of his own time. No one saw the refinement and grace, and the corruption and wantonness, of modern life as it is in great cities. No one laid hand on the mighty social problems which the growing century threw out with a seething creative force. Whoever wishes to know how the men of the time lived and moved, what hopes and sorrows they bore in their breasts, whoever seeks for works in which the heart-beat of the century is alive and throbbing, must have his attention directed to the works of the draughtsmen, to the illustrations of particular journals. It was in the nineteenth century as in the Middle Ages. As then, when painting was still an ecclesiastical art, the slowly awakening feeling for nature, the joy of life, was first expressed in miniatures, woodcuts, and engravings, so also the great draughtsmen of the nineteenth century were the first who set themselves with their whole strength to bring modern life and all that it contained earnestly and sincerely within the range of art, the first who held up the glass to their own time and gave the abridged chronicle of their age. Their calling as caricaturists led them to direct observation of the world, and lent them the aptitude of rendering their impressions with ease; and that at a time when the academical methods of physiognomy obtained elsewhere in every direction. It necessitated their representing subjects to which, in accordance with the æsthetic views of the period, they would not otherwise have addressed themselves; it led them to discover beauties in spheres of life by which they would otherwise have been repelled. London, the capital of a free people ruling in all quarters of the globe, the home

ROWLANDSON: "HARMONY."

[Hentschel sc.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK: "MONSTROSITIES OF 1822."

of millions, where intricate old corners and back-streets left more space than in other cities for old-fashioned "characters," for odd, eccentric creatures and better-class charlatans of every description, afforded a peculiarly favourable ground for caricature. In this province, therefore, England holds the first place beyond dispute.

Direct from Hogarth come the group of political caricaturists in whom the sour, bilious temper of John Bull lives on in a new and improved edition. Men like *James Gillray* were a power in the political warfare of their time; bold liberals who fought for the cause of freedom with a divine rage and a slashing irony, while, at the same time, they were masterly draughtsmen in a vehement and forceful style. The worst of it is that the interest excited by political caricature is always of a very ephemeral nature. The antagonism of Pitt against Fox and Shelburne against Burke, the avarice and stupidity of George III., the Union, the conjugal troubles of the Prince of Wales, and the war

with France seem very unimportant matters in these days. On the other hand *Rowlandson*, since he was not a pure politician, appeals to us in an intelligible language even after a hundred years have gone by.

Like Hogarth, he was the antithesis of a humourist. Something bitter and gloomily pessimistic runs through all he touches. He is brutal, with an inborn power and an indecorous coarseness. His laughter is loud and his cursing barbarous. Ear-piercing notes escape from the widely opened lips of his singers, and the tears come thickly from the eyes of his sentimental old ladies, who are hanging on the declamation of a tragic actress. His comedy is produced by the simplest means. As a rule any sort of contrast is enough: fat and thin, big and little, young wife and old husband, young husband and old wife, shying horse and helpless rider on a Sunday out. Or else he brings the physical and moral qualities of his figures into an absurd contrast with their age, calling, or behaviour: musicians are deaf, dancing masters bandy-legged, servants wear the dress-coats and orders of lords, hideous old maids demean themselves like coquettes, parsons get drunk, and grave dignitaries of state dance the cancan. And so when the servant gets a thrashing, and the coquette a refusal, and the diplomatist loses his orders by getting a fall, it is their punishment for having forgotten their natural place. They are all of them "careers on slippery ground," with the same punishments as Hogarth delighted to depict. But Rowlandson became another man when he set himself to represent the life of the people.

Born in July 1756, in a narrow alley of old London, he grew up amidst the people. As a young man he saw Paris, Germany, and the Low Countries. He went regularly to all clubs where there was high play. As man, and as painter and draughtsman, he stood equally in the midst of life. Street-scenes in Paris and London engage his pencil, especially scenes from Vauxhall Gardens, the meeting-place of fashionable Londoners, and there is often a touch of Menzel in the palpitating life of these pictures—in these lords and ladies, fops and ballad-singers, who pass through the grounds of the gardens in a billowy stream.

[*Hentschel sc.*

BUNBURY: "RICHMOND HILL."

His illustrations embrace everything: soldiers, navvies, life at home and in the tavern, in town and in village, on the stage and behind the scenes, at masquerades and in Parliament. When he died at seventy, on April 22nd, 1827, the obituaries were able to say of him with truth that he had drawn all England in the years between 1774 and 1809. And all these leaves torn from the life of sailors and peasants, these fairs and markets, beggars, huntsmen, smiths, artizans, and daily labourers, were not caricatures, but keenly observed and sharply executed sketches from life. His countrymen have at times a magnificent Michael-Angelesque stir of life which almost suggests Millet. He was fond of staying at fashionable watering-places, and came back with charming scenes from high life. But his peculiar field of observation was the poor quarter of London. There are the artizans, living machines. Endurance, persistence, and resignation may be read in their long, dismal, angular faces. There are the women of the people, wasted and hectic. Their eyes are set deep in their sockets, their noses sharp and their skins blotched with red spots. They have suffered much and had many children; they have a sodden, depressed, stoically callous appearance; one sees that they have borne much, and can bear still more. And then the devastating results of gin! that long train of wretched women who of an evening prostitute themselves in the Strand to pay for their lodging! those terrible streets of London, where pallid children beg, and tattered spectres, either sullen or drunken, rove about the public-houses in their torn linen and with rags hanging about them in shreds! The cry of misery rising from the pavement of great cities had been first heard by Rowlandson, and the pages on which he drew the poor of London are a living dance of death of the most ghastly veracity.

But, curiously enough, this same man, who as an observer could be so uncompromisingly sombre, and so rough and brutal as a caricaturist, has also had an excessively delicate feeling for feminine charm. In the pages he has devoted to the German waltz there lives again the chivalrous elegance of the period of Werther, and that peculiarly English grace which is so fascinating in Gainsborough. His young girls are graceful and

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

LEECH: "CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY."
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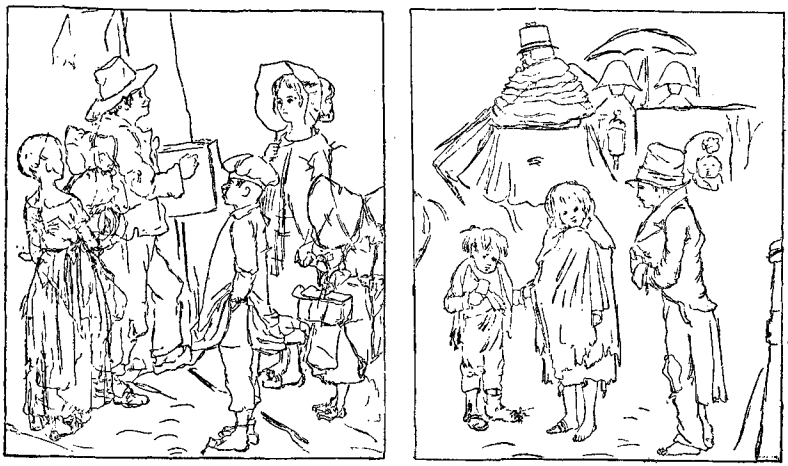
appetizing in their round straw hats with broad ribbons; his pretty little wives in their white aprons and coquettish caps recall Chardin. One feels that he has seen Paris and appreciated the fine fragrance of Watteau's pictures.

Mention should also be made of *Henry William Bunbury*, who excelled in the drawing of horses and ponies. "A Long Story" is an excellent example of his powers as a caricaturist pure and simple. The variations rung on the theme of boredom and the self-centred and animated stupidity—if the phrase be conceded—on the part of the narrator have been vividly observed, and are earnestly rendered. Rowlandson has the savage indignation of Swift; Bunbury is not savage, but he has the same English seriousness and something of the same brutality. The faces here are crapulous and distorted, and the subject is touched without lightness and good-nature. Perhaps the English do not take their pleasures so very seriously, but undoubtedly they jest in earnest. Yet Bunbury's incisiveness and his thorough command of what it is his design to express assure him a distinct position as an artist. His "Richmond Hill" shows the pleasanter side of English character. The breeze billowing in the trees, the little lady riding by on her cob, the buxom dames in the shay, and the man spinning past on his curricle, give the scene a spirit of life and movement, besides rendering it an historical document of the period of social history that lies between *The Virginians* and *Vanity Fair*.

As a political caricaturist *George Cruikshank* has the same significance for England as Henri Monnier has for France, and the drawings of the latter often go directly back to the great English artist. But his first works in 1815 were children's



Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

JOHN LEECH: "CHILDREN OF THE MOBILITY."

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books, and such simple delineations from the world of childhood and the life of society have done more to preserve his name than political caricatures. Their touch of satire is only very slight. Cruikshank's ladies panting under heavy chignons, his serious and exceedingly prosy dames pouring out tea for serious and not less ceremonious gentlemen, whilst the girls are galloping round Hyde Park on their thoroughbreds, accompanied by a brilliant escort of fashionable young men—they are all of them not so much caricatures as pictures freshly caught from life. He had a great sense for toilettes, balls, and parties. And he could draw with artistic observation and tender feeling the babbling lips and shining eyes of children, the shy confidence of the little ones, their timid curiosity and their bashful advances. And thus he opened the way on which his disciples advanced with so much success.

The type of illustration adapted itself to the altered character of English life. What at first constituted the originality of English caricaturists was their mordant satire. Everything is painted in exceedingly vivid colours. Whatever was calculated to throw out an idea in comic or brutal relief—great heads and little bodies, an absurd similarity between persons and animals,

the efflorescence of costume—was seized upon eagerly. They fought for the weary and heavy-laden, and mercilessly lashed the cut-throats and charlatans. There was a delight in a juicy ribaldry, effervescing power, and a coarseness that was unveiled. Men were shaken by a broad Aristophanic laughter till they seemed like epileptics. At the time when the Empire style came into England, Gillray could dare to represent by speaking likenesses some of the best-known London beauties, in a toilette which the well-grown Madame Tallien could not have worn with greater coolness. Such things were no longer possible when England grew out of her saucy youth. Since the time of Gillray a complete change came over the spirit of English caricature. Everything brutal or bitterly personal was abandoned. The clown put on his dress-clothes, and John Bull became a gentleman. Even in Cruikshank's hands caricature had become serious and well-bred. And his disciples were indeed not caricaturists at all, and addressed themselves solely to a delicately poetic representation of subjects. They know neither Rowlandson's innate force and bitter laughter, nor the gallows humour and the savagery of Hogarth; they are amiable and tenderly grave observers, and their drawings are not caricatures, but charming pictures of manners.

Punch, which was founded in 1841, has perhaps caught the social and political physiognomy of England in the middle of the nineteenth century with the greatest delicacy. It is a household paper, a journal read by the youngest girls. All the piquant things with which the Parisian papers are filled are therefore absolutely excluded. It scrupulously ignores the style of thing to which the *Journal Amusant* owes three-fourths of its matter. Every number contains one big political caricature, but otherwise it moves entirely in the region of domestic life. Students flirting with pretty barmaids, neat little dressmakers carrying heavy bonnet-boxes and pursued by old gentlemen—these are scenes which even go a little far for the refined tone of the paper which has been adapted to the drawing-room.

Next to Cruikshank, the Nestor of caricature, *John Leech*, in the years from 1841 to 1864, was the leading artist on *Punch*.

Magazine of Art.] [*Sir John Millais pxt.*
GEORGE DU MAURIER.

In his drawings there is already to be found the high-bred and fragrant delicacy of the English painting of the present time. They stand in relation to the whimsical and vigorous works of Rowlandson as the fine *esprit* of a rococo abbé to the coarse and healthy wit of Rabelais. The mildness of his own temperament is reflected in his sketches. Others have been the cause of more laughter, but he loved beauty and purity. Men are not often drawn by him, or if he draws them they are always "pretty fellows," born gentlemen. His young women are not coquettish and *chic*, but simple, natural, and comely. The old English brutality and coarseness have become amiable, subtile, refined, mild, and seductive in John Leech. He is a fine and delicate spirit, who seems very ethereal beside Hogarth and Rowlandson, those giants fed on roast-beef; and he prefers to occupy himself with sport and boating, the season and its fashions, and is at home in public gardens, at balls, and at the theatre. Here a pretty baby is being brought for an airing in Hyde Park by a tidy little nursery-maid, and there on mamma's arm goes a charming schoolgirl, who is being enthusiastically greeted by good-looking boys; here again a young wife is sitting by the fire-side with a novel in her hand and her feet out of her slippers, while she looks dreamily at the glimmering flame. Elsewhere a girl is standing on the shore in a large straw hat, with her hand shading her eyes and the wind fluttering her dress. Even his "Children of the Mobility" are little angels of grace and purity, in spite of their rags. The background, be it room, street, or landscape, is merely given with a few strokes, but it is of more than common charm. Every plate of Leech has a certain fragrance and lightness of touch, and a delicacy of line, which has since

L'Art.] [*J. Swain sc.*

DU MAURIER: "THE DANCING LESSON."

been attained only by Frederick Walker. His simplicity of stroke recalls old Venetian woodcuts. There is not an unnecessary touch. Everything is in keeping, everything has a significance.

Leech's successor, *George du Maurier*, is less delicate—that is to say, not so entirely in a high sense æsthetic. He is less exclusively poetic, but lives more in actual life, and suffers less from the raw breath of reality. At the same time his drawing is pithier and more incisive; one sees his French training. In 1857 du Maurier was a pupil of Gleyre, and returned straight to England when Leech's place on *Punch* became vacant through death. Since that time du Maurier has been the head of the English school of drawing—of the diarists of that society which is displayed in Hyde Park during the season, and found in London theatres and dining-rooms, and in well-kept English pleasure-grounds, at garden-parties and tennis meetings, the leaders of clubs and drawing-rooms. His snobs rival those of Thackeray, but he has also a special preference for the fair sex—for charming women and girls who race about the lawn at tennis in large hats and bright

L'Art.] [*J. Swain sc.*

DU MAURIER: "A RECOLLECTION OF DIEPPE."

dresses, or sit by the fire in fashionable apartments, or hover through a ball-room waltzing in their airy skirts of *tulle*. The coquettishness of his little ones is entirely charming, and so too is the superior and comical exclusiveness of his æsthetically brought-up children who will only associate with æsthetic children.

But the works of *Charles Keene* are the most English of all. Here the English reveal that complete singularity which distinguishes them from all other mortals. Both as a draughtsman and as a humourist Keene stands with the greatest of the century, on the same level as Daumier and Hokusai. An old bachelor, an original, a provincial living in the vast city, nothing pleased him better than to mix with the humbler class, to mount on the omnibus seat beside the driver, to visit a costermonger, or sit in a dingy suburban tavern. He led a Bohemian life, and was, nevertheless, a highly respectable, economical, and careful man. Trips into the country and little suppers with his friends constituted his greatest pleasures. He was a member of several glee clubs, and when he sat at home played the Scotch bagpipes, to the horror of all his neighbours. During his last years his only company was an old dog, to which he, like poor Tassaert,

L'Art.]

DU MAURIER: "DOWN TO DINNER."

clung with a touching tenderness. All the less did he care about "the world." Grace and beauty are not to be looked for in his drawings. "Society" did not exist for him. As du Maurier is the chronicler of drawing-rooms, Keene was the fine and unsurpassed observer of the people and of humble London life, and he extended towards them a friendly optimism and a brotherly sympathy. An endless succession of the most various, the truest, and the most animated types is contained in his work: mighty guardsmen swagger, cane in hand, burly and solemn; cabmen and omnibus-drivers, respectable middle-class citizens, servants, hairdressers, the City police, waiters, muscular Highlanders, corpulent self-made City men, the vile creatures of Whitechapel; and here and there amidst them all incomparable old tradesmen's wives, and big, raw-boned village landladies in the Highlands. Keene has something so natural and self-evident in his whole manner of expression that no one is conscious of the art implied by such drawing. Amongst the living only Menzel can touch him as a draughtsman, and it was not through chance that they both, in spite of their differences of temperament, greatly admired one another. Keene bought every drawing of Menzel's that he could get, and Menzel at this moment possesses a large collection of Keene's sketches.

In the beginning of the century Germany had not draughtsmen comparable for realistic impressiveness with Rowlandson. At a time when the great art lay so completely bound in the shackles of the classic school, drawing, too, appeared only in traditional forms. The artist ventured to draw as he liked just as little as he ventured to paint anything at all as he saw it; for both

L'Art.]

DU MAURIER: "A WINTRY WALK."

there were rules and straight-waistcoats. Almost everything that was produced in those years looks weak and flat when it is seen to-day, forced in composition and amateurish in drawing. Where Rowlandson with his brusque nervous strokes recalls Michael Angelo or Rembrandt, the Germans have something laboured, diffident, and washed out. Yet even here a couple of unpretentious etchers rise as welcome and surprising figures out of the tedious waste of academic production, though they were little honoured by their contemporaries. In their homely sketches, however, they have remained more classical than those who put on the classic garment as if for eternity. What the painter refused to paint, and the patrons of art who sought after ideas would not allow to count as a picture, because the subject seemed to them too poor, and the form too commonplace and undignified—military scenes at home and abroad, typical and soldierly figures from the great time of the War of Liberation, the life of the people, the events of the day—was what the Nuremberg friends, *Johann Adam Klein* and *Johann Christian Erhard*, have diligently engraved upon copper with sympathetic care; and thereby they have left posterity a picture of German life in the beginning of the century that seems the more sincere and earnest because it has paid toll neither to style in composition nor to idealism. The excellent Klein was a healthy and sincere realist, from whom the æsthetic theories of the time recoiled without effect, and he had no other motive than to render faithfully whatever he had seen. Even in Vienna, whither he came as a young man in 1811, it was not the picture-galleries which roused him to his first studies, but the picturesque national costumes of the

Magazine of Art.]
[*Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A. pxt.*

CHARLES KEENE.

Wallachians, Poles, and Hungarians, and their horses and peculiar vehicles. A sojourn amid the country manors of Styria gave him opportunity for making a number of pretty sketches of rural life. In the warlike years 1813 and 1814, with their marching and their bivouacs, he went about all day long drawing amongst the soldiers. Even in Rome it was not the statues that fascinated him, but the bright street-scenes, the ecclesiastical solemnities, and the picturesque caravans of country people. And when he settled down later in Nuremberg, and afterwards in Munich, he did not cease to be sensitive to all impressions that forced themselves on him in varying fulness. The basis of his art was faithful and loving observation of life, as it was around him, the pure joy the genuine artist has in making a picture of everything he sees.

Poor Erhard, who at twenty-six came to his end through suicide, was a yet more delicate and sensitive nature. The marching of Russian troops through his native town roused him also to his first works, and even in these military and canteen scenes he shows himself an uncommonly sharp and positive observer. The costumes, the uniforms, the teams and waggons, are drawn with decision and accuracy. From Vienna he made walking tours to the picturesque regions of the Schneeberg, wandered through Salzburg and Pinzgau, and gazed with wonder at the idyllic loveliness of nature as she is in these regions, on the cosy rooms of the peasants with their great stoves of tile, and the sun-burnt figures of the country people. He had a heart for nature, an intimate, poetic, and deeply felt love for what is humble and familiar—for homely meadows, trees, and streams, for groves and hedgerows, for quiet gardens and sequestered

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

KEENE: FROM "OUR PEOPLE."

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places. He approached everything with an observation as direct as that of a child. Both Klein and he endeavoured to grasp a fragment of nature distinctly, and without any kind of transformation or generalization; and this fresh, unvarnished, thoroughly German feeling for nature gives them, rather than Mengs and Carstens, the right to be counted as ancestors of the newer German art.

Klein and Erhard having set out in advance, others, such as Haller von Hallerstein, L. C. Wagner, F. Rechberger, F. Moessmer, K. Wagner, E. A. Lebschée, and August Geist, each after his own fashion, made little voyages of discovery in the world of nature belonging to their own country. But Erhard, who died in 1822, has found his greatest disciple in a young Dresden master, whose name makes the familiar appeal of an old lullaby which suddenly strikes the ear amid the bustle of the world—in *Ludwig Richter*, familiar to all Germans. Richter himself has designated Chodowiecki, Gessner, and Erhard as those whose contemplative love of nature guided him to his own path. What Leech, that charming

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

KEENE: FROM "OUR PEOPLE."

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draughtsman of the child-world, was to the English, Ludwig Richter became for the Germans. Not that he could be compared with Leech in artistic qualities. Beside those of the British artist his works are like the exercises of a gifted amateur: they have a petty correctness and a *bourgeois* neatness of line. But Germans are quite willing to forget the artistic point of view in relation to their Ludwig Richter. Sunny and childlike as he is, they love him too much to care to see his artistic failings. Here is really that renowned German "*Gemüth*" of which others make so great an abuse.

"I am certainly living here in a rather circumscribed fashion, but in a very cheerful situation outside the town, and I am writing you this letter (it is Sunday afternoon) in a shady arbour, with a long row of blooming rose-bushes before me. Now and then they are ruffled by a pleasant breeze—which is also the cause of a big blot being on this sheet, as it blew the page over." This one passage reveals the whole man. Can one think of Ludwig Richter living in any town except Dresden, or imagine him except in his dressing-gown, seated on a Sunday afternoon in his shady arbour with the rose-bushes, and surrounded by laughing children? That profound domestic sentiment which runs through his works with a biblical fidelity of heart is reflected in the homeliness of the artist, who has remained all his life a big, unsophisticated child; and his autobiography, in its patriarchal simplicity, is like a refreshing draught from a pure mountain spring. Richter survived into the present

Vienna: Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst.]

J. A. KLEIN: "THE TRAVELLING LANDSCAPE-PAINTER."

as an original type from a time long vanished. What old-world figures did he not see around him as a boy, when he went about, eager for novelty, with his grandfather, the copper-plate printer, who studied alchemy and the art of producing gold in his leisure hours, and was surrounded by an innumerable quantity of clocks, ticking, striking, and making cuckoo notes, in his dark workroom; or as he listened to his blind, garrulous grandmother, around whom the children and old wives of the neighbourhood assembled when she told her tales. That was in 1810, and two generations later, as an old man surrounded by his grandsons, he knew once more the old, merry child-life of his own home. And it was once more a fragment of the good old time, when on Christmas Eve the little band came shouting round the house of gingerbread from *Hansel and Gretel* which grandfather built out of real gingerbread after his own drawing.

"If my art never entered amongst the lilies and roses on the summit of Parnassus, it bloomed by the roads and banks, and on the hedges and the meadows, and travellers who rested

Apell sc.] [*Joh. Klein del.*
JOH. CHRIST. ERHARD.

by the wayside were glad of it, and little children made wreaths and crowns of it, and the solitary friend of nature rejoiced in its colour and fragrance which mounted like a prayer to Heaven." Richter had the right to inscribe these words in his diary on his eightieth birthday.

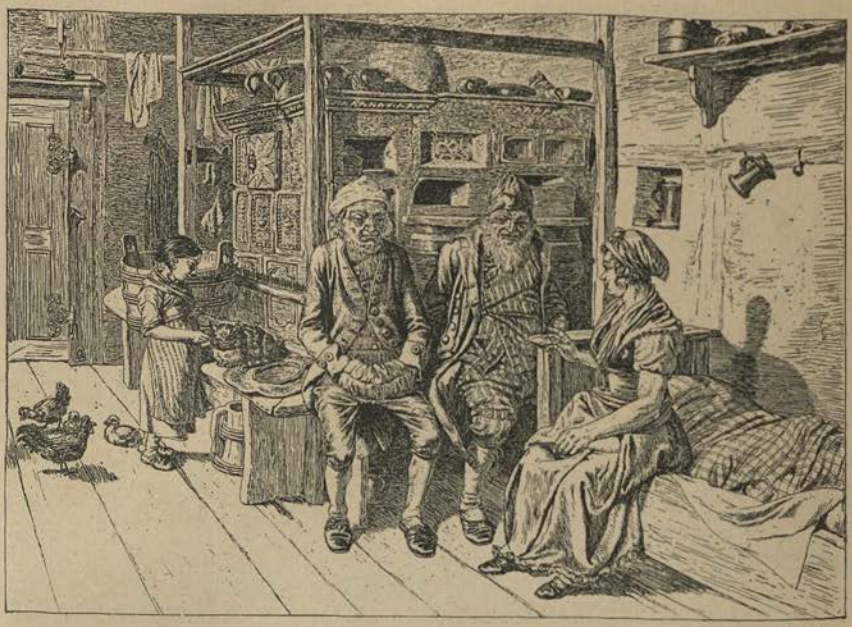
Through his works there echoes a humming and chiming like the joyous cry of children and the twitter of birds. Even his landscapes are filled with that blissful and solemn feeling that Sunday and the spring produce together in a lonely walk over field and meadow. The "*Gemüthlichkeit*," the cordiality, of German family-life, with a trait of contemplative romance, could only find such a charming interpreter in him, the old man who went about in his long loose coat and had the face of an ordinary village schoolmaster. Only he who maintained to his old age that childlike feeling—to which the kingdom of heaven is given even in art—could really know the heart of the child's world, which even at a later date in Germany was not drawn more simply or more graciously.

His illustrations present an almost exhaustive picture of the life of the German people at home and in the world, at work and in their pleasure, in suffering and in joy. He follows it through all grades and all seasons of the year. Everything is true and genuine, everything seized from life in its fulness: the child splashing in a tub, the lad shouting as he catches the first snowflake in his hat; the lovers seated whispering in their cosy little chamber, or wandering arm-in-arm on their "homeward way through the corn," amid the evening landscape touched with gold; the girl at her spinning-wheel and the hunter in the forest, the travelling journeyman, the beggar, the well-to-do Philistine. The scene is the sitting-room or

[*Apell sc.*

ERHARD: "A PEASANT SCENE."

the nursery, the porch of the house-door twined with vine, the street with old-fashioned overhanging stories and turrets, the forest and the field with splendid glimpses into the hazy distance. Children are playing round a great tree, labourers are coming back from the field, or the family is taking its rest in some holiday-hour. A peaceful quietude and a chaste purity spread over everything. Certainly Richter's drawing has something pedantic and unemphatic, that weak, generalizing roundness which, beside the sharp, nervous stroke of the old artists, has the spirit of a drawing-master. But what he has to give is always influenced by delicate and loving observation, and never stands in contradiction to truth. He does not give the whole of nature, but neither does he give what is unnatural. He is one of the first of Germans whose art did not spring from a negation of reality, treating it by an arbitrary system, but rested upon tender reverie, transfigured into poetry. When in the fifties he made a summer's sojourn



ERHARD: "A PEASANT FAMILY."

in pleasant Loschwitz, he wrote in his diary: "O God, how magnificent is the wide country round, from my little place upon the hill! So divinely beautiful, and so sensuously beautiful! The deep blue heaven, the wide green world, the bright and fair May landscape alive with a thousand voices."

In all that generation, to whom existence seemed so sad, Ludwig Richter is one of the few who really felt content with the earth and held the life around them as the best and healthiest food for the artist. And that is the substance of the plate to which he gave the title "Rules of Art." A wide landscape stretches away with mighty oaks slanting down, and a purling spring from which a young girl is drawing water, whilst a high-road, enlivened by travellers young and old, runs over hill and dale into the sunny distance. In the midst of this free rejoicing world the artist is seated with his pencil. And above stands the motto written by Richter's hand:—

"Und die Sonne Homer's, siehe sie lächelt auch uns."

Dresden: J. H. Richter.]

L. RICHTER: "HOME."

By the success of Richter certain disciples were inspired to tread the same ground, although none of them equalled him in his charming human qualities. And least of all *Oskar Pletsch*, whose sufficing smile is soon recognized in all its emptiness. Everything which in Richter was genuine and original is in him flat, laboured, and pre-arranged. His landscapes, which in part are very pretty, are derived from R. Schuster; what seems good in the children is Richter's property, and what Pletsch contributed is the conventionality. *Albert Hendschel* also stood on Richter's shoulders, but his popularity is more justifiable. Even in these days one takes pleasure in his sketch-books, in which he immortalized the joy and sorrow of youth in such a delicious way.

Eugen Neureuther worked in Munich, and as an etcher delighted in the charming play of arabesques and ornamental borders, and told of pleasant little scenes from the life of the Bavarian people in his pretty peasant quatrains.

Vienna: Gesellschaft für Vervielfältigende Kunst.]

L. RICHTER: "SPRING."

The rise of caricature in Germany only dates from the year 1848. Though there are extant from the first third of the century no more than a few topical papers of no artistic importance, periodical publications which soon brought a large number of vigorous caricaturists into notice began to appear from thence owing to the political agitations of the period. *Kladderadatsch* was brought out in Berlin, and *Fliegende Blätter* was founded in Munich, and side by side with it *Münchener Bilderbogen.* But later generations will be referred *par excellence* to *Fliegende Blätter* for a picture of German life in the nineteenth century. What the painters of those years forgot to transmit is here stored up: a history of German manners which could not imaginably be more exact or more exhaustive. From the very first day it united on its staff of collaborators pretty nearly the most important names in their own peculiar branch. Schwind, Spitzweg, that genial humourist, and many others

Vienna: Gesellsch. für Vervielfält. Kunst.] [*M. Klinkicht sc.*

LUDWIG RICHTER.

whom the German people will not forget won spurs here, and were inexhaustible in pretty theatre-scenes, satires on German and Italian singing, memorial sketches of Fanny Elsler, of the inventor of the dress-coat, etc., which enlivened the whole civilized world at that time. This elder generation of draughtsmen on *Fliegende Blätter* were indeed not free from the guilt of producing stereotyped figures. The travelling Englishman, the Polish Jew, the counter-jumper, the young painter, the rich boor, the stepmother, the housemaid, and the nervous countess are everywhere the same in the first volumes. In caricature just as in "great art," they still worked a little in accordance with rules and conventions. To observe life with an objective unprejudiced glance, and to hold it fast in all its palpitating movement, was reserved for men of later date.

Two of the greatest humourists of the world in regard to illustration, *Wilhelm Busch* and *Adolf Oberländer*, stand at the head of those who ushered in the flourishing period of German caricature. As masters they take in with their glance the entire social world of our time, and in their brilliant prints they have made a history of civilization in the epoch which will be more vivid and instructive for posterity than the most voluminous works of the greatest historians. Their heads are known from the work of Lenbach. One has an exceptionally clever, expressive countenance—a thorough painter's head. The humourist is seen in that one of his eyes which is curiously narrowed, the well-known eye of the humourist that sees everything, proves everything, and holds fast every absurdity in the gestures, every eccentricity in the bearing of his neighbour. That is Wilhelm Busch.

Dresden: J. H. Richter.]
L. RICHTER: "NACH DER ARBEIT IST GUT RUHN."

In the large orbs of the other—orbs which seem to grow strangely wide by long gazing as at some fixed object—there is no smile of deliberate mischief, and it is not easy to associate the name of Oberländer with this Saturnine round face, with its curiously timid glance. One is reminded of the definition of humour as "smiling amid tears."

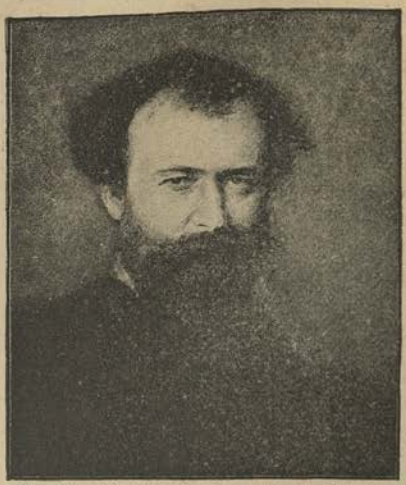
Even in those days when he came every year to Munich and painted in Lenbach's studio, Busch was a shy and moody man, who only thawed in the narrowest circle of his friends: now he has buried himself in a market-town in the province of Hanover, in Wiedensahl, which, according to Ritter's *Gazetteer*, numbers eight hundred and twenty-eight inhabitants. He lives in the house of his brother-in-law, the clergyman of the parish, and gives himself up to the culture of bees. His laughter has fallen silent, and it is only a journal on bees that now receives contributions from his hand. But what works has not this hermit of Wiedensahl produced in the days when he transmigrated from Düsseldorf and Antwerp to Munich, and began in 1859 his series of sketches for *Fliegende Blätter*! The first were stiff and clumsy, the text in prose and not particularly witty. But the earliest work with a versified text, *Der Bauer und der Windmüller*, contains in the germ all the qualities which later found such brilliant expression in *Max*

und Moritz, in *Der Heilige Antonius*, *Die Fromme Helene*, and *Die Erlebnisse Knopps, des Junggesellen*, and made Busch's works an inexhaustible fountain of mirth and enjoyment.

Busch unites an uncommonly sharp eye with a marvellously flexible hand. Wild as his subjects generally are, he solves the greatest difficulties as easily as though they were child's play. His heroes appear in situations of the most urgent kind, which place their bodily parts in violent and exceedingly uncomfortable positions: they thrash others or get thrashed themselves, or stumble or fall. And in what a masterly way are all these anomalies seized, the boldest foreshortenings and the most flying movements! Untrained eyes see only a scrawl, but for those who know how to look a drawing by Busch is life itself, freed from all unnecessary detail, and marked down in its great characteristic lines. And amid all this simplification, what knowledge there is under the guise of carelessness, and what fine calculation! Busch is at once simpler and more inventive than the English. From a maze of flourishes run half-mad, and a few points and blotches, he forms a sparkling picture. With the fewest possible means, he hits the essential point, and for that reason he is justly called by Grand Cartaret the classic of caricaturists, *le roi de la charge et de la bouffonnerie*.

Dresden: J. H. Kuchter.]
L. RICHTER: "THE END OF THE DAY."

Oberländer, without whom it would be impossible to imagine *Fliegende Blätter*, has not fallen silent. He works on, "fresh



Munich: Phot. Union.] *[Lenbach pxt.*

WILHELM BUSCH.

and splendid as on the first day." A gifted nature like Busch, he possesses, at the same time, that fertility of which Dürer said: "A good painter is inwardly complete and opulent, and were it possible for him to live eternally, then by virtue of those inward ideas of which Plato writes he would be always able to pour out something new through his works." It is now thirty years ago that he began his labours for *Fliegende Blätter*, and since that time some drawing of his, which has filled every one with delight, has appeared almost every week. Kant said that Providence has given men three things to console them amid the miseries of life—hope, sleep, and laughter. If he is right Oberländer is amongst the greatest benefactors of mankind. Every one of his new sketches maintains the old precious qualities. It might be said that, by the side of the comedian Busch, Oberländer seems a serious psychologist. Wilhelm Busch lays his whole emphasis on the comical effects of simplicity; he knows how to reduce an object in a masterly fashion to its elemental lines, which are comic in themselves by their epigrammatic pregnancy. He calls forth peals of laughter by the farcical spirit of his inventions and the boldness with which he renders his characters absurd. He is also the author of his own letterpress. His drawings are unimaginable without the verse, without the finely calculated and dramatic succession of situations growing to a catastrophe. Oberländer makes his effect purely by means of the pictorial elements in his representation, and attains a comical result, neither by the distorted exaggeration of what is on the face of the matter ridiculous, nor by an elementary simplification, but by a refined sharpening of character. It seems uncanny that a man should have such eyes in his head; there is something

almost visionary in the way he picks out of everything the determining feature of its being. And whilst he faintly exaggerates what is characteristic and renders it distinct, his picture receives a force and power of conviction in which no previous caricaturist has succeeded, showing at the same time so much discretion. There is no one who has attained the drollness of Oberländer's people, animals, and plants. He draws *à la* Max, *à la* Makart, Rethel, Genelli, or Piloty, hunts in the desert and theatrical representations, Renaissance architecture run mad and the most modern European mashers. He is as much at home in the Cameroons as at Munich, and in transferring the droll scenes of human life to the animal world he is a classic. He sports with hens, herrings, dogs, ducks, ravens, bears, and elephants as Hokusai does with his frogs. Beside such animals all the Reinecke series of Wilhelm Kaulbach have the effect of "drawings from the copybook of little Moritz." And landscapes which in their tender intimacy of feeling seem like anticipations of Cazin sometimes form the background of these creatures. One can scarcely err in supposing that posterity will place certain plates from the work of this quiet amiable man beside the best which the history of drawing has anywhere to show.

The *Charivari* takes its place with *Punch* and *Fliegende Blätter*.

In the land of Rabelais also caricature has flourished since the opening of the century, in spite of official masters who reproached her with desecrating the sacred temple of art, and in spite of the gendarmes who put her in gaol. Here, too, it was the draughtsmen who first broke with æsthetic prejudices, and regarded the laughing and the weeping dramas of life with an impartial glance.

Debucourt and Carle Vernet, the pair who made their appearance immediately after the storms of the Revolution, are alike able and charming artists, representing the pleasures of the salon in a graceful style; and they rival the great satirists on the other side of the Channel by the incisiveness of their drawing, and frequently even surpass them by the added charm of colour.

[*Lenbach pxt.*

ADOLF OBERLÄNDER.

Carle Vernet, originally an historical painter, remembered that he had married the daughter of the younger Moreau, and set himself to portray the doings of the *jeunesse dorée* of the end of the eighteenth century in his *incroyables* and his *merveilleuses*. Crazy, eccentric, and superstitious, he divided his time afterwards between women and his club-fellows, horses and dogs. He survives in the history of art as the chronicler of sport, hunting, racing, and drawing-room and café scenes.

Louis Philibert Debucourt was a pupil of Vien, and had painted *genre* pictures in the spirit of Greuze before he turned in 1785 to colour-engraving. In this year appeared the pretty "Menuet de la Mariée," with the peasant couples dancing, and the dainty châtelaine who laughingly opens the ball with the young husband. After that he had found his speciality, and in the last decade of the eighteenth century he produced the finest of his colour-engravings. In 1792 there is the wonderful promenade in the gallery of the Palais Royal, with its swarming crowd of young officers, priests, students, shop-girls, and *cocottes*; in 1797 "Grandmother's Birthday," "Friday Forenoon at the Parisian Bourse," and many others. The effects of technique which he achieved by means of colour-engraving are surprising. A freshness like that of watercolour lies on these yellow straw hats, lightly rouged cheeks, and rosy shoulders. To white silk cloaks trimmed with fur he gives the iridescence of a robe by Netscher. If there survived nothing except Debucourt from the whole art of the

Munich : Braun.]
OBERLÄNDER : "VARIATIONS ON THE KISSING THEME." GENELLI.

eighteenth century, he would alone suffice to give an idea of the entire spirit of the time. Only one note would be wanting, the familiar simplicity of Chardin. The smiling grace of Greuze, the elegance of Watteau, and the sensuousness of Boucher — he has them all, although they are weakened in him, and precisely by his affectation is he the true child of his epoch. The crowd which is promenading beneath the trees of the Palais Royal in 1792 is no longer the same which fills the drawing-rooms of Versailles and Petit Trianon in the pages of Cochin. The faces are coarser and more plebeian. Red waistcoats with *breloques* as large as fists, and stout canes with gold tops as big as a hand, make the costume of the men loud and ostentatious, while eccentric hats, broad sashes, and high coiffures bedizen the ladies more than is consistent with elegance. At the same time Debucourt gives this democracy an aristocratic bearing. His prostitutes look like duchesses. His art is an attenuated echo of the Rococo period. In him the *décadence* is embodied, and all the grace and elegance of the century is once more united, although it has become more *bourgeois*.

The Empire again was less favourable to caricature. Not that there would have been any want of material, but the censorship kept a strict watch over the welfare of France. Besides, the artists who made their appearance after David lived on Olympus, and would have nothing to do with the trifles of life. Neither draughtsmen nor engravers could effect anything so long as they saw themselves overlooked by a Greek or a Roman phantom as they bent over their paper or their plate of copper, and always felt the duty of suggesting the stiff drawing

Munich: Braun.]

OBERLÄNDER: "VARIATIONS ON THE KISSING THEME.' RETHEL.

of antique statues beneath the folds of modern costume.

Bosio was the genuine product of this style. Every one of his pictures has become tedious through a spurious classicism to which he adhered with inflexible consistency. He cannot draw a grisette without seeing her with David's eyes. It deprives his figures of truth and interest. Something of the correctness of a schoolmistress is peculiar to them. His grace is too classic, his merriment too well-bred, and everything in them too carefully arranged to give the idea of rapidly depicted scenes from life. Beauty of line is offered in place of spontaneity of observation, and even the character of the drawing is lost in a pedantic elegance which envelopes everything with the uniformly graceful veil of an insipidly fluent outline.

As soon as Romanticism had broken with the classic system, great draughtsmen who laid a bold hand on modern life without being shackled by æsthetic formulas came to the front in France. *Henri Monnier*, the eldest of them, was born a year after the proclamation of the Empire. Cloaks, plumes, and sabretasches were the first impressions of his youth; he saw the return of triumphant armies and heard the victorious fanfare of trumpets. The old guard remained his ideal, the inglorious kingship of the Restoration his abhorrence. He was a supernumerary clerk in the Department of Justice when in 1828 his first brochure, *Mœurs administratives dessinées d'après nature par Henri Monnier*, disclosed to his superiors that the eyes of this poor young man in the service of the Ministry had seen more than they should have done. Dismissed from his post, he

OBERLÄNDER: "VARIATIONS ON THE KISSING THEME." HANS MAKART.

was obliged to support himself by his pencil, and became the chronicler of the epoch. In Monnier's prints breathes the happy Paris of the good old times, a Paris which in these days scarcely exists even in the provinces. His "Joseph Proudhomme," from his shoe-buckles to his stand-up collar, and from his white cravat to his blue spectacles, is as immortal as *Eisele und Beisele*, *Schulze und Müller*, or Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Monnier himself is his own Proudhomme. In the vast city he is a Philistine, enjoying little Parisian idylls with a *bourgeois* complacency. With him there is no distinction between beautiful and ugly; he finds that everything in nature can be turned to account. How admirably the different worlds of Parisian society are discriminated in his *Quartiers de Paris*! How finely he has portrayed the grisette of the period, with her following of young tradesmen and poor students! As yet she has not blossomed into the fine lady, the luxurious *blasée* woman of the next generation. She is still the bashful *modiste* or dressmaker's apprentice whose outings in the country are described by Paul de Kock, a pretty child in a short skirt who lives in an attic and dresses up only when

Munich: Braun.]
OBERLÄNDER: "VARIATIONS ON THE KISSING THEME."
ALMA TADEMA.

Munich: Braun.]
OBERLÄNDER: "VARIATIONS ON THE KISSING THEME." GABRIEL MAX.

she goes to the theatre or into the country of a Sunday. Monnier gives her an air of good-nature, something delightfully childlike. In the society of her adorers she is content with the cheapest pleasures, drinks cider and eats cakes, rides on a donkey or breakfasts amid the trees, and hardly coquets when a fat old gentleman follows her in the boulevards. These innocent flirtations remind one as little of the more recent *lorettes* of Gavarni as these in their turn anticipate the drunken street-walkers of Rops.

Under Louis Philippe began the true modern period of French caricature, the flourishing time when really great artists devoted themselves to it. It never raised its head more proudly than under the *bourgeois* king, whose onion head always served the relentless Philippon as a target for his wit. It was never armed in more formidable fashion; it never dealt more terrible blows. Charles Philippon's famous journal *La Caricature* was the most powerful lever that the republicans used against the "July government:" it was equally feared by the Ministry, the *bourgeoisie*, and the throne. When the *Charivari* followed *La Caricature* in 1832, political cartoons began to give way to the simple portraiture of manners in French life. The heavy guns exploded in a facile play of fireworks improvised for the occasion.

French society in the nineteenth century has principally to thank *Daumier* and *Gavarni* if it was gradually brought within the sphere of artistic representation. These men are usually

Paris : Quantin.]

DEBUCOURT: "MORNING CALLERS AT A RICH MAN'S DOOR."

called caricaturists, though they were in reality the great historians of their age. Through long years they laboured every week and almost every day at their great history, which embraced thousands of chapters—at a true zoology of the human species; and their work drawn upon stone in black and white proves them not merely genuine historians, but really eminent artists who merit a place beside the greatest.

When in his young days Daubigny trod the pavement of the Sixtine Chapel in Rome, he is said to have exclaimed in astonishment, "That looks as if it had been done by Daumier!" and from that time Daumier was aptly called the Michael Angelo of caricature. Even when he is laughing there is a Florentine inspiration of the terrible in his style, a grotesque magnificence, a might suggestive of Buonarotti. In the period before 1848 he dealt the constitutional monarchy crushing blows by his drawings. "Le Ventre legislatif" marks the furthest point to which political caricature ever ventured in France. But when he put politics on one side and set himself free from Philippon this same man also made the most wonderful drawings from life. His "Robert Macaire" giving instructions

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

DEBUCOURT: "IN THE KITCHEN."

to his clerk as a tradesman, sending his patients exorbitant bills as doctor for the poor, lording it over the bourse as banker, taking bribes as juryman, and fleecing a peasant as land-agent, is the incarnation of the *bourgeois* monarchy, a splendid criticism on the money-grubbing century. Politicians, officials, artists, actors, honest citizens, old clothes-mongers, newspaper-boys, impecunious painters, and the most various and the basest creatures are treated by his pencil, and appear on pages which are often terrible by their depth and truthfulness of observation. The period of Louis Philippe is accurately portrayed in these prints, every one of which belongs to the great volume of the human tragicomedy. In his "Émotions parisiennes" and "Bohémiens de Paris" he deals with misfortune, hunger, the impudence of vice, and the horror of misery. His "Histoire ancienne" ridiculed the absurdity of Classicism *à la* David at a time when it was still regarded as high treason to touch this sacred fane. These modern figures with the classic pose, which to some extent parodied David's pictures, were probably what first brought his contemporaries to a sense of the stiffness and falsity of the whole movement; and at a later period Offenbach also contributed his best ideas with much the same result. Moreover Daumier was a landscape-painter of the first order. No one has more successfully rendered the appearance of bridges and houses, of quays and streets under a downpour, of poor nature as it is in the precincts of Paris. He was an instantaneous photographer without a rival, a physiognomist

such as Breughel was in the sixteenth century, Jan Steen and Brouwer in the seventeenth, and Chodowiecki in the eighteenth, with the difference that his drawing was as broad and powerful as Chodowiecki's was delicate and refined. This inborn force of line, suggestive of Jordaens, places his sketches as high, considered as works of art, as they are invaluable as historical documents. The treatment is so summary, the outline so simplified, the pantomime, gesticulation, and pose always so expressive; and Daumier's influence on several artists is beyond doubt. Millet, the great painter of peasants, owes much to the draughtsman of the *bourgeois*. Precisely what constitutes his "style," the great line, the simplification, the intelligent abstention from anecdotic trifles, are things which he learnt from Daumier.

Paris: Quantin.]
MONNIER: A CHALK DRAWING.

During the years when he drew for the *Charivari*, *Gavarni* was the exact opposite of Daumier. In the one was a forceful strength, in the other a refined grace; in the one brusque and savage observation and almost menacing sarcasm, in the other the wayward mood of the butterfly flitting lightly from flower to flower. Daumier might be compared with Rabelais; Gavarni, the most spirited journalist in the world and the *demi-monde*, the draughtsman of elegance and of *roués* and *lorettes*, might be compared with Molière. Born of poor parentage in Paris in 1801, and in his youth a mechanician, he supported himself from the year 1835 by fashion prints and costume drawings. He undertook the conduct of a fashion journal, *Les Gens du Monde*, and began it with a series of drawings from the life of the *jeunesse dorée*: *les Lorettes*, *les Actrices*, *les Fashionables*, *les Artistes*,

HENRI MONNIER.

les Étudiants de Paris, les Bals masqués, les Souvenirs du Carnaval, la Vie des Jeunes Hommes. A new world was here revealed with bold traits. The women of Daumier are good, fat mothers, always busy, quick-witted, and of an enviable constitution; women who are careful in the management of their household, and who go to market and take their husband's place at his office when it is necessary. In Gavarni the women are piquant and given to pouting, draped in silk and enveloped in soft velvet mantles. They are fond of dining in the *cabinet particulier*, and of scratching the name of their lover, for the time being, upon crystal mirrors.

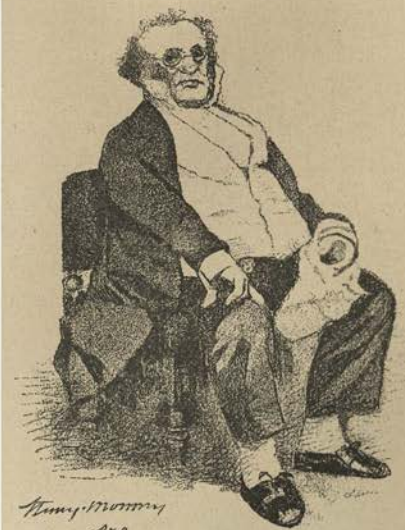
Gavarni was the first who seized the worldly side of modern life; he portrayed elegant figures full of *chic*, and gave them a garb which fitted them exactly. In his own dress he had a taste for what was dandified, and plunged into the enjoyment of Parisian life that eddied around in a whirl of pleasure. The present generation feels that the air in such old fashion journals is heavy. In every work of art there is, in addition to what endures, a fine perfume that evaporates after a certain number of years, and is no longer perceptible to those who come afterwards. What is fresh and modern to-day looks to-morrow like the dried flowers which the botanist shuts up in a herbarium. And those who draw the fashions of their age are specially liable to this swift decay. Thus many of Gavarni's lithographs have the effect of pallid pictures of a vanished world. But the generation of 1830 honoured in him the same *charmeur*, the

L'Art.] [*Carjat del.*

HONORÉ DAUMIER.

same master of enamoured grace, which that of 1730 had done in Watteau. He was sought after as an inventor of fashions, whom the tailor Humann, the Worth of the "July Monarchy," regarded as his rival. He was the discoverer of all the fairy costumes which formed the chief point of attraction at masquerades and theatres, the delicate *gourmé* of the eternal feminine; and having dangled much after women, he knew how to render the wave of a petticoat, the seductive charm of a well-proportioned leg, and the coquettishness of a new *coiffure* with the most familiar connoisseurship. He has been called the Balzac of draughtsmen. And the sentences at the bottom of his sketches, for which he is also responsible, are as audacious as the pictures themselves. Thus, when the young exquisite in the series "La Vie des Jeunes Hommes" stands with his companion before a skeleton in the anthropological museum, the little woman opines with a shudder, "When one thinks that that is a man, and that women love *that*!"

But that is only one side of the sphinx. He is only half known when one thinks of the draughtsman of ladies' fashions who celebrated the free and easy graces of the *demi-monde* and the wild licence of the carnival. At bottom Gavarni was not a frivolous butterfly, but an artist of a strangely sombre imagination, a profound and melancholy philosopher who had a prescience of all the mysteries of life. All the mighty problems which the century produced danced before his spirit like spectral notes of interrogation.



Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]
MONNIER: "JOSEPH PROUDHOMME."

The transition was made when, as an older man, he depicted the cold, sober wakening that follows the wild night. *Constantin Guys* had already worked on these lines. He was an unfortunate and ailing man, who passed his existence, like Verlaine, in the hospital, and died in an almshouse. Guys has not left much behind him but in that little he shows himself as the true forerunner of the moderns, and it is not through mere chance that Baudelaire, the ancestor of the *décadence*, established Guys' memory. These women who wander aimlessly about the streets with weary movements and heavy eyes deadened with absinthe, and who flit through the ball-room like bats, have nothing of the innocent charm of Monnier's grisettes. They are the uncanny harbingers of death, the demoniacal brides of Satan. Guys exercised a very great influence on Gavarni. His *Invalides du sentiment*, his *Lorettes vieillies*, and his *Fourberies de femmes* came into being. "The pleasure of all creatures is mingled with bitterness." The frivolous worldling became a misanthrope from whom no secret of the foul city was hidden; a pessimist who had begun to recognize the human brute, the swamp-flower of over-civilization, the "bitter fruit which is inwardly full of ashes," in the queen of the drawing-room as in the prostitute of the gutter. Henceforth he only recognizes a love whose pleasures are to be reckoned amongst the horrors of death. His works could be shown to no lady, and yet they are in no sense frivolous: they are terrible and puritanic.

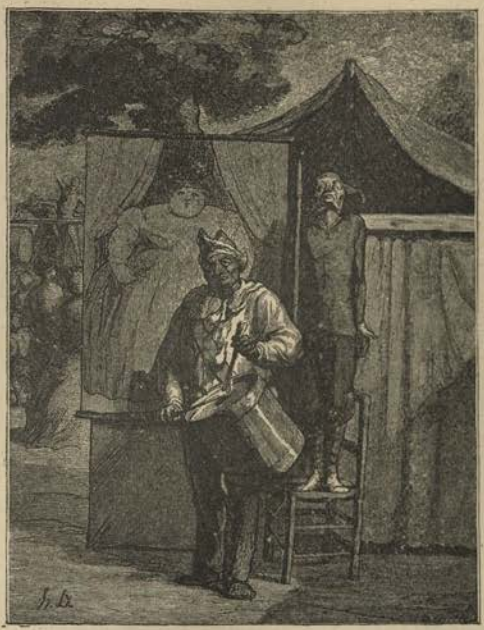
If Daumier by preference showed mastery in his men, Gavarni showed it in his women as no other has done. He is not

L'Art.] [*Ed. Ramus sc.*

DAUMIER: "THE CONNOISSEURS."

the powerful draughtsman that Daumier is; he has not the feeling for large movement, but with what terrible directness does he analyze faces! He has followed woman through all seasons of life and in every grade, from youth to decay, and from brilliant wealth to filthy misery, and he has written the song of the *lorette* in monumental strophes: café chantant, villa in the Champs Elysées, equipage, grooms, Bois de Boulogne, procuress, garret, and radish-woman, that final incarnation which Victor Hugo called the sentence of judgment.

And Gavarni went further on this road. His glance became sharper and sharper, and the seriousness of meditation subdued his merriment; he came to the study of his age with the relentless knife of a vivisectionist. Fate had taught him the meaning of the struggle for existence. A journal which he founded in the thirties overwhelmed him with debts. In 1835 he sat in the prison of Clichy, and from that time he meditated on the miserable, tattered creatures, whom he saw around him, with other eyes. He studied the toiling masses, and roamed about in slums and wine-caves amongst pickpockets and bullies. And what Paris had not yet revealed to him, he learnt in 1849 in London. Even there he was not the first-comer. Géricault, who as early as 1821 dived into the misery of the vast city in a series of lithographs, showed him the way. Beggars cowering half dead with exhaustion at a baker's door, ragged pipers slouching round deserted quarters of the town, poor crippled women wheeled in barrows by hollow-eyed men past splendid mansions and surrounded by the throng of brilliant equipages—these are some of the scenes which he brought home



L'Art.] [*Froment sc.*

DAUMIER: "MOUNTEBANKS."

(*By permission of M. Eugène Montrosier, the owner of the picture.*)

with him from London. But Gavarni excels him in trenchant incisiveness. "What is to be seen in London gratis," runs the heading of a series of sketches in which he conjures up on paper, in such a terrible manner, the new horrors of this new period: the starvation, the want, and the measureless suffering that hides itself with chattering teeth in the dens of the great city. He went through Whitechapel from end to end, and studied its drunkenness and its vice. How much more forcible are his beggars than those of Callot! The grand series of "Thomas Vireloque" is a dance of death in life; and in it are stated all the problems which have agitated our epoch in later times. By this work Gavarni has come down to us as a contemporary, and by it he has become a pioneer. The enigmatical figure of "Thomas Vireloque" starts up in these times following step by step in the path of his prototype: he is the philosopher of the back-streets, the ragged soundrel with dynamite in his pocket, the incarnation of the *bête humaine*, and of human misery and human vice. Here Gavarni stands far above Hogarth and far above Callot. The ideas on social politics of the first half of the century are concentrated in "Thomas Vireloque."

Of course the assumption of government by Napoleon III. marked a new phase in French caricature. It became more mundane and more highly civilized. All the piquancy and brilliance, waywardness and corruption, looseness and amenity,

mirth and affectation of this refined city life, which in those days threw its dazzling splendour over all Europe, found intelligent and subtile interpreters in the young generation of draughtsmen. The *Journal pour rire* comes under consideration as the leading paper. It was founded in 1848, and in 1856 assumed the title of *Journal amusant*, under which it is known at the present day.

L'Art.] [*Smeeton & Tilly sc.*

DAUMIER: "IN THE ASSIZE COURT."

(By permission of M. Charles de Beriot, the owner of the picture.)

Gustave Doré, to the injury of his importance, only moved on this ground in his earliest period. He was barely sixteen and still at school in his native town Burg, in Alsace, when he made an agreement with Philippon, who engaged him for three years on the *Journal pour rire*. His first drawings date from 1844: "Les animaux socialistes," which were very suggestive of Grandville, and "Désagréments d'un voyage d'agrément"—something like the German *Herr und Frau Buchholz in der Schweiz*—which made a considerable sensation by their grotesque wit. In his series "Les différents publics de Paris" and "La Ménagerie Parisienne" he represented with a keen pencil the opera, the *Théâtre des Italiens*, the circus, the *Odéon*, and the *Jardin des Plantes*. But since then the laurels of historical painting have given him no rest. He turned away from his own age as well as from caricature, and made excursions into all zones and all periods. He visited the Inferno with Dante, lingered in Palestine with the patriarchs of the Old Testament, and ran through the world of wonders with Perrault. The facility of his invention was astonishing, and so too was the aptness with which he seized for illustration on the

Paris: Quantin.]

DAUMIER: "LA VOILÀ . . . MA MAISON DE CAMPAGNE."

most vivid scenes from all authors. But he has too much Classicism to be captivating for very long. His compositions dazzle by an appearance of the grand style, but only attain an outwardly scenical effect. His figures are academic variations of types originally established by the Greeks and the Cinquecentisti. He forced his talent when he soared into regions where he could not stand without the support of his predecessors. Even in his *Don Quixote* the figures lose in character the larger they become. Everything in Doré is calligraphic, judicious, without individuality, without movement and life, and composed in accordance with known rules. There is a touch of Wiertz in him, both on his imaginative side and on that of design, and his youthful works, such as the "Swiss Journey," in which he merely drew from observation without pretensions to style, will probably last the longest.

In broad lithographs and charming woodcuts, *Cham* has been the most exhaustive in carrying on the daily chronicle of

Paris : Quantin.]

DAUMIER : "MENELAUS THE VICTOR."

"Sur les remparts fumants de la superbe Troie
Ménélas, fils des Dieux, comme une riche proie,
Revit sa blonde Hélène et l'emmène à sa cour
Plus belle que jamais de pudeur et d'amour."

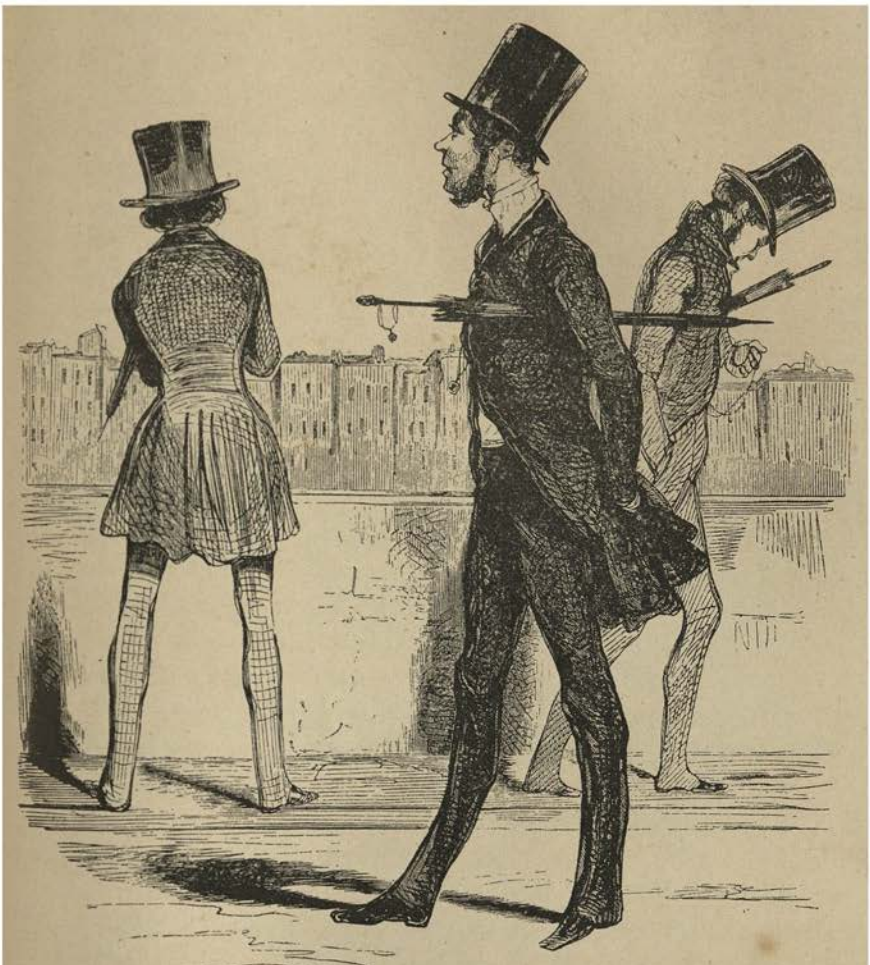
modern Parisian life during the period 1848-78. The celebrated caricaturist—he has been called the most brilliant man in France under Napoleon III.—had worked in the studio of Delaroche at the same time as Jean François Millet. After 1842 he came forward as Cham (his proper name was Count Amadée de Noë) with drawings which soon made him the artist most in demand on the staff of the *Charivari*. Not so profound nor so serious as Gavarni, he has a constant sparkle of vivacity, and is a draughtsman of wonderful *verve*. In his reviews of the month and of the year, everything which interested Paris in the province of invention and fashion, art and literature, science and the theatre, passes by in its turn: the omnibuses with their high imperials, table-turning and spirit-rapping, the opening of the *Grands Magasins du Louvre*, Madame Ristori, the completion of the Suez Canal, the first newspaper kiosks, New Year's Day in Paris, the invention of ironclads, the tunnelling of Mont Cenis, Gounod's *Faust*, Patti and Nilsson, the strike of the tailors and hat-makers, jockeys and racing. Everything that excited public attention had a fine observer in Cham. His caricatures of the works of art in the Salon were full of spirit, and the International Exhibition of 1867 found in him its classic chronicler. Here all the mysterious Paris of the third Napoleon lives once more. Emperors and kings file past, the band of Strauss plays, gipsies are dancing, equipages roll by, and every one lives, loves, flirts,

[*E. de Goncourt sc.*

GAVARNI.

squanders money, and whirls round in a maëlstrom. But the end of the exhibition betokened the end of all that splendour. In the plates of Cham which came after one feels that there is thunder in the air. Neither fashions nor theatres, neither women nor pleasure, could prevent politics from predominating more and more: the fall of Napoleon is drawing near.

There was a greater division of labour amongst those who followed Cham, since one chose "little women" as a speciality, another the theatre, and another high-life. Assisted by photography, *Nadar* turned again to portraiture, which had been neglected since Daumier, and enjoyed a great success with his series "Les Contemporains de Nadar." *Marcellin* is the first who spread over his sketches from the world of fashions and the theatre all the *chic* and fashionable glitter which lives in the novels of those years. He is the chronicler of the great world, of balls and *soirées*; he shows the opera and the *Théâtre des Italiens*, tells of hunting and racing, attends the drives in the Corso, and at the call of fashion at once deserts the stones of Paris to look about him in *châteaux* and country-houses, sea-side haunts in France, and the little watering-places of Germany, where the gaming-tables formed at that time the rendezvous of well-bred Paris. Baden-Baden, where all the lions of the day, the politicians and the artists and all the beauties of the Paris *salons*, met together in July, offered the draughtsman a specially wide field for studies of fashion and *chic*. Here began the series "Histoires des variations de la mode depuis le XVI.



Paris : Hetzel.] [*Fauquinon sc.*

GAVARNI : "FOURBERIES DE FEMMES."

(Au premier Mosieu.) "*Attendez-moi ce soir, de quatre à cinq heures, quai de l'Horloge du Palais.—Votre* AUGUSTINE."

(Au deuxième Mosieu.) "*Ce soir, quai des Lunettes, entre quatre et cinq heures.—Votre* AUGUSTINE."

(Au troisième Mosieu.) "*Quai des Morfondus, ce soir, de quatre heures à cinq.—Votre* AUGUSTINE."

(A un quatrième Mosieu.) "*Je t'attends ce soir, à quatre heures.—Ton* AUGUSTINE."

siècle jusqu'à nos jours." In a place where all classes of society, the world and the "half-world," came into contact, Marcellin could not avoid the *demi-monde*, but even when he verged on this province he always knew how to maintain a correct and distinguished bearing. He was peculiarly the draughtsman of "society," of that brilliant, pleasure-loving, tainted, and yet refined society of the Second Empire which turned Paris into a great ball-room.

Paris: Baschet.] [*J. de Goncourt sc.*

GAVARNI: "THOMAS VIRELOQUE."

Randon is as plebeian as Marcellin is aristocratic. His speciality is the stupid recruit who is marched in his troop through the streets, or the retired tradesman of small means, as Daudet has hit him off in M. Chèbe, the old gentleman seated on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne: "Let the little ones come to me with their nurses." His province includes everything that has nothing to do with *chic*. The whole life of the Parisian people, the horse-fairs, the races at Poissy, and all the more important occurrences by which the appearance of the city has been transformed, may be followed in his drawings. When he travelled he did not go to watering-places, but to the provinces, to Cherbourg and Toulon, or to the manufacturing towns of Belgium and England,

Paris : Quantin.]

GAVARNI : "PHÈDRE AT THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS."

where he observed life at the railway-stations and the custom-house, at markets and in barracks, at sea-ports and upon the street. Goods that are being piled together, sacks that are being hoisted, ships being brought to anchor, store-houses, wharfs, and docks — everywhere there is as much life in his sketches as in a busy bee-hive. Nature is a great manufactory and man a walking machine. The world is like an ant-hill, the dwelling of curious insects furnished with teeth, feelers, indefatigable feet, and marvellous organs proper for digging, sawing, building, and all things possible, but furnished also with an incessant hunger.

Soon afterwards there came *Hadol*, who made his *début* in 1855, with his first pictures of the fashions ; *Stop*, who specially represented the provinces and Italy ; *Draner*, who occupied himself with the Parisian ballet and designing charming military uniforms for little dancing girls. *Léonce Petit* drew peasants and sketched the charms of the country in a simple, familiar fashion—the mortal tedium of little towns, poor villages, and primitive inns, the gossip of village beldames before the house-door, the pompous dignity of village magistrates or of the head of the fire brigade. He is specially noteworthy as a landscapist. The trees on the straight, monotonous road rise softly and delicately into the air, and the sleepy sameness of tortuous village

streets is most pregnantly rendered by a few strokes of the pencil. The land is like a great kitchen-garden. The fields and the arable ground with their dusty, meagre soil chant a mighty song of hard labour, and the earnest, toilsome existence of the peasant folk.

Paris : Quantin.]

GAVARNI: "CE QUI ME MANQUE À MOI? UNE T'ITE MÈRE COMME ÇA, QU'AURAIT SOIN DE MON LINGE."

Andrieux and *Morland* discovered the *femme entretenue*, though afterwards her best-known delineator was *Grévin*, an able, original, facile, and piquant draughtsman, whom some—exaggerating beyond a doubt—called the direct follower of Gavarni. Grévin's women are a little monotonous, with their ringleted chignons, their expressionless eyes which try to look big, their perverse little noses, their defiant, pouting lips, and the cheap toilettes which they wear with so much *chic*. But they too have gone to their rest with the grisettes of Monnier and Gavarni, and have left the field to the women of Mars and Forain. In these days Grévin's work seems old-fashioned, since it is no longer modern and not yet historical; nevertheless it marks an epoch, like that of Gavarni. The *bals publics*, the *bals de l'Opéra*, those of the *Jardin Mabille*, the *Closerie des Lilas*, the races, the promenades in the *Bois de Vincennes*, the sea-side resorts, all quarters in which the *demi-monde* pitched its tent in the time of Napoleon III., were also the home of the artist. "How one loves in Paris"

Paris: Quantin.]

GUYS: "STUDY OF A WOMAN."

and "Winter in Paris" were the names of his earliest series. His finest and greatest drawings, the scenes from the Parisian hotels and "The English in Paris," appeared in 1867, the year of the exhibition. His later series, published as albums—"Les filles d'Ève," "Le monde amusant," "Fantaisies parisiennes," "Paris vicieux," "La Chaîne des Dames"—are a song of songs upon the refinements of life.

It does not lie within the plan of this book to follow the history of drawing any further. It only needed to be shown that painting had to follow the path trodden by Rowlandson and Cruikshank, Erhard and Richter, Daumier and Gavarni, if it was to be art of the nineteenth century, and not to remain for ever dependent on the old masters. Absolute beauty is not good food for art; to be strong it must be nourished on the ideas of the century. When the world had ceased to draw inspiration from the masterpieces of the past merely with the object of depicting scenes out of long-buried epochs by their aid, there was first a prospect that mere discipleship would be overcome, and that a new and original painting would be developed through the fresh and independent study of nature. The passionate craving of the age had to be this: to feel at home on the earth, in this long-neglected world of fact, which hides the unsuspected treasure of vivid works of art. The rising sun is just as beautiful now as on the first day, the streams

Journal Amusant.] [*Hentschel sc.*

GRÉVIN: "NOS PARISIENNES."

"Tiens! ne me parle pas de lui, je ne peux pas le souffrir, même en peinture!"
"Cependant, s'il t'offrait de t'epouser?"
"Ça, c'est autre chose."

flow, the meadows grow green, the vibrating passions are at war now as in other times, the immortal heart of nature still beats beneath its rough covering, and its pulsation finds an echo in the heart of man. It was necessary to descend from ideals to existing fact, and the world had to be once more discovered by painters as in the days of the first Renaissance. The question was how to represent the multifarious forms of human activity with all the appliances of colour: all phases and conditions of existence, fashion as well as misery, work and pleasure, the drawing-room and the street, the teeming activity of towns and the quiet labour of peasants. The essential point was to write the entire natural history of the age. And this way, which led from museums to nature, and from the past to the world of living men, was shown by England to the French and German painters.

CHAPTER XVIII

ENGLISH PAINTING TO 1850

England little affected by the retrospective tendency of the Continent.—James Barry, James Northcote, Henry Fuseli, William Etty, Benjamin Robert Haydon.—Painting runs upon the lines taken by Hogarth and Reynolds.—The portrait-painters: George Romney, Thomas Lawrence, John Hoppner, William Beechey, John Russell, John Jackson, Henry Raeburn.—Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley paint historical pictures from their own time.—Daniel Maclise.—Animal painting: John Wootton, George Stubbs, George Morland, James Ward, Edwin Landseer.—The painting of genre: *David Wilkie, W. Collins, Gilbert Stuart Newton, Charles Robert Leslie, W. Mulready, Thomas Webster, W. Frith.—The influence of these* genre *pictures on the painting of the Continent.*

"THE English school has an advantage over other schools in being young: its tradition is barely a century old, and, unlike the Continental schools, it is not leavened with antiquated Greek and Latin theories. What fortunate conditions it has for detaching itself in a modern sense! whereas in other nations the weight of tradition presses on the boldest innovators. The English do not look back; on the contrary, they look into life around them." So wrote Burger-Thoré in one of his *Salons* in 1867.

Yet England was not unaffected by the retrospective tendency on the Continent. Perhaps it might even be demonstrated that this entire movement had its origin on British soil. England had its "Empire style" in architecture fifty years before there was any empire in France; it had its Classical painting when David worked at Cupids with Boucher, and it

gave the world a Romanticist at the very time when the literature of the Continent became "Classical." *The Lady of the Lake, Marmion, The Lord of the Isles, The Fair Maid of Perth, Old Mortality, Ivanhoe, Quentin Durward,* who is there that does not know these names by heart? We have learnt history from Walter Scott, and that programme of the artistic crafts which Lorenz Gedon drew up in 1876, when he arranged the department *Works of our Fathers* in the Munich Exhibition, had been given out by Scott as early as 1816. For Scott laid out great sums of money on building himself a castle in the style of the baronial strongholds of the Middle Ages: "Towers and turrets all imitated from a royal building in Scotland, windows and gables painted with the arms of the clans, with lions couchant," rooms "filled with high sideboards and carved chests, targes, plaids, Highland broadswords, halberts, and suits of armour, and adorned with antlers hung up as trophies." Here was a Makartesque studio very many years before Makart.

And amongst the painters there were Classicists and Romanticists; but they are neither numerous nor of importance. What England produced in the way of "great art" in the beginning of the century could be erased from the complete chart of British painting without any essential gap being made in the course of its development. Reynolds had been obliged to pay dear for approaching the Italians in his "Ugolino," his "Macbeth," and his "Young Hercules." And a yet more arid mannerism befell all the others who followed him on the way to Italy. There was that gigantic nullity *James Barry*, who, after studying years in Italy, settled down in London in 1771, with the avowed intention of providing England with a classical form of art. He believed that he had surpassed his own models, the Italian classic painters, by six pompous representations of the "Culture and Progress of Human Knowledge," which he completed in 1783, in a gallery of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts. The many-sided *James Northcote*, equally mediocre in everything, survives rather by his biographies of Reynolds and Titian than by the great canvases which he painted for

Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery. That of them which became best known was "The Murder of the Children in the Tower." *Henry Fuseli*, who was also much occupied with authorship and as *preceptor Britanniæ*, always mentioned with great respect by his numerous pupils, produced a series of exceedingly thoughtful and imaginative works, to which he was incited by Klopstock and Lavater. By preference he illustrated Milton and Shakespeare, and amongst this series of pictures his painting of "Titania with the Ass," from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the London National Gallery, is probably the best. His pupil *William Etty* was saturated with the traditions of the Venetian school. He is the British Makart, and went rather heavily and laborously on the lines of Titian, exploring the realms of nude beauty, and toiling to discover that secret of blooming colour which gleams from the female figures of the Venetians. The assiduous *Benjamin Robert Haydon*, a spirit ever seeking, striving, and reflecting, became, like Gros in France, a victim of the grand style. He would naturally have preferred to paint otherwise, and more simply. The National Gallery possesses a charming London street picture by him: a thoroughfare thronged with people, who are waiting with curiosity before a Punch show. But, like Gros, he held it a sin against the grand style to occupy himself with such matters. He thought it only permissible to paint sacred subjects or subjects from ancient history upon large spaces of canvas; and he sank ever deeper into his theories, reaching the summit of abstract science when he made diligent anatomical studies of the muscles of a lion, in order to fashion the heroic frames of warriors on the same plan. His end on June 26th, 1846, was like that of the Frenchman. There was found beside his body a paper on which he had written: "God forgive me. Amen. Finis," close to a quotation from Shakespeare's *Lear*: "Stretch me no longer on the rack of this rough world." All these masters are more interesting for the sake of their human qualities than for their works, which, with their extravagant colour, forced gestures, and follies of every description, contain no novel point capable of further development. Even when

Morelli photo.

ROMNEY: "LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE."

they sought to make direct copies from Continental performances, they did not reach the graceful sweep of their models. The refinements which they imitated became clumsy and awkward in their hands, and they remained half *bourgeois* and half barbaric.

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ROMNEY: "LADY HAMILTON AS EUPHROSYNE."

The liberating influence of English art does not lie in the province of the great painting, and it is not through chance perhaps that the few who tried to import it came to grief in the experiment. There can be no doubt that such art goes more against the grain of English nature than against that of other nations. Even in the days of scholastic philosophy the English asserted the doctrine that there are only individuals in nature. In the beginning of modern times a new era, grounded on the observation of nature, was promulgated from England. Bacon had little to say about beauty: he writes against the proportions and the principle of selection in art, and therefore against the ideal. Handsome men, he says, have seldom possessed great qualities. And in the same way the English theatre had never any comprehension of the august and rhythmical grandeur of classical literature. When he stabbed Polonius, Garrick never dreamed of moving according to the taste of Boileau, and was certainly as different from the Greek leader of a chorus as Hogarth from David. The peculiar merits of English literature and science have been rooted from the time of their first existence in their capacity for observation. This explains the contempt for regularity in Shakespeare, the feeling for concrete fact in Bacon. English philosophy is positive, exact, utilitarian, and highly moral. Hobbes and Locke, John Stuart Mill and Buckle, in England take

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]
LAWRENCE: MRS. SIDDONS.

the place of Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, and Kant upon the Continent. Amongst English historians Carlyle is the only poet: all the rest are learned prose-writers who collect observations, combine experiences, arrange dates, weigh possibilities, reconcile facts, discover laws, and hoard and increase positive knowledge. The eighteenth century had seen the rise of the novel as the picture of contemporary life; in Hogarth this national spirit was first turned to account in painting. In the beginning of the nineteenth century, again, the good qualities of English art did not consist in bold ideality, but in sharpness of observation, sobriety, and flexibility of spirit.

Their proper domain was still to be found in portraiture, and if none of the new portrait-painters can be compared with the great ancestors of English art, they are none the less superior to all the portrait-painters of their time upon the Continent. *George Romney*, who belonged more to the eighteenth century, holds the mean course between the refined classic art of Sir Joshua and the imaginative poetic art of Thomas Gainsborough. Less personal and less profound in characterization, he was, in compensation, the most dexterous painter of drapery in his age: a man who knew all the secrets of the trade, and possessed, at the same time, that art which is so much valued in portrait-painters—the art of beautifying his models, without making his picture unlike the original. Professional beauties beheld themselves in their counterfeit precisely as they wished to appear, and accorded him, therefore,

C. Hentschel photo. sc.] [*Norman Hirst sc.*

LAWRENCE: "THE SISTERS."

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a fervent adoration. And after his return from Italy in 1775 he acquired a world-renown which outstripped that of Gainsborough and equalled that of Reynolds. The beautiful ladies of the Court and the celebrated actresses left no stone unturned to have their portraits introduced into one of his "compositions." For Romney eagerly followed the fashion of allegorical likenesses which had been set by Reynolds. These represented persons with the emblem of a god or a muse, etc., and Romney has painted the famous Lady Hamilton, to say nothing of others, as Magdalen, Joan of Arc, a Bacchante, and an Odalisque.

[*Bartolozzi sc.*

LAWRENCE: MISS FARREN.

Great as his reputation had been at the close of the eighteenth century, it was outshone twenty years later by that of *Sir Thomas Lawrence*. Born in Bristol in 1769, Lawrence had scarcely given up the calling of an actor before he saw all England in raptures over his genius as a painter. The catalogue of his portraits is a complete list of all who were at the time pre-eminent through talent or through beauty. He received fabulous sums, which he spent with the grace of a man of the world. In 1815 he was commissioned to paint for the Windsor Gallery the portraits of all the "Victors of Waterloo," from the Duke of Wellington to the Emperor Alexander. The Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle gave him an opportunity for getting the portraits of representatives of the

various Courts. All the capitals of Europe, which he visited for this purpose, received him with princely honours. He was member of all the Academies under the sun, and President of those in London; but, as a natural reaction, this over-estimation of earlier years has been followed by an equally undeserved under-valuation of his works in these days. Beneath the fashionable exterior of his pictures of functions naturalness and simplicity are often wanting, and so too are the deeper powers of characterization, firm drawing, and real vitality. A feminine coquetry has taken the place of character; his drawing has a banal effect, and his colouring is monotonous in comparison with that realism which Reynolds shares with the old masters. It is easy to confound the majority of his pictures of ceremonies with those of Winterhalter, and his smaller portraits with pretty fashion-pictures; yet one cannot but admire his ease of execution and nobility of composition. Several of his pictures of women, in particular, are touched by an easy grace and a fine charm of poetic sensuousness in which he approaches Gainsborough. Not many at that time could have painted such pretty children's heads, or given young women such an attractive and familiar air of life. With what a girlish glance of innocence and melancholy does Mrs. Siddons look out upon the world from the canvas of Lawrence: how piquant is her white Greek garment, with its black girdle and the white turban. And what a subtile delicacy has the portrait of Miss Farren flitting through a bright green summer landscape with a muff and a fur-trimmed cloak. The reputation of Lawrence will rise once more when his empty formal pieces have found their way into lumber-rooms, and a greater number of such mysterious and fragrant pictures of women have passed into public collections from the possession of private persons.

As minor stars the soft and tender *John Hoppner*, the attractively superficial *William Beechey*, the celebrated pastellist *John Russell*, and the vigorously energetic *John Jackson* had their share with him in public favour, whilst *Henry Raeburn* shone in Scotland as a star of the first magnitude.

He was a born painter. Wilkie says in one of his letters

Portfolio.]

RAEBURN: LORD NEWTON.

from Madrid that the pictures of Velasquez put him in mind of Raeburn; and certain works of the Scot, such as the portrait of Lord Newton, the famous *bon vivant* and doughty drinker, are indeed performances of such powerful build that comparison with this mighty name is no profanation here. At a time when there was a danger that portraiture would sink in the hands of Lawrence into an insipid painting of prettiness, Raeburn stood alone by the simplicity and naturalistic impressiveness of his likenesses. The three hundred and twenty-five portraits by him which were exhibited in the Royal Scottish Academy in 1876 gave as exhaustive a picture of the life of Edinburgh at the close of the century as those of Sir Joshua gave of the life of London. All the celebrated Scotchmen of his time—Robertson, Hume, Ferguson, and Scott—were painted by him; altogether he took over six hundred likenesses. And if this number seems small compared with the two thousand of Reynolds, Raeburn's artistic qualities are almost the greater. The secret of his success lies in his vigorous healthiness, in the indescribable *furia* of his brush, in the harmony and truth of his colour-values. His figures are informed by a startling intensity of life. His old pensioners and his sailors, in particular, have something kingly in the grand air of their calm and noble countenances. Armstrong has given him a place between Frans Hals and Velasquez, and occasionally his conception of colour even recalls the modern Frenchmen, as it were Manet in his Hals period. He paints his models, just as they come into contact with him

[*Falckeisen sc.*

WEST: "THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE."

in life, in the frank light of day and without any attempt at the dusk of the old masters; of raiment he gives only as much as the comprehension of the picture demands, and depicts character with large and simple traits.

The importance of West and Copley, two Americans who were active in England, is that they were the first to apply the qualities acquired in English portrait-painting to pictures on a large scale.

Benjamin West has undoubtedly been overpraised by his contemporaries, and by a critic of the present day he has, not unfairly, been designated "the king of mediocrity." At his appearance he was interesting to Europeans merely as an anthropological curiosity—as the first son of barbaric America who had used a painting brush. A thoroughly American puff preceded his entry into the Eternal City in 1760. It was reported that as the son of a quaker farmer he had grown up amongst his father's slaves in the immediate neighbourhood of the Indians,

and had painted good portraits in Philadelphia and New York without having ever seen a work of art. People were delighted when, on being brought into the Vatican, he clapped his hands and compared the Apollo Belvidere to an Indian chief. In the art of making himself interesting "the young savage" was ahead of all his patrons; and as he followed the ruling classical tendency with great aptitude, within the course of a year he was made an honorary member of the Academies of Parma, Bologna, and Florence, and praised by the critics of Rome as the first painter of his day, at the side of Mengs. In 1763, at a time when Hogarth and Reynolds, Wilson and Gainsborough, were in the fulness of their powers, he went to London; and as people are always inclined to value most highly what they do not possess, he soon won an important position for himself, even beside these masters. Hogarth produced nothing but "*genre* pictures," Wilson only landscapes, and Reynolds and Gainsborough portraits: West brought to the English what they did not as yet possess—a "great art."

His first picture, to be found in the London National Gallery, "Pylades and Orestes brought as Hostages before Iphigenia," is a tiresome product of that Classicism which upon the Continent found its principal representatives in Mengs and David: it is stiff in drawing, its composition is suggestive of a bas-relief, and its cold grey colouring is classically academic. His other pictures from antique and sacred history stand much on the same level as those of Wilhelm Kaulbach, with whose works they share their stilted dignity, their systematically antiquarian structure, and their mechanical combination of forms borrowed in a spiritless fashion from the Cinquecentisti.

Fortunately West has left behind him something different from these ambitious attempts; for on the occasions when he turned away from the great style he created works of lasting importance. This is specially true of some fine historical pictures dealing with his own age, which will preserve his name for ever. "The Death of General Wolfe" at the storming of Quebec on September 13th, 1759—exhibited at the opening of the Royal Academy in 1768—is by its very sobriety a sincere, honest, and

sane piece of work, which will maintain its value as an historical document. It was just the time when so great a part was played by the question of costume, and West encountered the same difficulties which Gottfried Schadow was obliged to face when he represented Ziethen and the Old Dessauer in the costume of their age. The connoisseurs held that such a sublime theme would only admit of antique dress. If West in their despite represented the general and his soldiers in their regulation uniform, it seems at the present time to be no more than the result of healthy common-sense, but at the time it was an artistic event of great importance, and one which was only accomplished in France after the work of several decades. In that country Gérard and Girodet still clung to the belief that they could only raise the military picture to the level of the great style by giving the soldiers of the Empire the appearance of Greek and Roman statues. Gros is honoured as the man who first ceased from giving modern soldiers an air of the antique. But the American Englishman had anticipated him by forty years. As in Géricault's "Raft of the Medusa," it was only the pyramidal composition in West's picture that betrayed the painter's alliance with the Classical school; in other respects it forecast the realistic programme for decades to come, and indicated the course of development which leads through Gros onwards. If in Gros men are treated purely as accessories to throw a hero into relief, in West they stand out in action. They behave in the picture spontaneously as they do in life. That is to say, there is in West's work of 1768 the element through which Horace Vernet's pictures of 1830 are to be distinguished from those of Gros.

This realistic programme was carried out with yet greater consistency by West's younger compatriot *John Singleton Copley*, who after a short sojourn in Italy migrated to England in 1775. His chief works in the London National Gallery depict in the same way events from contemporary history—"The Death of the Earl of Chatham, April 7th, 1778" and "The Death of Major Pierson, January 6th, 1781"—and it is by no means impossible that when David, in the midst of the classicizing tendencies of his age, ventured to paint "The Death of Marat"

and "The Death of Lepelletier," he was incited by engravings after Copley. In the representation of such things other painters of the epoch had draped their figures in antique costume, called genii and river-gods into action, and given a Roman character to the whole. Copley, like West, offers a plain, matter-of-fact representation of the event, without any rhetorical pathos. And what raises him above West is his liquid, massive colour, suggestive of the old masters. In none of his works could West set himself free from the dead grey colour of the Classical school, whereas Copley's "Death of William Pitt" is the result of intimate studies of Titian and the Dutch. The way the light falls on the perukes of the men and the brown, wainscoted walls almost recalls Rembrandt's "Anatomical Lecture." Instead of a pathetic scene from the theatre he has given a collection of good portraits in the manner of the Dutch studies of shooting matches.

That this unhackneyed conception of daily life has its special home in England is further demonstrated by the work of *Daniel Maclise*, who depicted "The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher," "The Death of Nelson," and other patriotic themes upon walls and canvases several square yards big, with appalling energy, promptitude, and strength of muscle. By these he certainly did better service to national pride than to art. Nevertheless they are favourably distinguished by their forcible, healthy realism from contemporary products straying into antique mythology on the Continent.

Beside the portrait-painters of men stand the portrait-painters of animals. Since the days of Elias Riedinger animal painting had fallen into general disesteem on the Continent. Thorwaldsen, the first of the Classicists who allowed animals to appear in his works (as he did in his Alexander frieze), dispensed with any independent studies of nature, and contented himself with imitating the formal models on the frieze of the Parthenon, or, in lack of a Grecian exemplar, simply drew out of the depths of his inner consciousness. Especially remarkable is the sovran contempt with which he treated the most familiar domestic creatures. German historical painting knew still less what to

MACLISE: "NOAH'S SACRIFICE."

make of the brute creation, because it only recognized beauty in the profundity of ideas, and ideas have nothing to do with beasts. Its four-footed creatures have a philosophic depth of contemplation, and are bad studies after nature. Kaulbach's "Reinecke" and the inclination to transplant human sentiments into the world of brutes delayed until the sixties any devoted study of the animal soul. France, too, before the days of Troyon, had nothing to show that was worth mentioning. But in England, the land of sport, animal painting was evolved directly from the old painting of the chase, without being seduced from its proper course. English fox-hunts had been famous since the time of Charles I. Racing was begun not long after, and with racing came that knowledge of horseflesh

Morelli photo.]

MACLISE: "MALVOLIO AND THE COUNTESS."

which has been developed in England further than elsewhere. Since the seventeenth century red deer were preserved in the English parks. It is therefore comprehensible that English art was early occupied with these animals, and since it was sportsmen who cared most about them, the painter was at first their servant. He had not so much to paint pictures as reminiscences of sport and the chase. Where a horse was painted he had to be in the first place a fine horse, and merely in the second place a fine picture. *John Wootton* and *George Stubbs* were in this sense portrayers of racehorses. The latter, however, took occasion to emancipate himself from his patrons by representing the noble animal, not standing at rest by his manger, or with a groom on his back and delighting in the consciousness of his own beauty, but as he was in action and amongst pictorial surroundings.

Soon afterwards *George Morland* made his appearance. He made a speciality of old nags, and was perhaps the most important master of the brush that the English school produced at all. His pictures have the same magic as the landscapes of Gainsborough. He painted life on the high-road

and in front of village inns—scenes like those which Isaac Ostade had represented a century before: old nags being led to water amid the sunny landscape of the downs, market-carts rumbling heavily through the rough and sunken lanes, packhorses coming back to their stalls of an evening tired out with the day's exertions, riders pulling up at the village public or chatting with the pretty landlady. And he has done these things with the delicacy of an old Dutch painter. It is impossible to say whether Morland had ever seen the pictures of Adriaen Brouwer; but this greatest master of technique amongst the Flemings can alone be compared with Morland in *verve* and artistic many-sidedness; and Morland resembled him also in his adventurous life and his early death. To the spirit and dash of Brouwer he joins the refinement of Gainsborough in his landscapes, and Rowlandson's delicate feeling for feminine beauty in his figures. He does not paint fine ladies, but women in their every-day clothes, and yet they are surrounded by a grace recalling Chardin: young mothers going to see their children who are with the nurse, smart little tavern hostesses in their white aprons and coquettish caps busily serving riders with drink, and charming city madams sitting of a Sunday afternoon with their children at a tea-garden and dressed in bright summer clothes. Over the works of Morland there lies all the chivalrous grace of the time of Werther, and that fine Anglo-Saxon aroma escaping from the works of English painters of the present day. Genuine as is the fame which he enjoys as an animal painter, it is these little social scenes which show his finest side; and only coloured engraving, which was brought to such a high pitch in the England of those days, is able to give an idea of the delicacy of hue in the originals.

Morland's brother-in-law, the painter and engraver *James Ward*, born in 1769 and dying in 1859, united this old English school with the modern. The portrait which accompanies the obituary notice in the *Art Journal* is that of a very aged gentleman, with a grey beard and thick white hair standing up like pig's bristles. The pictures which he painted when he

[*C. Wilson sc.*

MORLAND: "THE INSIDE OF A STABLE."

had this appearance—and they are the most familiar—were exceedingly weak and insipid works. In comparison with Morland's broad, liquid, and harmonious painting, that of Ward seems burnished, sparkling, flaunting, anecdotic, and petty. But James Ward was not always old James Ward. In his early days he was one of the greatest and manliest artists of the English school, with whom only Briton Rivière can be compared amongst the moderns. When his "Lioness" appeared in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1816, he was justly hailed as the best animal painter after Snyders, and since then one masterpiece followed another for ten long years. What grace and power there are in his horses and dogs! In pictures of this sort Stubbs was graceful and delicate; Ward painted the same horse in as sporting a manner and with the same knowledge, but with an artistic power such as no one had before him. His field of work was wide-reaching. He painted little girls with the thoroughly English feeling of Morland, and had the whole animal world for his domain. Lions, snakes, cats, swine, oxen,

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Portfolio.] [*Richeton sc.*

MORLAND: "GOING TO THE FAIR."

cows, sheep, swans, fowl, frogs, are the characters in his pictures. And characters they were, for he never humanized the looks of his four-footed models, as others did later. The home of his animals is not the drawing-room, but the woods and meadows, the air and the gardens. His broad, weighty manner was transformed first into extravagant virtuosity and then into pettiness of style during the last thirty years of his life, when he became senile. His reputation paled before the star of the world-famous Landseer more than he deserved.

The most popular animal painter, not merely of England, but of the whole century, was *Edwin Landseer*. For fifty years his works formed the chief features of attraction in the Royal Academy. Engravings from him had such a circulation in the country that in the sixties there was scarcely a house in which there did not hang one of his horses or dogs or stags. Even the Continent was flooded with engravings of his pictures, and Landseer suffered greatly from this popularity. He is much better than the reproductions with their fatal gloss allow any one to suppose, and his pictures can be judged by them just as little as can Raphael's "School of Athens" from Jacobi's engraving.

Edwin Landseer came of a family of artists. His father, who was an engraver, sent him out into the free world of

[*David Weiss sc.*

MORLAND: "THE TEA-GARDEN."

nature as a boy, and made him sketch donkeys and goats and sheep. When he was fourteen he went to Haydon, the prophet on matters of art; and, on the advice of this singular being, he studied the sculptures of the Parthenon. He "anatomized animals under my eyes," writes Haydon, "copied my anatomical drawings, and applied my principles of instruction to animal painting. His genius, directed in this fashion, has, as a matter of fact, arrived at satisfactory results." Landseer was the spoilt child of fortune. There is no other English painter who can boast of having been made a member of the Royal Academy at twenty-four. In high favour at Court, honoured by the fashionable world, and tenderly treated by criticism, he went on his way triumphant. The region over which he held sway was narrow, but he stood out in it as in life, powerful and commanding. The exhibition of his pictures which took place after his death in 1873 contained three hundred and

[*Thomas Landseer sc.*

LANDSEER: "A STAG ROARING."

fourteen oil-paintings and one hundred and forty-six sketches. The property which he left amounted to £160,000; and a further sum of £55,000 was realised by the sale of his unsold pictures. Even Meissonier, the best paid painter of the century, did not leave behind him five and a half million francs.

One reason of Landseer's artistic success is perhaps due to that in him which was inartistic—to his effort to make animals more beautiful than they really are, and to make them the medium for expressing human sentiment. All the dogs and horses and stags which he painted after 1855, and through which he was made specially familiar to the great public, are arrayed in their Sunday clothes, their glossiest hide and their most magnificent horns. And, in addition to this, he "Darwinizes" them: that is to say, he tries to make his animals more than animals; he lends a human sentimental trait to animal character; and that is what distinguishes him to his disadvantage from really great animal painters like Potter, Snyders, Troyon, Jadin, and Rosa Bonheur. He paints the human temperament beneath the animal mask. His stags have expressive countenances, and his dogs appear to be gifted with reason and even speech. At one moment there is a philosophic dignity in their behaviour, and at another a frivolity in their pleasures. Landseer discovered the sentimentality of dogs, and treated them as susceptible of culture. His celebrated picture "Jack in Office" is almost

insulting in its characterization: there they are, Jack the sentry, an old female dog like a poor gentlewoman, another dog like a professional beggar, and so on. And this disposition to bring animals on the stage, as if they were the actors of tragical, melodramatic, or farcical scenes, made him a peculiar favourite with the great mass of people. Nor were his picture-stories merely easy to read and understand, for the characteristic titles he invented for each of them—"Alexander and Diogenes," "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," and the like—excited curiosity as much as the most carefully selected name of a novel. But this search after points and sentimental anecdotes only came into prominence in his last period, when his technique had degenerated and he gave way to a shiny polish and a forced elegance, and was therefore obliged to provide extraneous attractions. His popularity would not be so great, but his artistic importance would be quite the same, if these last pictures did not exist at all.

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LANDSEER: "A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY."

But the middle period of Landseer, ranging from 1840 to 1850, contains masterpieces which set him by the side of the best animal painters of all times and nations. The well-known portrait of a Newfoundland dog of 1838; that of the Prince Consort's favourite greyhound of 1841; "The Otter Speared" of 1844, with its panting and yelping pack brought to a standstill beneath a high wall of rock; the dead doe of 1848, whom a fawn is unsuspectingly approaching, in "A Random Shot;" "The Lost Sheep" of 1850, that wanders frightened and bleating through a wide and lonely landscape covered with snow,—these and many other pictures, in their animation and simple naturalness, are precious examples of the fresh and delicate

[*Mottram sc.*

LANDSEER: "ON GUARD."

observation peculiar to him at that time. Landseer's portrait reveals to us a robust and serious man, with a weather-beaten face, a short white beard, and a snub bulldog nose. Standing six feet high and having the great heavy figure of a Teuton stepping out of his aboriginal forest, he was indeed much more like a country gentleman than a London artist. He was a sportsman who wandered about all day long in the air with a gun on his arm, and he painted his animal pictures with all the love and joy of a child of nature. And that accounts for their strength, their convincing power, and their vivid force. It is as if he had become possessed of a magic cap, with which he could draw close to animals without being observed, and surprise their nature and their inmost life.

Landseer's subject-matter and conception of life are indicated by the pictures which have been named. Old masters like Snyders and Rubens had represented the contrast between man

Magazine of Art.] [*Hunt sc.*

LANDSEER: "THE LAST MOURNER AT THE SHEPHERD'S GRAVE."

and beast in their boar and lion hunts. It was not wild nature that Landseer depicted, but nature tamed. Rubens, Snyders, and Delacroix displayed their horses, dogs, lions, and tigers in bold action, or in the flame of passion. But Landseer generally introduced his animals in quiet situations—harmless, and without fear in the course of their ordinary life.

Horses, which Leonardo, Rubens, Velasquez, Wouwerman, and the earlier English artists delighted to render, he painted but seldom, and when he painted them it was with a less penetrating comprehension. But lions, which had been represented in savage passion or in quiet dignity by artists from Rubens to Decamps, were for him also a subject of long and exhaustive studies, which had their results in the four colossal lions round the base of Nelson's Pillar in Trafalgar Square. Here the Englishman makes a great advance on Thorwaldsen, who designed the model for the monument in Lucerne without ever having seen a lion. Landseer's brutes, both as they are painted and as they are cast in bronze, are genuine lions, cruel and catlike, although in savageness and bold passion they are not to be compared with those of Delacroix, nor with those of his elder compatriot, James Ward. On the other hand, stags and roes were really first introduced into painting by Landseer. Those of Robert Hills, who had previously been reckoned the best painter of stags, are timid, suspicious creatures, while Landseer's are the true kings of the forest, the shooting of which ought to be punished as an act

[*Metzerath sc.*

LANDSEER: "A JACK IN OFFICE."

of assassination. His principal field of study was the Highlands. Here he painted these proud creatures fighting on the mountain slopes, swimming the lake, or as they stand gazing in their quiet beauty. With what a bold spirit they raise their heads to snuff the mountain air, whilst their antlers show their delight in battle and the joy of victory. And how gentle and timid is the noble, defenceless roe in Landseer's pictures.

He had also a delight in painting sheep lost in a blizzard. But dogs were his peculiar speciality. Landseer discovered the dog. That of Snyders was a treacherous, snarling cur; that of Bewick a robber and a thief. Landseer has made him the companion of man, an adjunct of human society, the generous friend and true comrade who is the last mourner at the shepherd's grave. Landseer first studied his noble countenance and his thoughtful eyes, and in doing so he opened a new province to art, where Briton Rivière went further at a later period.

[*Fleischmann sc.*

WILKIE: "DISTRAINING FOR RENT."

A yet wider province was opened to Continental nations by the art of England. In an epoch of archæological resuscitations and romantic regrets for the past, it brought French and German painters to a consciousness that the man of the nineteenth century in his daily life might be a perfectly legitimate subject for art. Engravings after the best pictures of Wilkie hang round the walls of Louis Knaus' reception-room in Berlin. And that in itself betrays to us a fragment of the history of art. The painters who saw the English people with the eyes of Walter Scott, Fielding, Goldsmith, and Dickens were a generation in advance of those who depicted the German people in the spirit of Immermann, Auerbach, Gustav Freytag, and Fritz Reuter. The English advanced quietly on the road trodden by Hogarth in the eighteenth century, whilst upon the Continent the nineteenth century had almost completed half its course before art left anything which will allow future generations to see the men of the period as they really were. Since the days

[*Raimbach sc.*

WILKIE: "BLIND-MAN'S BUFF."

of Fielding and Goldsmith the novel of manners had been continually growing. Burns, the poet of the plough, and Wordsworth, the singer of rustic folk, had given a vogue to that poetry of peasant life and those village tales which have since gone the round of all Europe. England began at that time to become the richest country in the world; and great fortunes were made. Painters were thus obliged to provide for the needs of a new and wealthy middle-class. And in this way the peculiarities of English *genre* painting, both in a good and an evil sense, are to be explained.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century *David Wilkie*, the English Knaus, was the chief *genre* painter of the world. Born in 1785 in the small Scotch village of Cults, where his father was the clergyman, he passed a happy childhood, and possibly had to thank his youthful impressions for the consistent cheerfulness, the good-humoured and smiling, kindly trait in his pictures, which stands in sharp contrast with Hogarth's bitter acerbity. At fourteen he entered the Edinburgh School of Art,

where he worked for four years under the historical painter John Graham. Having returned to Cults, he painted his landscapes. A fair which he saw in the neighbouring village gave the impulse for his earliest picture of country life, "Pitlessie Fair." He sold it for five and twenty pounds, and determined in 1805 to try his luck with this sum in London. In the very next year his "Village Politicians" excited attention in the exhibition. From that time he was a popular artist. Every one of his numerous pictures—"The Blind Fiddler," "The Card Players," "The Rent-Day," "The Cut Finger," "The Village Festival"—called forth a storm of applause. After a short residence in Paris, where the Louvre gave him a more intimate knowledge of the Dutch, came his masterpieces "Blind-Man's Buff," "Distraining for Rent," "Reading of a Will," "The Rabbit on the Wall," "The Penny Wedding," "The Chelsea Pensioners," and so forth. Even later, after he had become an Academician, he kept to such plain and simple themes, in spite of the reproaches of his colleagues, who thought that art was vulgarized by the treatment of subjects that were so little dignified. It was only at the end of his life that he became untrue to himself. His reverence for Teniers and Ostade was not sufficient to outweigh the impression made on him during a tour taken in 1825 through Italy, Spain, Holland, and Germany, by the artistic treasures of the Continent, and especially Murillo and Velasquez. He said he had long lived in darkness, but from that time forth could say with the great Correggio: "*Anch' io sono pittore.*" He renounced all that he had painted before which had made him famous, and showed himself to be one of the many great artists of those years who had no individuality or ventured to have none. He would have been the Burns of painting had he remained as he was. And thus he offered further evidence that the museums and the Muses are contradictory conceptions; since the modern painter always runs the risk of falling helplessly from one influence into another, where he is bent on combining the historical student of art with the artist. Of the pictures that he exhibited after his return in 1829, two dealt with Italian and three with

[*John Burnet sc.*

WILKIE: "READING THE WILL."

Spanish subjects. The critics were loud in praise; he had added a fresh branch of laurel to his crown. Yet, historically considered, he would stand on a higher pedestal if he had never seen more than a dozen good pictures of Teniers, Ostade, Metsu, Jan Steen, and Brouwer. Now he began to copy his travelling sketches in a spiritless fashion; he only represented *pifferari*, smugglers, and monks, who, devoid of all originality, might have been painted by one of the Düsseldorfers. Even "John Knox Preaching," which is probably the best picture of his last period, is no exception.

"He seemed to me," writes Delacroix, who saw him in Paris after his return from Spain—"he seemed to me to have been brought utterly out of his depth by the pictures he had seen. How is it that a man of his age can be so influenced by works which are radically opposed to his own? However he died soon after, and, as I have been told, in a very melancholy state of mind." Death overtook him in 1841, on board the steamer *Oriental*, just as he was returning from a tour in Turkey. At half-past eight o'clock in the evening the vessel

was brought to, and as the lights of the beacon mingled with those of the stars, the waters passed over the corpse of David Wilkie.

In judging his position in the history of art, only those works come into consideration which he executed before that journey of 1825. Then he drew as a labour of love the familiar scenes of the household hearth, the little dramas, the comic or touching episodes that take place in the village, the festivals, the dancing, and the sports of the country-folk, and their meeting in the ale-house. At this time, when as a young painter he merely expressed himself and was ignorant of the efforts of Continental painting, he was an artist of individuality. In the village he became a great man, and here his fame was decided; he painted rustics. Even when he first saw the old masters in the National Gallery, their immediate effect on him was merely to influence his technique. And by their aid Wilkie gradually became an admirable master of technical detail. His first picture, "Pitlessie Fair," in its hardness of colour recalled a Dutch painter of the type of Jan Molenaer; but from that time his course was one of constant progress. In "The Village Politicians" the influence of Teniers first made itself felt, and it prevailed until 1816. In this year, when he painted the pretty sketch for "Blind-Man's Buff," a warm gold hue took the place of the cool silver tone; and instead of Teniers, Ostade became his model. The works in his Ostade manner are rich in colour and deep and clear in tone. Finally it was Rembrandt's turn to become his guiding-star, and "The Parish Beadle," in the National Gallery—a scene of arrest of the year 1822—clearly shows with what brilliant success he tried his luck with Rembrandt's dewy *chiaroscuro*. It was only in his last period that he lost all these technical qualities. His "Knox" of 1832 is hard and cold and inharmonious in colour.

So long as he kept from following the historical painting art meant for him the same thing as the portrayal of domestic life. Painting, he said, had no other aim than to reproduce nature and to seek truth. Undoubtedly this must be applied to Wilkie himself with considerable limitation. Wilkie painted

[*John Burnet sc.*

WILKIE: "THE RABBIT ON THE WALL."

simple fragments of nature just as little as Hogarth; he invented scenes. Nor was he even gifted with much power of invention. But he had a fund of innocent humour, although there were times when it was in danger of becoming much too childlike. "Blind-Man's Buff," "The Village Politicians," and "The Village Festival," pictures which have become so popular through the medium of engraving, contain all the characteristics of his power of sportive observation. He had no ambition to be a moralist, like Hogarth, but just as little did he paint the rustic as he is. He dealt only with the absurdities and minor accidents of life. His was one of those happy dispositions which neither sorrow, nor dream, nor excite themselves, but see everything from the comic side: he enjoyed his own jests and looked at life as at a pure comedy; the serious part of it escaped him altogether. His peasantry are harassed by no social question, nor by want, nor work; they merely spend their time over trifles and amuse themselves—themselves and the frequenters of the exhibition, for whom they are taking part in a comedy on canvas. If Hogarth had a biting, sarcastic, scourging, and disintegrating genius, Wilkie is one of those people who cause one no lasting excitement, being always satisfied to be humorous, and laughing with a contented appreciation over their own jokes.

And in general such is the keynote of this English *genre*. All that was done in it during the years immediately following is more or less comprised in the works of the Scotch "little master"; otherwise it courts the assistance of English literature,

which is always rich in humorists and excellent anecdote and story writers. In painting as in literature the English have a delight in detail which by its dramatic, anecdotic, or humorous point is intended to have the interest of a short story. Or perhaps one should rather say that, since the English came to painting as novices, they began tentatively on that first step on which art had stood in earlier centuries as long as it was still "the people's spelling-book." It is a typical form of development, which repeats itself constantly. All painting begins in narrative. First it is the subject which has a fascination for the artist, and by the aid of it he casts a spell over his public. The simplification of motives, the capacity for taking a thing in at a single glance, and finding a simple joy in its essentially pictorial integrity, is of later growth. Even with the Dutch, who were so eminently gifted with a sense for what is pictorial, the picture of manners was at first epical. Church festivals, skating parties, and events which could be represented in an ample and detailed fashion were the original materials of the *genre* picture, which only later contented itself with a purely artistic study of one out of countless groups. This period of apprenticeship, which may be called the period of interesting subject-matter, was what England was now going through; and England had to go through it, since she had the civilization by which it is invariably produced.

Just as the first *genre* pictures of the Flemish school announced the appearance of a *bourgeoisie*, so in the England of the beginning of the century, a new plebeian, middle-class society had taken the place of the patrons of earlier days, and this middle-class set its seal upon manners and communicated its spirit to painting. Prosperity, culture, travel, reading, and leisure, everything which had been the privilege of individuals, now became the common property of the great mass of men. They prized art, but they demanded from it substantial nourishment. That two colours in connection with straight and curved lines are enough for the production of infinite harmonies was still a profound secret. "You are free to be painters if you like," artists were told, "but only on the understanding

that you are amusing and instructive; if you have no story to tell we shall yawn." When they comply with these demands, artists become enamoured with moral dissertations; they are public counsellors, and, in fact, a kind of lay preachers. People told stories, and they listened to them. Wilkie stands to Morland, the last painter of the old school, as, amongst the Dutch, Teniers stands to Brouwer. He paints as a citizen for citizens; that is to say, for steady people who are getting on in the world, and whose imagination does not soar above the level of average life. No one before him had such a thoroughly popular manner; no one explained his meaning better or more completely. It seems almost as if he had laid a wager with the man in the crowd: "You may be as dull as is humanly possible, but you shall understand this. I will repeat the same idea under so many different forms, emphasize it by so many familiar examples, announce it so plainly in the title, italicize it so obviously in the characters, and so clearly mark the arrangement of the composition, that you cannot fail to understand it."

With this object he loses himself in minute and ardent observation of the tiniest things. The scene may be a parlour, a kitchen, or an old schoolroom, but whatever it may be Wilkie patiently heaps one detail upon another in characterizing these localities; he paints with exactness the greenish broken tiles of the fireplace, the cracks in the plastered walls, and the names cut in the door, and he devotes a fervent study to the form of the letters which the master has chalked upon the blackboard. Nothing gives him greater pleasure than the stall of a rag-shop, the sign of an inn, or a pedlar hawking his goods. When he paints weddings he lingers endlessly over the pretty confusion of the bride, the tears of the mother, the weeping of the guests, and the enlivening or pathetic incidents of the wedding breakfast; he sketches a multitude of domestic pictures, which are almost as graceful and affecting as corresponding passages in Dickens. The public gained by this, and art had to suffer. Wilkie's mania for anecdote gives his pictures not merely a certain touch of vulgarity, but a touch of falsity as well.

For, if the aim of painting lies in its narrative power, there is a natural tendency to represent the pleasant rather than the unpleasant facts of life, which is the cause of this one-sided character of *genre* painting. Everything that is not striking and out of the way—in other words, the whole poetry of ordinary life—is left untouched. Wilkie only paints the rustic on some peculiar occasion, at merry-making and ceremonial events; and he depicts him as a being of a different species from the townsman, because he seeks to gain his effects principally by humorous episodes, and aims at situations which are proper to a novel.

Baptisms and dances, funerals and weddings, carousals and bridal visits, are his favourite subjects; to which may be added the various contrasts offered by peasant life where it is brought into contact with the civilization of cities—the country cousin come to town, the rustic closeted with a lawyer, and the like. A continual roguishness enlivens his pictures and makes comical figures out of most of these good people. He amuses himself at their expense, exposes their little lies, their thrift, their folly, their pretensions, and the absurdities with which their narrow circle of life has provided them. He pokes fun, and is sly and farcical. But the hard and sour labour of ordinary peasant life is left on one side, since it offers no material for humour and anecdote.

Through this limitation painting renounced the best part of its strength. To a man of pictorial vision nature is a gallery of magnificent pictures, and one which is as wide and far-reaching as the world. But whoever seeks salvation in narrative painting soon reaches the end of his material. In the life of any man there are only three or four events that are worth the trouble of telling; Wilkie told more, and he became tiresome in consequence. We are willing to accept these anecdotes as true, but they are threadbare. Things of this sort may be found in the gaily-bound little gilt books which are given as Christmas presents to children. It is not exhilarating to learn that worldly marriages have their inconveniences, that there is a pleasure in talking scandal about one's friends behind their

backs, that a son causes pain to his mother by his excesses, and that egoism is an unpleasant failing. All that is true, but it is too true. We are irritated by the intrusiveness of this course of instruction. And half of Wilkie's pictures are childish and well-nigh silly. He paints insipid subjects, and by one foolery after another he has made painting into a toy for good children.

And good children play the principal parts in these pictures. England is the land of family life. When the official or the City man leaves his office at five o'clock he hurries back as fast as he can to his country villa, where his children are playing all day long upon the lawn. The beloved family circle in which he spends the evening is his sanctuary, and the life of the domestic affections his poetry. Dickens has told of child-life in many volumes, and at last he wrote the history of *David Copperfield.*

As a painter, one of George Morland's pupils, *William Collins,* threw the world into ecstasies by his pictures of children. Out of one hundred and twenty-one which he exhibited in the Academy in the course of forty years the principal are: the picture of "The Little Flute-Player," "The Sale of the Pet Lamb," "Boys with a Bird's Nest," "The Fisher's Departure," "Scene in a Kentish Hop-Garden," and the picture of the swallows. The most popular were "Happy as a King"—a small boy whom his elder playmates have set upon a garden railing, from which he looks down laughing proudly—and "Rustic Civility"—children who have drawn up, like soldiers, by a fence, so as to salute some one who is approaching. But it is clear from the titles of such pictures that in this province English *genre* painting did not free itself from the reproach of being episodic. Collins was richer in ideas than Meyer of Bremen. His children receive earrings, sit on their mother's knee, play with her in the garden, watch her sewing, read aloud to her from their spelling-book, learn their lessons, and are frightened of the geese and hens which advance in a terrifying fashion towards them in the poultry-yard. He is an admirable painter of children at the family table, of the pleasant chatter of the

little ones, of the father watching his sleeping child of an evening by the light of the lamp, with his heart full of pride and joy because he has the consciousness of working for those who are near to him. Being naturally very fond of children, he has painted the life of little people with evident enjoyment of all its variations, and yet not in a thoroughly credible fashion. Chardin painted the poetry of the child-world. His little ones have no suspicion of the painter being near them. They are harmlessly occupied with themselves, and in their ordinary clothes. Those of Collins look as if they were repeating a copy-book maxim at a school examination. They know that the eyes of all the sightseers in the exhibition are fixed upon them, and they are doing their utmost to be on their best behaviour. They have a want of unconsciousness. One would like to say to them: "My dear children, always be good." But no one is grateful to the painter for taking from children their childishness, and for bringing into vogue that codling which had its way for so long afterwards in the pictures of children.

Gilbert Stuart Newton, an American by birth, who lived in England, however, from 1820 to 1835, devoted himself to the illustration of English authors. Like Wilkie, he has a certain historical importance, because he devoted himself with great zeal to a study of the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, and to the French painters of the eighteenth, at a time when these masters were entirely out of fashion on the Continent, and sneered at as representatives of "the deepest corruption." Dow and Terborg were his peculiar ideals; and although the colour of his pictures is certainly heavy and common compared with that of his models, it is artistic and shows study when one thinks of contemporary productions on the Continent. His works ("Lear attended by Cordelia," "The Vicar of Wakefield restoring his Daughter to her Mother," "The Prince of Spain's Visit to Catalina" from *Gil Blas*, and "Yorick and the Grisette" from Sterne), like the pictures of the Düsseldorfers, would most certainly have lost in actuality but for the interest provided by the literary passages; yet they are favourably distinguished from the literary illustrations of the Düsseldorfers by the want

[*Thoo sc.*

NEWTON: "YORICK AND THE GRISETTE."

of any sort of idealism. While the painters of the Continent in such pictures almost invariably fell into a rounded, generalizing ideal of beauty, Newton had the scene played by actors and painted them realistically. The result was a theatrical realism, but the way in which the theatrical effects are studied and the palpableness of the histrionic gestures are so convincingly true to nature that his pictures seem like records of stage art in London about the year 1830.

Charles Robert Leslie, known as an author by his pleasant book on Constable and a highly conservative *Handbook for Young Painters*, had a similar *répertoire*, and rendered in oils Shakespeare, Cervantes, Fielding, Sterne, Goldsmith, and Molière, with more or less ability. The National Gallery has an exceedingly prosaic and colourless picture of his, "Sancho Panza in the Apartment of the Duchess." Some that are in the South Kensington Museum are better; for example, "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Dinner at Mr. Page's House" from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and "Sir Roger de Coverley." His finest and best-known work is "My Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," which charmingly illustrates the pretty scene in *Tristram Shandy*: "'I protest, madam,' said my Uncle Toby,

'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.' 'It is not in the white!' said Mrs. Wadman. My Uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil." As in Newton's works, so in Leslie's too, there is such a strong dose of realism that his pictures will always keep their value as historical documents—not for the year 1630, but for 1830. As a colourist he was—in his later works at any rate—a delicate imitator of the Dutch *chiaro-scuro*; and in the history of art he occupies a position similar to that of Diez in Germany, and was esteemed in the same way, even in later years, when the young Pre-Raphaelite school began its embittered war against "brown sauce"—the same war which a generation afterwards was waged in Germany by Liebermann and his followers against the school of Diez.

Braun photo.]
LESLIE: "MY UNCLE TOBY AND THE WIDOW WADMAN."

Mulready, thirty-two of whose pictures are preserved in the South Kensington Museum, is in his technique almost more delicate than Leslie, and he has learnt a great deal from Metsu. By preference he took his subjects out of Goldsmith. "Choosing the Wedding Gown" and "The Whistonian Controversy" would make pretty illustrations for an *édition de luxe* of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Otherwise he too had a taste for immortalizing

London: Low.]
MULREADY: "CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN."

children, by turns lazy and industrious, at their tea or playing by the water's edge.

From *Thomas Webster*, the fourth of these kindly, childlike masters, yet more inspiriting facts are to be obtained. He has informed the world that at a not very remote period of English history all the agricultural labourers were quite content with their lot. No one ever quarrelled with his landlord, or sat in a public-house and let his family starve. The highest bliss of these excellent people was to stay at home and play with their children by the light of a wax-candle. Webster's rustics, children, and schoolmasters are the citizens of an ideal planet, but the little country is a pleasant world. His pictures are so harmless in intention, so neat and accurate in drawing, and so clear and luminous in colour that they may be seen with pleasure even at the present day. Many of them, like "The Dame's School," might have been painted by Claus Meyer.

The last of the group, *William Powell Frith*, was the most copious in giving posterity information about the manners and costumes of his contemporaries, and would be still more authentic if life had not seemed to him so genial and roseate. His pictures represent scenes of the nineteenth century, but they seem like events of the good old times. At that period people were undoubtedly good and innocent and happy. They had no

London : Low.]

WEBSTER : "THE DAME'S SCHOOL."

income-tax and no vices and worries, and all went to heaven and felt in good spirits. And so they do in Frith's pictures, only not so naturally as in Ostade and Beham. For example, he goes on the beach at a fashionable English watering-place during the season, in July or August. The geniality which predominates here is quite extraordinary. Children are splashing in the sea, young ladies flirting, niggers playing the barrel-organ and women singing ballads to its strains ; every one is doing his utmost to look well, and the pair of beggars who are there for the sake of contrast have long become resigned to their fate. In his racecourse pictures everything is brought together which on such occasions is representative of London life : all types, from the baronet to the ragman ; all beauties, from the lady to the street-walker. A rustic has to lose his money, or a famished acrobat to turn his pockets inside out to assure himself that there is really nothing in them. His picture of the gaming-table in Homburg is almost richer in such examples of dry observation and humorous and spirited episode.

England is the land of *genre* painting.

True it is, on the one hand, that in a period of general

alienation from the actual world, a fragment of the simple enjoyment of life known by the Dutch had been preserved for these painters, but it is none the less true that they are chiefly distinguished from their great predecessors, Jan Steen, Terborg, and Metsu, by not being properly painters but authors. They did not indulge in vast and splendid stage-scenes, like their comrades on the Continent, but could feel at home in an honest citizen's house, like the Dutch. But for the latter pure painting was their Alpha and Omega, whereas for the English genuine pictorial art remained an undiscovered country; the mere artistic enjoyment of making an harmonious arrangement of forms, colours, and tones they never knew. Hogarth was always their father, except that a roguish smile took the place of that terrible, merciless, and crushing satire. Faltering between realistic and didactic tendencies, as Hogarth did before them, they have the same merits and defects. Everything is peculiar to them which is attractive in the English novel of domestic life, and lends a charm to Richardson, Sterne, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot: the loving care for detail, the genial sympathy with the world, absorption in the development of the fable, the opulence of the novelist. A spiritual purity, something innocent, harmless, childlike, and cordially humorous, runs through their pictures—the very element which is enjoyable in the papers on Sir Roger de Coverley, in *Tristram Shandy*, *Tom Jones*, the admirable *Vicar of Wakefield*, or *Peregrine Pickle*. Not light and colour, but anecdote, comedy, and genial story-writing were the basis of their labours, and their works appeal to the heart rather than the eye. The aim which the painter had set up was achieved when he succeeded in expressing his ideas with lucidity. His picture had to be, in the first place, the expression of a pretty idea; and only in the second a good piece of painting. Moreover these ideas are sometimes of an order which makes one suspect that Voltaire's celebrated witticism, "What is too silly to be spoken is sung," might be directed at English *genre* painting rather than at the opera. The beings who live and move in it have the same failings as Landseer's animals: too much—or sometimes too little—intelligence. The

[*C. W. Sharpe sc.*

FRITH: "RAMSGATE SANDS."

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room in the South Kensington Museum where the pictures of these years are hung makes rather the effect of a satirical book than of a picture-gallery.

Nature is seen through the medium of conventional sentiment. Artists still painted the Merry England of the good old times, at a time when England was neither merry nor good. Wilkie made his rustics much more jovial and contented than they actually were. Mulready was exceedingly tender with the failings of his schoolboys, and discovered material for a kindly smile in their worst pranks. People—in their pictures at any rate—were only gay in this golden age. They all do what is becoming in those who have been well brought up, only no one does it unconsciously or sincerely. Their unselfishness and their contempt for money are no more genuine than in a comic opera. The most ordinary events proceed with the solemnity of an historical drama played by puppets. Children romp, old people dance, and girls are kissed with temperance and propriety, as such things happen in a studio by order of a painter. The *répertoire* of figures is very extensive, but in reality they are only changing marionnettes. One is always in the presence of actors whose phrases have been set down for them and whose gestures have been assigned. The children are always good, and the men and women of the people are like children. The characters have an air which is affected, acquired, and never natural. And this assumed childishness, this conventional optimism and trivial humour are more responsible for rapid decline in the popularity of these pictures than the mediocrity of their technique. They are rather like the dried flowers in a herbarium than immortelles.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MILITARY PICTURE

Why the victory of modernity on the Continent only came by degrees. —Romantic conceptions.—Æsthetic theories and the question of costume.—Painting learns to treat contemporary costume by first dealing with uniform.—France: Gros, Horace Vernet, Hippolyte Bellangé, Isidor Pils, Alexandre Protais, Charlet, Raffet, Ernest Meissonier, Guillaume Régamey, Alphonse de Neuville, Aimé Morot, Édouard Détaille.—Germany: Albrecht Adam, Peter Hess, Franz Krüger, Karl Steffeck, Th. Horschelt, Franz Adam, Joseph v. Brandt, Heinrich Lang.

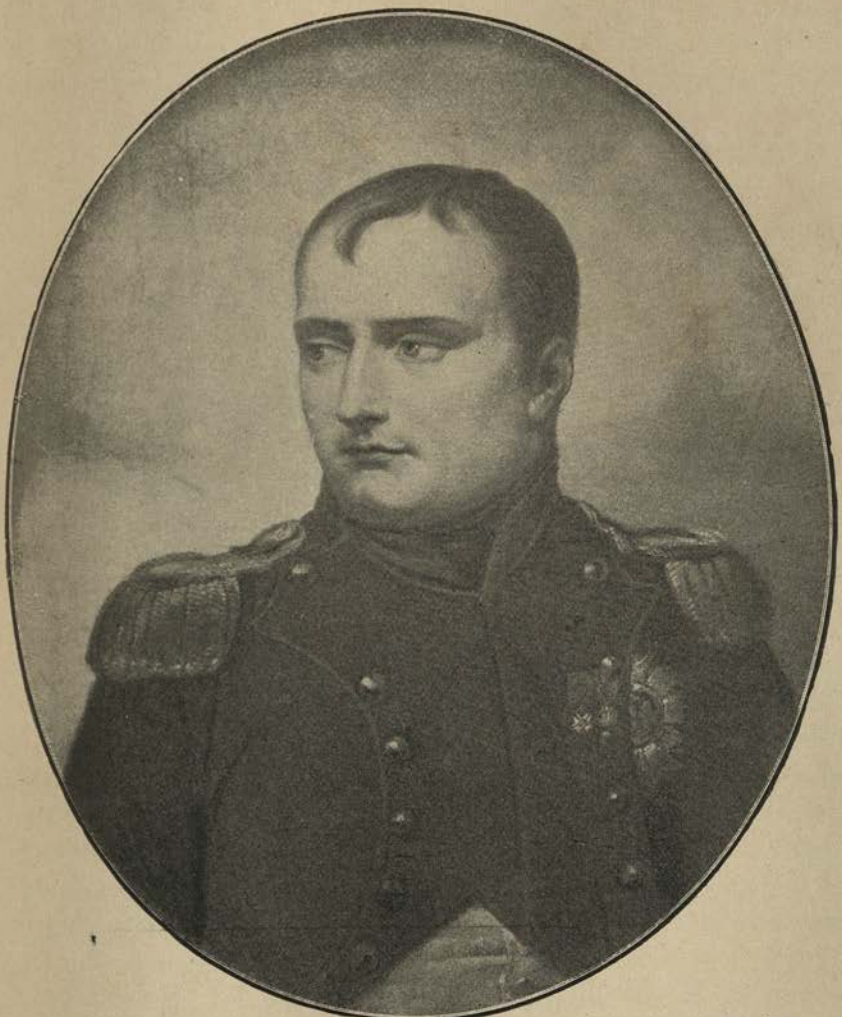
WHILE English painting from the days of Hogarth and Wilkie embraced rustic and middle-class life, the victory of modernity on the Continent could only be accomplished slowly and by degrees. The question of costume played an important part in it. "Artists love antiquated costume because, as they say, it gives them greater sweep and freedom. But I should like to suggest that in historical representations of their own age an eye should be kept on propriety of delineation rather than on freedom and sweep. Otherwise one might just as well allow an historian to talk to us about phalanxes, battlements, triarii, and argyraspids in place of battalions, squadrons, grenadiers, and cuirassiers. The painters of the great events of the day ought, especially, to be more true to fact. In battle-pieces, for example, they ought not to have cavalry shooting and sabreing about them in leather collars, in round and plumed hats, and the vast jack-boots which exist no longer. The old masters drew, engraved, and painted in this way because people really dressed in such a manner at the time. It is said that our

costume is not picturesque, and therefore why should we choose it? But posterity will be curious to know how we clothed ourselves, and will wish to have no gap from the eighteenth century to its own time."

These words, which the well-known Vienna librarian Denis wrote in 1797 in his *Lesefrüchte*, show how early came the problem which was at high-water mark for a generation afterwards. The painting of the nineteenth century could only become modern when it succeeded in recognizing and expressing the characteristic side of modern costume. But to do that it took more than half a century. It was, after all, natural that to people who had seen the graceful forms and delicate colours of the Rococo time the garb of the first half of the century should seem the most unfortunate and the least enviable in the whole history of costume. "What person of artistic education is not of the opinion," runs a passage in Putmann's book on the Düsseldorf school in 1835—"What person of artistic education is not of the opinion that the dress of the present day is tasteless, hideous, and ape-like? Moreover can a true style be brought into harmony with hoop-petticoats and swallow-tail coats and such vagaries? In our time, therefore, art is right in seeking out those beautiful fashions of the past, about which tailors concern themselves so little. How much longer must we go about, unpicturesque beings, like ugly black bats, in swallow-tail coats and wide trousers? The peasant's blouse, indeed, can be accepted as one of the few picturesque dresses which have yet been preserved in Germany from the inauspicious influence of the times." The same plaint is sung by Hotho in his history of German and Netherlandish painting; the costume of his age he declares to be thoroughly prosaic and tiresome. It is revolting to painters and an offence to the educated eye. Art must necessarily seek salvation in the past, unless it is to wait, and give brush and palette a holiday, until that happy time when the costume of nations comes to its pictorial regeneration. Only one zone was beyond the domain of tail-coat and trousers, and still furnished art with rich material: the world of blouse and military uniform.

Since it was by working on uniform that plastic artists first learnt how to treat contemporary costume, so it was the military picture that first entered the circle of modern painting. By exalting the soldier into a warrior, and the warrior into a hero, it was here possible, even in the times of David and Carstens, to effect a certain compromise with the ruling classical ideas. Gérard, Girodet—to some extent even Gros—made abundant use of the mask of the Greek or Roman warrior, with the object of admitting the battle-piece into painting in the grand style. The real heroes of the Napoleonic epoch had not this plastic appearance nor these epic attitudes. Classicism altered their physiognomies and gave them, most illogically, the air of old marble statues. To have liberated battle-painting from this anathema is the merit of Horace Vernet—and the only one he had.

Together with his son-in-law Paul Delaroche, *Horace Vernet* is the most genuine product of the *Juste-milieu* period. The king with the umbrella founded the Museum of Versailles, that monstrous depôt of daubed canvas, which is a horrifying memory to any one who has ever wandered through it. However it is devoted *à toutes les gloires de la France.* In a few years a suite of galleries, which it takes almost two hours merely to pass through from end to end, was filled with pictures of all sizes, bringing home the history of the country, from Charlemagne to the African expedition of Louis Philippe, under all circumstances which are in any way flattering to French pride. For miles numberless manufacturers of painting bluster from the walls. As *pictor celerrimus* Horace Vernet had the command-in-chief, and became so famous by his chronicle of the conquest of Algiers that for a long time he was held by trooper, Philistine, and all the kings and emperors of Europe as the greatest painter in France. He was the last scion of a celebrated dynasty of artists, and had taken a brush in his hand from the moment when he threw away his child's rattle. A good deal of talent had been given him in his cradle: sureness of eye, lightness of hand, and an enviable memory. His vision was correct if not profound; he painted his pictures without



Morelli photo.] [*Hentschel photo sc.*

HORACE VERNET: NAPOLEON I.

hesitation, and is favourably distinguished from many of his contemporaries by his independence: he owes no one anything, and reveals his own qualities without arraying himself with those of other people. Only these qualities are not of an order which gives his pictures artistic interest. The spark of Géricault's genius, which seems to have been transmitted to him in the beginning, was completely quenched in his later years. Having swiftly attained popularity by the aid of lithography, which circulated his "Mazeppa" through the whole world, he became afterwards a bad and vulgar painter, without poetry, light, or colour; a reporter who expressed himself in banal prose and wounded all the finer spirits of his age. "I loathe this man," said Baudelaire, as early as 1846.

Devoid of any sense of the tragedy of war, which Gros possessed in such a high degree, Vernet treated battles like performances at the circus. His pictures have movement without passion, and magnitude without greatness. If it had been required of him, he would have daubed all the boulevards; his picture of Smala is certainly not so long, but there would have been no serious difficulty in lengthening it by half a mile. This incredible stenographical talent won for him his popularity. He was decorated with all the orders in the world. The *bourgeois* felt happy when he looked at Vernet's pictures, and the father of a family promised to buy a horse for his little boy. The soldiers called him "*mon colonel*," and would not have been surprised if he had been made a Marshal of France. A lover of art passes the pictures of Vernet with the sentiment which the old colonel owned to entertaining in regard to music. "Are you fond of music, colonel?" asked a lady. "Madame, I am not afraid of it."

The trivial realism of his workmanship is as tedious as the unreal heroism of his soldiers. In the manner in which he conceived the trooper Vernet stands between the Classicists and the moderns. He did not paint ancient warriors, but French soldiers: he knew them as a corporal knows his men, and by this respect for prescribed regulation he was prevented from turning them into Romans. But though he disregarded

Classicism, in outward appearance, he did not drop the heroic tone. He always saw the soldier as the bold defender of his country, the warrior performing daring deeds, as in the "Battle of Alexander;" and in this way he gave his pictures their unpleasant air of bluster. For neither modern tactics nor modern cannon admit of the prominence of the individual, as it is to be seen in Vernet's pictures. The soldier of the nineteenth century is no longer a warrior, but the unit in a multitude; he does what he is ordered, and for that he has no need of the spirit of an ancient hero; he kills or is killed, without seeing his enemy or being seen himself. The course of a battle advances, move by move, according to mathematical calculation. It is therefore false to represent soldiers in heroic attitudes, or even to suggest deeds of heroism on the part of those in command. In giving his orders and directing a battle a general has to behave pretty much as he does at home at his writing-table. And he is never in the battle, as he is represented by Horace Vernet; on the contrary he remains at a considerable distance off. Therefore, even with the dimensions of which Vernet availed himself, the exact portrait of a modern battle is exclusively an affair for panorama, but never for the flat surface of a picture. A picture must confine itself, either to the field-marshal directing the battle from a distance upon a hill in the midst of his staff, or else to little pictorial episodes in the individual life of the soldier. The gradual development from unreal battle-pieces to simple episodic paintings can be followed step by step in the following works.

What was painted for the Versailles Museum in connection with deeds of arms in the Crimean War and the Italian campaign kept more or less to the blustering official style of Horace Vernet. In the galleries of Versailles the battles of Wagram, Loano, and Altenkirche (1837-39), and an episode from the retreat from Russia (1851), represent the work of *Hippolyte Bellangé*. These are huge lithochromes which have been very carefully executed. *Adolphe Yvon*, who is responsible for "The Taking of Malakoff," "The Battle of Magenta," and "The Battle of Solferino," is a more tedious painter, and remained

during his whole life a pupil of Delaroche; he laid chief stress on finished and rounded composition, and gave his soldiers no more appearance of life than could be forced into the accepted academic convention. The fame of *Isidor Pils*, who immortalized the disembarkation of the French troops in the Crimea, the battle of Alma, and the reception of Arab chiefs by Napoleon III., has paled with equal rapidity. He could paint soldiers, but not battles, and, like Yvon, he was too precise in the composition of his works. In consequence they have a laboured effect in arrangement as they have in colour. He was completely wanting in sureness and spontaneity. It is only his water-colours that hold one's attention; and this they do at any rate by their unaffected actuality, and in spite of their dull and heavy colour. *Alexandre Protais* verged more on the sentimental. He loved soldiers, and therefore had the less toleration for war, which swept the handsome young fellows away. Two pendants, "The Morning before the Attack" and "The Evening after the Battle," founded his reputation in 1863. The first showed a group of riflemen waiting in excitement for the first bullets of the enemy; the second represented the same men in the evening delighted with their victory, but at the same time—and here you have the note of Protais—they are very lugubrious over the loss of their comrades. "The Prisoners" and "The Parting" of 1872 owed their success to the same lachrymose and melodramatic sensibility.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

CHARLET: "UN HOMME QUI BOÎT SEUL N'EST PAS DIGNE DE VIVRE."

AUGUSTE RAFFET.

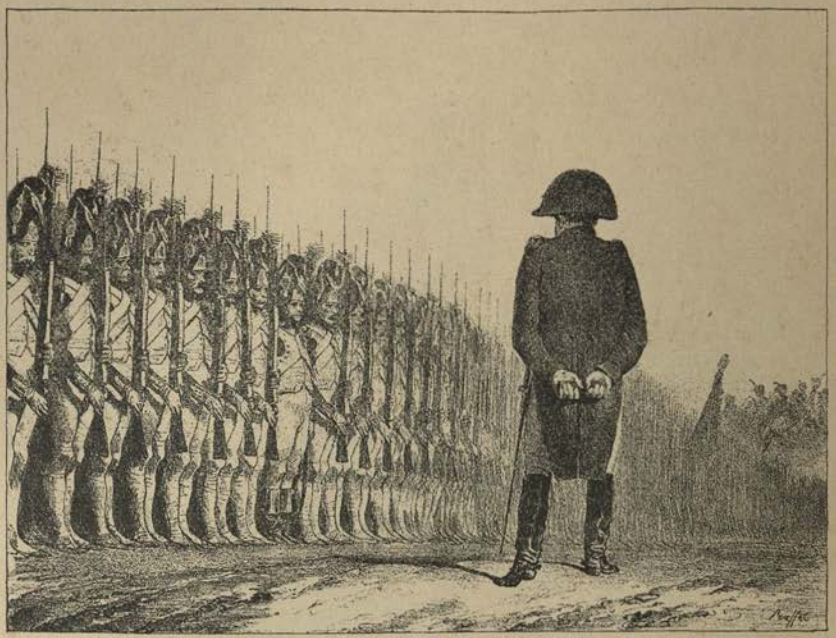
A couple of mere lithographists, soldiers' sons, in whom a repining for the Napoleonic legend still found its echo, were the first great military painters of modern France. "Charlet and Raffet," wrote Bürger-Thoré in his *Salon* of 1845, "are the two artists who best understand the representation of that almost vanished type, the trooper of the Empire; and after Gros they will assuredly endure as the principal historians of that warlike era."

Charlet, the painter of the old bear Napoleon I., might almost be called the Béranger of painting. The "little Corporal," the "great Emperor" appears and reappears in his pictures and drawings without intermission; his work is an epic in pencil of the grey coat and the little hat. From his youth he employed himself with military studies, which were furthered in Gros' studio, where he entered in 1817. The Græco-Roman ideal did not exist for him, and he was indifferent to beauty of form. His was one of those natures which have a natural turn for actual fact; he had a power for characterization, and in his many water-colours and lithographs he was merely concerned with the proper expression of his ideas. How it came that Delacroix had so great a respect for him was nevertheless explained when his "Episode in the Retreat from Russia," in the World Exhibition of 1889, emerged from the obscurity of the Lyons Museum; it is, perhaps, his best and most important picture. When it appeared in the Salon of 1836, Alfred de Musset wrote that it was "not an episode but a complete poem;" he went on to say that the artist had painted "the despair in the wilderness," and that, with its

RAFFET: "1807."

gloomy heaven and disconsolate horizon, the picture gave the impression of infinite disaster. After fifty years it had lost none of its value. Since the reappearance of this picture, it was recognized that Charlet was not merely the specialist of old grey heads with their noses reddened with brandy, the Molière of barracks and canteens, but that he understood all the tragical sublimity of war, from which Horace Vernet merely produced trivial anecdotes.

Beside him stands his pupil *Raffet,* the special painter of the *grande armée.* He mastered the brilliant figure of Napoleon; he followed it from Ajaccio to St. Helena, and never left it until he had said everything that was to be said about it. He showed the "little Corsican" as the general of the Italian campaign, ghastly pale and consumed with ambition; the Bonaparte of the Pyramids and of Cairo; the Emperor Napoleon on the parade-ground reviewing his Grenadiers; the triumphal hero of 1807 with the Cuirassiers dashing past, brandishing their sabres with a hurrah; the Titan of Beresina riding slowly over the waste of snow, and, in the very midst of disaster,



RAFFET: "THE PARADE."

spying a new star of fortune; the war-god of 1813, the great hypnotizer greeted even by the dying with a cry of "Long life to the Emperor;" the adventurer of 1814, riding at the head of shattered troops over a barren wilderness; the vanquished hero of 1815, who, in the midst of his last square, in the thick of his beloved battalions, calls fickle fate once more into the lists; and the captive lion who, from the bridge of the ship, casts a last look on the coast of France, sinking in mist. He has called the Emperor from the grave, as a ghostly power, to hold a midnight review of the *grande armée*. And with love and passion and enthusiasm he has followed the instrument of these victories, the French soldiers, the swordsmen of seven years' service, through bivouac and battle, on the march and on parade, as patrols and outposts. The ragged and shoeless troops of the Empire are portrayed in his plates, with a touch of real sublimity, in defeat and in victory. The empty inflated expression of martial enthusiasm has been avoided by him; everything is true and earnest.

RAFFET: "THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW."

C'est la grande revue
Qu'aux Champs-Elysées
A l'heure de minuit
Tient César décédé.

In a masterly fashion he could make soldiers deploy in masses. No one has known in the same way how to render the impression of the multitude of an army, the notion of men standing shoulder to shoulder, the welding of thousands of individuals into one complete entity. In Raffet a regiment is a thousand-headed living being that has but one soul, one moral nature, one spirit, one sentiment of willing sacrifice and heroic courage. His death was as adventurous as his life; he passed away in a hotel in Genoa, and was brought back to French soil as part of the cargo of a merchant ship. For a long time his fame was thrown into the shade, at first by the triumphs of Horace Vernet, and then by those of Meissonier, until at length a fitting record was devoted to him by the picty of his son Auguste.

Never had *Ernest Meissonier* to complain of want of recognition. After his rococo pictures had been deemed worth their weight in gold, he clambered to the summit of his fame,

Magazine of Art.]

ERNEST MEISSONIER.

his universal celebrity and his popularity in France, when he devoted himself in the sixties to the representation of French military history. The year 1859 brought him to Italy in the train of Napoleon III. Meissonier was chosen to spread the martial glory of the Emperor, and, as the nephew was fond of drawing parallels between himself and his mighty uncle, Meissonier was obliged to depict suitable occasions from the life of the first Napoleon. His admirers were very curious to know how the great "little painter" would acquit himself in such a monumental task. First came the "Battle of Solferino," that picture of the Musée Luxembourg which represents Napoleon III. overlooking the battle from a height in the midst of his staff. After lengthy preparations it appeared in the Salon of 1864, and showed that the painter had not been untrue to himself: he had simply adapted the minute technique of his rococo pictures to the painting of war, and he remained the Dutch "little master" in all the battle-pieces which followed.

Napoleon III. had no further deeds of arms to record, so the intended parallel series was never accomplished. It is true, indeed, that he took the painter with the army in 1870; but after the first battle was lost Meissonier went home: he did not wish to immortalize the struggles of a retreat. And henceforward his brush was consecrated to the first Napoleon. "1805" depicts the triumphant advance to the height of fame; "1807" shows Napoleon when the summit has been reached and the

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

MEISSONIER: "1814."

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soldiers are cheering their idol in exultation; "1814" represents the fall: the star of fortune has vanished, victory, so long true to the man of might, has deserted his banners, but there is still a look of indomitable energy on the pale face of the Emperor, who is preparing, in utter despair, to speed the last cartridge against his traitorous destiny. But his eyes seem weary, his mouth is contorted, and his features are wasted with fever.

Meissonier has treated all these works with the carefulness which he expended on his little rococo pictures. To give an historically accurate representation of Napoleon's boots he did not content himself with borrowing them from the museum. Walking and riding—for he was a passionate horseman—he wore for months together boots of the same make and form as those of the "little Corporal." To get the colour of the horses of the Emperor and his marshals, in their full-grown winter coat, and to paint them just as they must have appeared after the hardships and negligence of a campaign, he bought animals of the same race and colour as those ridden by the Emperor and his generals, according to tradition, and picketed them for weeks in the snow and rain. His models were forced to wear out the uniforms in sun and storm before he painted them; he bought weapons and harness at fancy prices when he could not borrow them from museums. And there is no need to say that he copied all the portraits of Napoleon, Ney, Soult, and the other generals that were to be had, and read through whole libraries before beginning his Napoleon series. To paint the picture "1814," which is generally reckoned his greatest performance—Napoleon at the head of his staff riding through a snow-clad landscape—he first prepared the scenery on a spot in the plain of Champagne, corresponding to the original locality, just as he did in earlier years with his interiors of the rococo period; he even had the road laid out on which he wished to paint the Emperor advancing. Then he waited for the first fall of snow, and had artillery, cavalry, and infantry to march for him upon this snowy path, and actually contrived that overturned transport waggons, discarded arms, and baggage should be decoratively strewn about the landscape.

From these laborious preparations it may be understood that he spent almost as many millions of francs upon his pictures as he received. In his article, *What an Old Work of Art is Worth*, Julius Lessing has admirably dealt with the hidden ways of taste and commerce applied to art. Amongst all painters of modern times Meissonier is the only one whose pictures, during his own lifetime, fetched prices such as are only reached by the works of famous old masters of the greatest epochs. And yet he sold them straight from his easel, and never to dealers. Meissonier avenged himself magnificently for the privations of his youth. In 1832, when he gave up his apprenticeship with Menier, the great chocolate manufacturer, to become a painter, he had fifteen francs a month to spend. He took the utmost pains to dispose of his drawings and illustrations for five or ten francs, and was often obliged to console himself with a roll for the want of a dinner. Only ten years later he was able to purchase a small place in Poissy, near St. Germain, where he went for good in 1850, to give himself up to work without interruption. Gradually this little property became a pleasant country seat, and in due course of time the stately house in Paris, in the Boulevard Malesherbes, was added to it. His "Napoleon, 1814," for which the painter himself received three hundred thousand francs, was bought at an auction by one of the owners of the "Grands Magasins du Louvre" for eight hundred and fifty thousand francs; "Napoleon III. at Solferino" brought him two hundred thousand, and "The Charge of the Cuirassiers" three hundred thousand. And, in general, after 1850, he only painted for such sums. It was calculated that he received a tariff of about five thousand francs for a centimetre of painted canvas, and left behind him in pictures a value which, according to present rate, would amount to more than twenty million francs, without having really become a rich man; for, as a rule, every picture that he painted cost him several thousand.

And Meissonier never sacrificed himself to money-making and the trade. He never put a stroke on paper without the conviction that he could not make it better, and for this artistic

earnestness he was universally honoured, even by his colleagues, to his very death. As master beyond contest he let the Classicists, Romanticists, Impressionists, and Symbolists pass by the window of his lonely studio, and always remained the same. A little man with a firm step, an energetic figure, eyes that shone like coals, thick, closely cropped hair, and the beard of a river-god, that always seemed to grow longer, at eighty years of age he was as hale and active as at thirty. By a systematic routine of life he kept his physique elastic and was able to maintain that unintermittent activity under which another man would have broken down. During long years Meissonier went to rest at eight every evening, slept till midnight and then worked at his drawings by lamplight into the morning. In the course of the day he made his studies from nature and painted. Diffident in society and hard of access, he did not permit himself to be disturbed by any social demands in his indefatigable diligence. A sharp ride, a swim or a row was his only relaxation. In 1848, as captain of the National Guard, he had taken part in the street and barricade fighting; and again in 1871, when he was sixty-six, he clattered through the streets of the capital, with the dangling sword he had so often painted and a gold-laced cap stuck enterprisingly on one side, as a smart staff-officer. Even the works of his old age showed no exhaustion of power, and there is something great in attaining ripe years without over-living oneself. As late as the spring of 1890, only a short time before his death, he was the leader of youth, when it trans-migrated from the Palais des Champs Elysées to the Champ de Mars; and he exhibited in this new Salon his "October, 1806," with which he closed his Napoleonic epic and his general activity as a painter. Halting on a hill, the Emperor in his historical grey coat, mounted on a powerful gray, is thoughtfully watching the course of the battle, without troubling himself about the Cuirassiers who salute him exultantly as they storm by, or about the brilliant staff which has taken up position behind him. Not a feature moves in the sallow, cameo-like face of the Corsican. The sky is lowering and full of clouds. In the foreground lie a couple of dead soldiers, in whose uniform every button has

been painted with the same conscientious care that was bestowed on the buttons of the rococo coats of fifty years before.

Beyond this inexhaustible correctness I can really see nothing that can be said for Meissonier's fame as an artist. He, whose name is honoured in both hemispheres, was most peculiarly the son of his own work. He won his fame by his sedulous industry, and the laurel is due to his power of endurance. The genius for the infinitely small has never been carried further. He knew everything that a man can learn. The movements in his pictures are correct, the physiognomies interesting, the delicacy of execution indescribable, and his horses have been so exactly studied that they stand the test of instantaneous photography. But painter, in the proper sense, he never was. Precisely through their marvellous minuteness of execution—a minuteness which is merely attractive as a trial of patience, and as an example of what the brush can do—his pictures are wanting in unity of conception, and they leave one cold by the hardness of their contours, the aridness of their colour, and the absence of all vibrating, nervous feeling. In a cavalry charge, with the whirling dust and the snorting horses, who thinks of costume? And who thinks of anything else when Meissonier paints a charge? Here are life and movement, and there a museum of military uniforms. When Manet saw Meissonier's Cuirassiers he said, "Everything is iron here except the cuirasses."

His rococo pictures are probably his best performances; they even express a certain amount of temperament. His military pictures make one chilly. Reproduced in woodcuts they are good illustrations for historical works, but as pictures they repel the eye, because they lack air and light and spirit. They rouse nothing except astonishment at the patience and incredible industry that went to the making of them. One sees everything in them—everything that the painter can have seen—not a trifle is spared; only one does not rightly come into contact with the artist himself. His battle-pieces stand high above the scenical pictures of Horace Vernet and Hippolyte Bellangé, but they have nothing of the warmth of Raffet or the vibrating life of Neuville. There is nothing in them that is contagious and carries

one away, or appeals to the heart. Patience is a virtue: genius is a gift. Precious without originality, intelligent without imagination, dexterous without verve, elegant without charm, refined and subtile without delicacy, Meissonier has all the qualities that interest, and none of those which lay hold of one. He was a painter of a distinctness which causes astonishment, but not admiration; an artist for epicures, but for those of the second order, who pay the more highly for works of art in proportion as they value their artifice. His pictures recall the unseasonable compliment which Charles Blanc made to Ingres: "*Cher maître, vous avez deviné la photographie trente ans avant qu'il y eut des photographes.*" Or else one thinks of that malicious story which Jules Dupré is once known to have told. "Suppose," said he, "that you are a great personage who has just bought a Meissonier. Your valet enters the salon where it is hanging. 'Ah! Monsieur,' he cries, 'what a beautiful picture you have bought! That is a masterpiece!' Another time you buy a Rembrandt and show it to your valet in the expectation that he will at any rate be overcome by the same raptures. *Mais non!* This time the man looks embarrassed. 'Ah! Monsieur,' he says, '*il faut s'y connaître*,' and away he goes."

Guillaume Regamey, who is far less known, supplies what is wanting in Meissonier. Sketchy and of a highly-strung nervous temperament, he could not adapt himself for the picture-market; but the history of art honours him as the most spirited draughtsman of the French soldier, after Géricault and Raffet. He did not paint him turned out for parade, ironed and smartened up, but in the worst trim. Syria, the Crimea, Italy, and the East are mingled with the difference of their types and the brightness of their exotic costumes. He had a great love for the catlike, quick-glancing chivalry of Turcos and Sapphis; but especially he loved the cavalry. His "Chasseurs d'Afrique" are part and parcel with their horses like centaurs, and many of his cavalry groups recall the frieze of the Parthenon. Unfortunately he died at thirty-eight, shortly before the war of 1870, the historians of which were the younger painters, who had grown up in the shadow of Meissonier.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Détaille del.*
ALPHONSE DE NEUVILLE.

The most important of the group, *Alphonse de Neuville*, had looked at war very closely as an officer during the siege of Paris, and in this way he made himself a fine illustrator, who in his anecdotic pictures specially understood the secret of painting powder-smoke and the vehemence of a fusillade. The "Bivouac before Le Bourget" brought him his first success. "The Last Cartridges," "Le Bourget," and "The Graveyard of Saint-Privat" made him a popular master. Neuville is peculiarly the French painter of fighting. He did not know, as Charlet did, the soldier in time of peace, the peasant lad of yesterday who only cares about his stomach and has little taste for martial adventure. His soldier is an elegant and enthusiastic youthful hero. He even neglected the troops of the line; his preference was for the Chasseur, whose cap is stuck jauntily on his head and whose trousers fall better. He loved the plumes, the high boots of the officers, the sword-knots, canes, and eyeglasses. Everything received grace from his dexterous hand; he even saw in the trooper a gallant and ornamental *bibelot* which he painted with chivalrous verve.

The pictures of Aimé Morot, the painter of "The Charge of the Cuirassiers," possibly smell most of powder. Neuville's frequently over-praised rival, Meissonier's favourite pupil, *Edouard Détaille*, after he had started with pretty little costume pictures from the *Directoire* period, went further on the way of his teacher with less laboriousness and more lightness, with less calculation and more sincerity. The best of his works was "Salut aux Blessés"—the representation of a troop of wounded Prussian officers and soldiers on a country road, passing a French general and his staff, who with graceful chivalry salute the wounded men, lifting their caps. Détaille's great pictures, such as "The Presentation of the Colours," and

A. DE NEUVILLE: "LE BOURGET."

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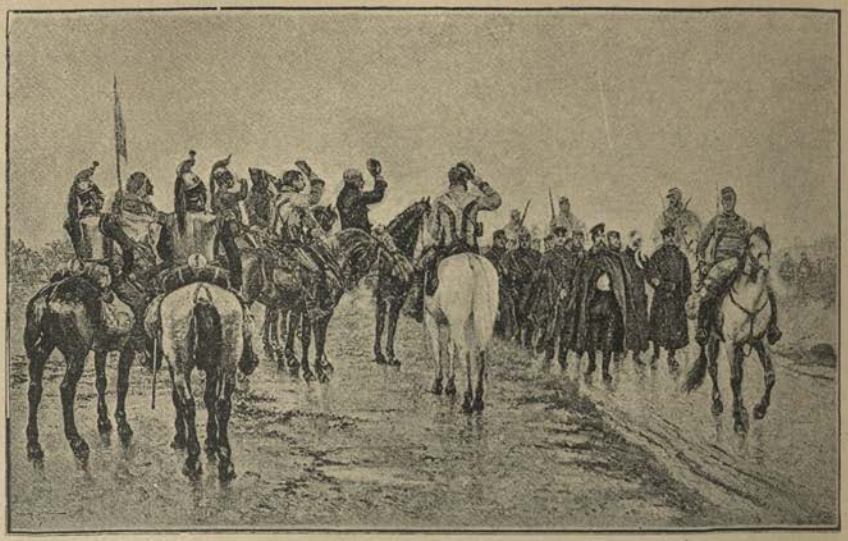
his panoramas were as accurate as they were tedious and arid, although they stand far above the generality of what was selected by the Germans from the war of 1870 for artistic treatment.

In Germany the great period of the wars of liberation first inspired a group of painters with the courage to enter the province of battle-painting, which had been so much despised by their classical colleagues. Germany had been turned into a great camp. Prussian, French, Austrian, Russian, and Bavarian troops passed in succession through the towns and villages: long trains of cannon and transport waggons came in their wake, and friends and foes were billeted amongst the inhabitants; the Napoleonic epoch was enacted. Such scenes followed each other like the gay slides in a magic lantern, and once more gave to some among the younger generation eyes for the outer world. There was awakened in them the capacity for receiving impressions of reality and transferring them swiftly to paper. Two hundred years before, the emancipation of Dutch art from



DÉTAILLE: "SALUT AUX BLESSÉS."

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the Italian house of bondage had been accomplished in precisely the same fashion. The Dutch struggle for freedom and the Thirty Years' War had filled Holland with numbers of soldiery. The doings of these mercenaries, daily enacted before them in rich costume and with manifold brightness, riveted the pictorial feeling of artists. Echoes of war, fighting scenes, skirmishes and tumult, the incidents of camp life, arming, billeting, and marauding episodes are the first independent products of the Dutch school. Then the more peaceable doings of soldiers are represented. At Haarlem, in the neighbourhood of Frans Hals, were assembled the painters of social pieces, as they are called; pieces in which soldiers, bold and rollicking officers, make merry with gay maidens at wine and play and love. From thence the artist came to the portrayal of a peasantry passing their time in the same rough and free and easy life, and thence onward to the representation of society in towns.

German painting in the nineteenth century went the same route. Eighty years ago foreign troops, and the extravagantly "picturesque and often ragged uniforms of the Republican army,

Nürnberg: Soldan.]

ALBRECHT ADAM AND HIS SONS.

the characteristic and often wild physiognomies of the French soldiers," gave artists their first fresh and variously hued impressions. Not in the antiquity class of the academy, but upon the parade ground and in the camp did the painters of military subjects make their studies. Later, when the warlike times were over, they passed from the portrayal of soldiers to that of rustics; and so they laid the foundation on which the following artists built.

In Berlin Franz Krüger and in Munich Albrecht Adam and Peter Hess were figures of individual character, belonging to the spiritual family of Chodowiecki and Gottfried Schadow; and, entirely undisturbed by classical theories or romantic reverie, they penetrated the life around them with a clear and sharp glance. There was wanting in them every organ that could have made them comprehend either the high poetic tendencies of the old Munich school or the sentimental enthusiasm of the old Düsseldorf.

On the other hand they were unhackneyed artists, facing facts in a completely unprejudiced spirit: entirely self-reliant, they refused to form themselves upon any model derived from the old masters; they had never had a teacher and never enjoyed academic instruction. This naïve straightforwardness makes their painting a half-barbaric product; something which has been allowed to run wild. But in a period of archæological resuscitations, pedantic brooding over the past and slavish imitation of the ancients, it seems, for this very reason, the first independent product of the nineteenth century. As vigorous, matter-of-fact realists they know nothing of more delicate charms but represented fact for all it was worth and as honestly and conscientiously as was humanly possible. They are lacking in the distinctively pictorial character, but they are absolutely untouched by the Classicism of the epoch. They never dream of putting the uniforms of their warriors upon antique statues. And this downright honesty renders their pictures not merely irreplaceable as documents for the history of civilization; in spite of their unexampled frigidity, hardness, and gaudiness, it lends them, even from the standpoint of art, a certain innovating quality. In a pleasantly written autobiography *Albrecht Adam* has himself described the drift of historical events which made him a painter of battles.

He was a confectioner's apprentice in Nördlingen when, in the year 1800, the marches of the French army began in the neighbourhood. In an inn he began to sketch sergeants and Grenadiers, and went proudly home with the pence that he earned in this way. "Adam, when there's war, I'll take you into the field with me," said an old major-general, who was the purchaser of his first works. That came to pass in 1809, when the Bavarians went with Napoleon against Austria. After a few weeks he was in the thick of raging battle. He saw Napoleon, the Crown-Prince Ludwig, and General Wrede, was present at the battles of Abensberg, Eckmühl, and Wagram, and came to Vienna with his portfolios full of sketches. There his portraits and pictures of the war found favour with the officers, and Eugene Beauharnais, Viceroy of Italy, took him to

Nürnberg: Soldan]

ALBRECHT ADAM: "THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW."

Upper Italy and afterwards to Russia. He was an eye-witness of the battles at Borodino and on the Moskwa, and saved himself from the conflagration of Moscow by his courage and determination. A true soldier, he mounted a horse when he was sixty-two years of age, to be present on the Italian expedition of the Austrian army under Radetzky in 1848. His battle-pieces are therefore the result of personal experience. When campaigning he led the same life as the soldiers whom he portrayed, and as he proceeded in this portrayal with the objective quietness and fidelity of an historian, his artistic productions are invaluable as documents. Even where he could not draw as an eye-witness, he invariably made studies afterwards, endeavouring to collect the most reliable material upon the spot, and preparing it with the utmost conscientiousness. The ground occupied by bodies of troops, the marshalling of them, and the conflict of masses, together with the smallest episodes, are represented with simplicity and reality. In the portrayal of the soldier's life in time of peace he was inexhaustible. Just as

vividly could he render horses undergoing the strain of the march and in the tumult of battle as in the stall, the farm-horse of the transport waggon no less than the noble creature ridden for parade. That his colour was sharp and hard, and his pictures, therefore, devoid of harmony, is to be explained by the helplessness of the age in regard to colouring. Only his last pictures, such as "The Battle on the Moskwa," have a certain harmony of hue; and there is no doubt that this is to be set to the account of his son Franz.

After Adam, the father of German battle-painters, *Peter Hess* made an epoch by the earnestness and actuality of his pictures. In the head-quarters of General Wrede he had also gone on the campaigns of 1813—1815. And he has left behind him exceedingly healthy, sane, and objectively viewed Cossack scenes, bivouacs, and the like, belonging to this period; though in his great pictures he aimed at totality of effect just as little as Adam. Confused by the complexity of his material, he only ventured to single out individual incidents, and then put them together on the canvas after the fashion of a mosaic; and, to make the nature of the action as clear as possible, he assumed as his standpoint the perspective view of a bird. Of course pictures produced in this way make an effect which is artistically childish, but as the primitive endeavours of modern German art they will keep their place. The best known of his pictures are those inspired by the choice of Prince Otto of Bavaria as King of Greece, especially "The Reception of King Otto in Nauplia," which is to be found in the new Pinakothek in Munich. In spite of its hard, motley, and quite impossible colouring, and its petty pedantry of execution, this is a picture which will not lose its value as an historical source.

Vigorous *Franz Krüger* had been long known in Berlin by his famous pictures of horses before the Emperor of Russia in 1829 commissioned him to paint, on a huge canvas, the great parade on the *Opernplatz* in Berlin, where he had reviewed his regiment of Cuirassiers before the King of Prussia. From that time such parade-pictures became Krüger's speciality; especially famous is the great parade of 1839 with the likenesses of those

Hanfstängl litho.]

PETER HESS: "THE RECEPTION OF KING OTTO IN NAUPLIA."

who at the time played a political or literary part in Berlin. In these works he has left a true reflection of old Berlin, and bridged over the chasm between Chodowiecki and Menzel: this is specially the case with his curiously objective water-colour portrait heads. Mention should be made of Karl Steffeck as a pupil of Krüger, and Theodor Horschelt—in addition to Franz Adam—as a pupil of Adam. By *Steffeck*, a healthy, vigorous realist, there are some well-painted portraits of horses, and by *Th. Horschelt*, who in 1858 took part in the fights of the Russians against the Circassians in the Caucasus, there survive some of the spirited and masterly pen-and-ink sketches which he published collectively in his *Memories from the Caucasus*. *Franz Adam*, who first published a collection of lithographs on the Italian campaign of 1848 in connection with Raffet, and in the Italian war of 1859 painted his first masterpiece, a scene from the battle of Solferino, owes his finest successes—although he had taken no part in it—to the war of 1870. In what regards the harmony of colour, at all events, he has perhaps been the finest German painter of battles. As I should later have no opportunity of doing so, I must make mention in this place of

the works of *Josef Brandt*, the best of Franz Adam's pupils. They are painted with verve and chivalrous feeling. There is a flame and a sparkle, both in the forms of his warriors and of his horses, in his pictures of old Polish cavalry battles. Everything is aristocratic: the distinction of the grey colouring no less than the ductile drawing with its chivalrous sentiment. In everything there breathes life, vigour, fire, and freshness: the East of Eugène Fromentin translated into Polish. *Heinrich Lang*, a spirited draughtsman, who had the art of seizing the most difficult positions and motions of a horse, embodied the wild tumult of Cavalry charges ("The Charge of the Bredow Brigade," "The Charge at Floing," etc.) in rapid pictures of incisive power, though otherwise the heroic deeds of the Germans in 1870 had in art but few heroic deeds as their consequence.

CHAPTER XX

ITALY AND THE EAST

Why it was that painters sought their ideal in distant countries when they did not bury themselves in the past.—Italy discovered by Leopold Robert, Victor Schnetz, Ernest Hébert, August Riedel.—The East was for the Romanticists what Italy had been for the Classicists.—France: Delacroix, Decamps, Prosper Marilhat, Eugène Fromentin, Gustave Guillaumet.—Germany: H. Kretzschmer, Wilhelm Gentz, Adolf Schreyer, and others.—England: William Muller, Frederick Goodall, F. J. Lewis.—Italy: Alberto Pasini.

IN the beginning of the century the man who did not wear a uniform was not a proper subject for art unless he lived in Italy as a peasant or a robber. That is to say, painters were either archæologists or tourists; when they did not dive into the past they sought their romantic ideal in the distance. Italy where monumental painting had received light, was the earliest goal for travellers, and satisfied the desire of artists, since, for the rest of the world, it was still enveloped in poetic mystery. Only in the Papal States, in Naples, and in Tuscany, was it thought possible to meet with human beings who had not become vulgar and hideous under the influence of civilization. There they still preserved something of the beauty of Grecian statues. There artists were less afraid of being diverted from absolute beauty by the study of nature, and thus an important principle was carried. Instead of copying directly from antique statues, as David and Mengs had done before them, painters began to study the descendants of those who had been the models of the old Roman sculptors; and so it was that, almost against their will, they turned from museums to look rather

Leipzig: Seemann.]
LEOPOLD ROBERT.

more closely into nature, and from the past to cast a glance into the present.

To have opened this new province to an art, hard bound in the narrow limits of Classicism, is the merit of *Leopold Robert.* Merely to the circumstance of being one of the first who interested himself a little in the facts of contemporary life, despite a strict classical training, does he owe his success with the public of the twenties and his place in the history of art. Hundreds of artists had wandered into Italy and seen nothing but the antique, until this young man set out from Neufchâtel in 1818 and became the painter of the Italian people. What struck him at the first glance was the character of the Italian people, together with their curious habits and usages, and their rude and pictorial garb. "He wished to render this with all fidelity," and especially "to do honour to the absolute nobility of that people which still bore a trace of the heroic greatness of their forefathers." Above all, he fancied that he could find this phenomenon of atavism amongst the bandits; and as Sonnino, an old brigand nest, had been taken and the inhabitants removed to Engelsburg shortly after his arrival, a convenient opportunity was offered to him for making his studies in this place. The pictures of brigand life which he painted in the beginning of the twenties soon found a most profitable market. "Dear M. Robert," said the fashionable guests who visited his studio by the dozen, "could you paint a little brigand, if it is not asking too much?" Robbers with sentimental qualms were particularly prized: for instance, at the moment when they were fondling their wives, or praying remorsefully to God, or watching over the bed of a sick child.

From brigands he made a transition to the girls of Sorrento, Frascati, Capri, and Procida, and to shepherd lads, fishers, pilgrims,

[*L. Prévost sc.*

ROBERT: "THE RETURN FROM A PILGRIMAGE TO THE MADONNA DELL ARCO."

hermits, and *pifferari*. Early in the twenties, when he made an exhibition of a number of these little pictures in Rome, it effectually prepared the way for his fame; and when he sent a succession of larger pictures to the Paris Salon in 1824—1831 he was held as one of the most brilliant masters of the French school, to whom Romanticists and Classicists paid the same honour. In the first of these pictures, painted in 1824, he had represented a number of peasants listening to the improvisations of a Neapolitan fisher which are being accompanied by the strains of a harmonica. "The Return from a Pilgrimage to the Madonna dell' Arco" of 1827 is the painting of a triumphal waggon yoked with oxen. Upon it are seated lads and maidens adorned with foliage, and in their gay Sunday best. An old *lazzarone* is playing the mandolin, and girls are dancing with tambourines, whilst a young man springs round clattering his castanets, and a couple of boys, to complete the seasons of life, head the procession. His third picture, "The Coming of the Reapers to the Pontine Marshes," was the chief work in the Salon of 1831 after the "Freedom"

of Delacroix. Heine accorded him a classical passage of description, and the orthodox academical critics were liberal, in the most unmerited praise, treating the painter as a dangerous revolutionary who was seducing art into the undignified naturalism of Ribera and Caravaggio. Robert, the honest, lamblike man, who strikes us now as being a conscientious follower of the school of David!

How little did the artistic principles which he laid down in his letters accord with his own paintings! "I try," he wrote to a friend in 1819, "to follow Nature in everything. Nature is the only teacher who should be heard. She only inspires and moves me, she only appeals to me: it is Nature that I seek to fathom, and in her I ever hope to find the special impulse for work." She is a miracle to him, and one that is greater than any other, a book in which "the simple may read as well as the great." He could not understand "how painters could take the old masters as their model instead of nature, who is the only great exemplar!" What is to be seen in his pictures is merely an awkward transference of David's manner of conception and representation to the painting of Italian peasants—a scrupulously careful adaptation of classical rules to romantic subjects. He looked at modern Italians solely through the medium of antique statuary, and conducts us to an Italy which can only be called Leopold Robert's Italy since it never existed anywhere except in Robert's map. All his figures have the movement of some familiar work of antique sculpture and that expression of cherished melancholy which went out of fashion after the time of Ary Scheffer. Never does one see in his pictures a casual and unhackneyed gesture in harmony with the situation. It seems as if he had dressed up antique statues or David's Horatii and his Sabine women in the costume of the Italian peasantry, and grouped them for a *tableau vivant* in front of a stage set, and in accordance with Parisian rules of composition. His peasants and fishers make beautiful, noble, and often magnificent groups. But one can always give the exact academic rules for any particular figure standing here and not there, or in one position and not in another. His pictures are

[*L. Prévost sc.*

ROBERT: "THE COMING OF THE REAPERS TO THE PONTINE MARSHES."

much too official, and obtrusively affect the favourite pyramid form of composition.

But as they are supposed to be pictures of Italian manners, the contrast between nature and the artificial construction is almost more irritating than it is in David's mythological representations. It is as if Robert had really never seen any Italian peasants though he maintains all the while that he is depicting their life. The hard outlines and the sharp bronze tone of his works are a ghastly evidence of the extent to which the sense of colour had become extinct in the school of David. It was merely form that attracted him; the sun of Italy left him indifferent. The absence of atmosphere gives his figures an appearance of having been cut out of picture sheets. O great artists of Holland, masters of atmospheric effect and of contour bathed in light, what would you have said to such heartless silhouettes! In his youth Robert had been a line engraver, and he has adapted the prosaic technique of line engraving to painting. However, he was a transitional painter, and as such he has an historical interest. He was a modern Tasso, too, and on

Braun photo.]

SCHNETZ: "THE VOW TO THE MADONNA."

the strength of the adventurous relationship to Princess Charlotte Napoleon which ultimately drove him to suicide, he could be used with effect as the hero of a novel. Through the downfall of the school of David his star has paled—one more proof that only Nature is eternal and that conventional painting falls into oblivion with the age that saw it rise. "I wished to find a *genre* which was not yet known, and this *genre* has had the fortune to please. It is always an advantage to be the first." With these words he has himself indicated, in a way which is as modest as it is accurate, the ground of his reputation amongst contemporaries and why it is that the history of art cannot quite afford to forget him.

Amongst the multitude of those who, incited by Robert's brilliant successes, made the Spanish staircase in Rome the basis of their art, *Victor Schnetz*, by his "Vow to the Madonna" of 1831, specially succeeded in winning public favour. At a later time his favourite themes were the funerals of children, inundations, and the like; but his arid method of painting contrasts with the sentimental melancholy of these subjects is a fashion which is not particularly agreeable.

It was *Ernest Hébert* who first saw Italy with the eyes of a

Portfolio.]

HÉBERT: "THE MALARIA."

painter. He might be called the Perugino of this group. He was the most romantic of the pupils of Delaroche, and owed his conception of colour to that painter. His spiritual father was Ary Scheffer. The latter has discovered the poetry of sentimentality; Hébert the poetry of disease. His pictures are invariably of great technical delicacy. His style has something femininely gracious, almost languishing: his colouring is delicately fragrant and tenderly melting. He is, indeed, a refined artist who occupies a place by himself, however mannered the melancholy and sickliness of his figures may be. In "The Malaria" of 1850 they were influenced by the subject itself. The barge gliding over the waters of the Pontine Marshes with its freight of men, women, and children, seems like a gloomy symbol of the voyage of life; the sorrow of the passengers is that of resignation: dying they droop their heads like withering flowers. But later the fever became epidemic in Hébert. The interesting disease returned even where it was out of place, as it does still in the pictures of his followers. The same fate befell the painters of Italy which befalls tourists. What Robert

[*Oldermann sc.*

RIEDEL: "THE ROSE."

had seen in the country as the first comer whole generations saw after him, neither more nor less than that. The pictures were always variations on the old theme, until in the sixties Bonnat came with his individual and realistic vision.

In Germany, where "the yearning for Italy" had been ventilated in an immoderate quantity of lyrical poems ever since the time of Wackenroder's *Herzensergiessungen*, *August Riedel* represented this phase of modern painting; and as Leopold Robert is still celebrated, Riedel ought not to be forgotten. Riedel lived too long (1800—1883), and, as he painted nothing but bad pictures during the last thirty years of his life, what he had done in his youth was forgotten. At that time he was the first apostle of Leopold Robert in Germany, and as such he has his importance as an innovator. When he began his career in the Munich Academy in 1819 Peter Langer, a Classicist of the order of Mengs, was still director there. Riedel also painted classical subjects and church pictures—"Christ on the Mount of Olives," "The Resurrection of Lazarus," and "Peter and Paul healing the Lame." But when he returned from Italy in 1823 he reversed the route which others had taken: the classic land set him free from Classicism, and opened his eyes to the beauty of life. Instead of working on saints in the style of

[C. Wildt litho.

RIEDEL: "GIRLS BATHING."

Langer, he painted beautiful women in the costume of modern Italy. His "Neapolitan Fisherman's Family" was for Germany a revelation similar to that which Robert's "Neapolitan Improvisator" had been for France. The fisherman, rather theatrically draped, is sitting on the ground, while his wife and his little daughters listen to him playing the zither. The blue sea, dotted with white sails, and distant Ischia and Cape Missene, form the background; and a blue heaven, dappled with white clouds, arches above. Everything was of an exceedingly conventional beauty, but denoted progress in comparison with Robert. It already announced that search for brilliant effects of light which henceforward became a characteristic of Riedel, and gave him a peculiar position in his own day. "Even hardened connoisseurs," wrote Emil Braun from Rome about this time, "stand helpless before this magic of colouring. It is often long before they are able to persuade themselves that such glory of colour can be produced by the familiar medium of oil-painting, and with materials that any one can buy at a shop where pigments are sold." Riedel touched a problem—diffidently, no doubt—which was only taken up much later in its full extent. And if Cornelius said to him, "You have fully attained what I have avoided with the greatest

effort during the course of my whole life," it is none the less true that Riedel's Italian girls in the full glow of sunlight have remained, in spite of their stereotyped smile reminiscent of Sichel, better able to stand the test of galleries than the pictures of the Michel-Angelo of Munich. Before his "Neapolitan Fisherman's Family," which went the world over like a melody from Auber's *Masaniello*, before his "Judith" carrying the head of Holofernes in the brightest light of morning, before his "Girls Bathing" in the dimness of the forest, and before his "Sakuntala," painted "with refined effects of light," the cartoon-painters mumbled and grumbled, and raised hue and cry over the desecration of German art; but Riedel's friends were just as loud in proclaiming the witchery of his colour, and "the Southern sunlight which he had conjured on to his palette," to be splendid beyond the powers of comprehension. It is difficult at the present day to understand the fame that he once had as "a pyrotechnist in pigments." But the results which he achieved by himself in colouring, long before the influence of the Belgians in Germany, will always give him a sure place in the history of German art. And these qualities were unconsciously inherited by his successors, who troubled their heads no further about the pioneer and founder.

Those who painted the East with its clear radiance, its interesting people, and its picturesque localities, stand in opposition to the Italian enthusiasts. They are the second group of travellers. Gros had given French art a vision of that distant magic land, but he had had no direct disciples. Painters were as yet in too great bondage to their classical proclivities to receive inspiration from Napoleon's expedition into Egypt. But the travels of Chateaubriand and the verse of Byron, and then the Greek war of liberation, and, above all, the conquest of Algiers, once more aroused an interest in these regions, and, when the revolution of the Romanticists had once taken place, taught art a way into the East. Authors, journalists, and painters found their place in this army of travellers. The first view of men and women standing on the shore in splendid costume, with turbans or high sheepskin hats, and surrounded by black

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Gigoux del.*

ALEXANDRE DECAMPS.

slaves, or mounted upon horses richly caparisoned, or listening to the roll of drums and the muezzin resounding from the minarets, was like a scene from *The Arabian Nights*. The bazaars and the harems, the quarters of the Janizaries and gloomy dungeons were visited in turn. Veiled women were seen, and mysterious houses where every sound was hushed. At first the Moors, obedient to the stern laws of the Koran, fled before the painters as if before evil spirits, but the Moorish women were all the more ready to receive these conquerors with open arms. Artists plunged with rapture into a new world; they anointed themselves with the oil of roses, and tasted all the sweets of Oriental life. The East was for the Byronic enthusiasts of 1830 what Italy had been for the Classicists. Could anything be imagined more romantic? You went on board a steamer provided with all modern comforts and all the appliances of the nineteenth century, and it carried you thousands of years back in the history of the world; you set foot on a soil where the word progress did not exist—in a land where the inhabitants still sat in the sun as if cemented to the ground, and wore the same costumes in which their forefathers had sat there two thousand years ago. Here the Romanticists not only found nature decked in the rich hues which satisfied their passion for colour, but discovered a race of people possessed of that beauty which, according to the Classicists, was only to be seen in the Italian peasants. They beheld "men of innate dignity and remarkable distinction of pose and gesture." Thus a new experience was added to life. There was the East, where splendour and simplicity, cruelty and beauty, softness of temper and savage austerity, and brilliant colour and blinding light are more completely mingled than anywhere else in the world; there was the East, where rich tints laugh in the midst of

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Boulard sc.*

DECAMPS: "THE SWINEHERD."

squalor and misery, the brightness of earlier days in the midst of outworn usages, and the pride of art in the midst of ruined villages. It was so great, so unfathomable, and so like a fairy tale that it gave every one the chance of discovering in it some new qualities.

For *Delacroix*, the Byron of painting, it was a splendid setting for passion in its unfettered wildness and its unscrupulous daring. He, who had lived exclusively in the past, now turned to the observation of living beings, as may be seen in his "Algerian Women," his "Jewish Wedding," his "Emperor of Morocco," and his "Convulsionaries of Tangier." Amongst the Orientals he also found the hotly flaming sensuousness and primitive wildness which beset his imagination with its craving for everything impassioned.

The great *charmeur*, the master of pictorial caprice, *Decamps*, found his province in the East, because its sun was so lustrous, its costume so bright, and its human figures so picturesque. If Delacroix was a powerful artist, Decamps was no more than a painter,—but painter he was to his finger-tips. He was indifferent to nothing in nature or history: he showed as much enthusiasm for a pair of tanned beggar-boys playing in the sunshine at the corner of a wall as for Biblical figures and old-world epics. He

Paris: Baschet.]

DECAMPS: "THE TURKISH SCHOOL."

(By permission of Mme. Moreau-Nélaton, the owner of the picture.)

has painted hens pecking on a dung-heap, dogs on the chase and in the kennel, monkeys as scholars, and musicians in all the situations which Teniers and Chardin loved. His "Battle of Tailleborg" of 1837 has been aptly termed the only picture of a battle in the Versailles Museum. He looked on everything as material for painting, and never troubled as to how another artist would have treated the subject. There is an individuality in every one of his works; not an individuality of the first order, but one that is decidedly charming and that assures him a very high place amongst his contemporaries.

Having made a success in 1829 with an imaginary picture of the East, he had a wish to see how far the reality corresponded with his ideas of Turkey, and in the same year—therefore before Delacroix—he went on that journey to the Greek Archipelago, Constantinople, and Asia Minor which became a voyage of discovery for French painting. In the Salon of 1831 was exhibited his "Patrol of Smyrna," which

at once made him one of the favourite French painters of the time. Soon afterwards came the picture of the pacha on his rounds, accompanied by a lean troop of running and panting guards, that of the great Turkish bazaar, in which he gave such a charming representation of the gay and noisy bustle of an Oriental fair, those of the "Turkish School," the "Turkish Café," "The Halt of the Arab Horsemen," and "The Turkish Butcher's Shop." In everything which he painted from this time forward—even in his Biblical pictures—he had before his eyes the East as it is in modern times. Like Horace Vernet, he painted his figures in the costume of modern Arabs and Egyptians, and placed them in landscapes with modern Arab buildings. But the largeness of line in these landscapes is expressive of something so patriarchal and Biblical, and of such a dreamy, mystical poetry, that, in spite of their modern garb, the figures seem like visions from a far distance.

Decamps' painting never became trivial. All his pictures soothe and captivate the eye, however much, on the first glance, they disappoint the expectations which the older descriptions of them may have excited. Fifty years ago it was said that Delacroix painted with colour and Decamps with light; that his works were steeped in a bath of sunshine. This vibrating light, this transparent atmosphere, which contemporaries admired, is not to be found in Decamps' pictures. Their brilliancy of technique is admirable, but he was no painter of light. The world of sunshine in which everything is dipped, the glow and lustre of objects in shining, liquid, and tremulous air, is what Gustave Guillaumet first learnt to paint a generation later. Decamps attained the effect of light in his pictures by the darkening of shadows, precisely in the manner of the old school. To make the sky bright he threw the foreground into opaque and heavy shade. And as, in consequence of the ground of bole used to produce his beautiful red tones, the dark parts of his pictures gradually became as black as pitch and the light parts dead and spotty, he will rather seem to be a contemporary of Albert Cuyp than of Manet.

As draughtsman to a German baron, making a scientific

Braun photo.]

MARILHAT: "RUINS OF THE MOSQUE OF CAIRO."

tour in the East, *Prosper Marilhat*, the third of the painters of Oriental life, was early in following this career. He visited Greece, Asia Minor, and Egypt, and returned to Paris in 1833 intoxicated with the beauties of these lands. Especially dear to him was Egypt, and in his pictures he called himself "Marilhat the Egyptian." Decamps had been blinded by the sharp contrast between light and shadow in Oriental nature, by the vivid blaze of colour in its vegetation, and by the tropical glow of the Southern sky. Marilhat took novelties with a more quiet eye and kept close to pure reality. He has not so much virtuosity as Decamps, and in colour he is less daring, but he is perhaps more poetic, and on that account, in the years 1833–44, he was prized almost more. The exhibition of 1844, in which eight of his pictures appeared, closed his career. He had expected the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and did not get it. This it was which rendered so ambitious a man first hypochondriacal and then mad. His early death at thirty-six set Decamps free from a powerful rival.

Eugène Fromentin went further on the course of Marilhat. He knows nothing of the preference for the glowing hues of

L'Art.] [*Smeeton & Tilley sc.*

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN.

the tropics nor of the fantastic colouring of the Romanticists. He painted in the spirit of a refined social period in which no loud crying is tolerated, but only light and familiar talk. The East gave him his grace; the proud and fiery nature of the Arab horse was revealed to him. In his portraits Fromentin looks like a cavalry officer. In his youth he had made legal studies, but that was before his acquaintance with the landscape painter Cabat brought him to his true calling, and a sojourn made on three different occasions—in 1845, 1848, and 1852—on the borders of Morocco decided for him his speciality. By his descriptions of travels, *A Year in Sahel*, which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he became known as a writer: it was only afterwards, indeed since 1857, that he was known as a painter. Fromentin's East is Algiers. While Marilhat tried to render the marvellous clearness of the Southern light, and Decamps depicted the glowing heat of the East, its dark brooding sky in the sultry hours of summer and the grand outlines of its landscape, Fromentin has tried—and perhaps with too much system—to express the grace and brilliant spirit of the East. Taste, refinement, ductility, distinction of colouring, and grace of line are his special qualities. His Arabs galloping on their beautiful white horses have an inimitable chivalry; they are true princes in every pose and movement. The execution of his pictures is always spirited, easy, and in keeping with their high-bred tone. Whatever he does has the nervous vigour of a sketch with that degree of finish which satisfies the connoisseur. There is always a coquetry in his arrangement of colour, and his tones are light and delicate if they are not deep. In the landscape his little Arab riders have the effect of flowers upon a carpet.

Braun photo.]
FROMENTIN: "EGYPTIAN WOMEN ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE."

Afterwards, when naturalism was at its zenith, Fromentin was much attacked for this wayward grace. He was accused of making a superficial appeal to the eye, and of offering everything except truth. And for its substantive fidelity Fromentin's "East" cannot certainly be taken very seriously. He was a man of fine culture, and in his youth he had studied the old Dutch masters more than nature; he even saw the light of the East through the Dutch *chiaroscuro*. His pictures are subtile works of art, nervous in drawing and of a dazzling brilliancy of construction, but they are washed in rather than painted, and rather stained than coloured. In his book he speaks himself of the cool, grey shadows of the East. But in his pictures they turn to a reddish hue or to brown. An effort after beauty of tone in many ways weakened his Arab scenes. He looked at the people of the East too much with the eyes of a Parisian. And the more his recollections faded, the more did he begin to create for himself an imaginary Africa. He painted grey skies simply because he was tired of blue; he tinted white horses with rosy reflections, chestnuts with lilac, and dappled-greys with violet. The grace of his works became more and more an affair of affectation, until at last, instead of being Oriental pictures, they became Parisian fancy goods, which merely recalled the fact that Algiers had become a French town.

Cologne : Herberle.]
FROMENTIN : "FIGHTING ARABS."

But after all what does it matter whether pictures of the East are true to nature or not? Other people whose names are not Fromentin can provide such documents. In his works Fromentin has expressed himself, and that is enough. Take up his first book, *L'été dans la Sahara :* by its grace of style it claims a place in French literature. Or read his classic masterpiece, *Les maîtres d'autrefois*, published in 1876 after a tour through Belgium and Holland : it will remain for ever one of the finest works ever written on art. A connoisseur of such subtilty, a critic who gauged the artistic works of Belgium and Holland with so much delicacy, necessarily became in his own painting an epicure of beautiful tones. This man, who never made an awkward movement nor uttered a brutal word, this sensitive, distinguished spirit could be no more than a subtile artist who had eyes for nothing but the aristocratic side of Eastern life. As a painter, however he might wish to be true to nature, he could be no more than this. His art, compact of grace and distinction, was the outcome of his own nature. He is a descendant of those delicately feminine, seductively brilliant, facile and spontaneous, sparkling and charming painters who were known in the eighteenth century as *peintres des fêtes galantes.* He is the Watteau of the East, and in this capacity one of the most winning and captivating products of French art.

Finally, *Guillaumet*, the youngest and last of the group,

found in the East peace: a scion of the Romanticists, there is none the less a whole world of difference between him and them. While the Romanticists, as sons of a flaccid, inactive period, lashed themselves into enthusiasm for the passion and wild life of the East, Guillaumet, the child of a hurried and neurotic epoch, sought here an opiate for his nerves. Where they saw contrasts he found harmony; and he did not find it, like Fromentin, in what is understood as *chic*. Manet's conception of colour had taught him that nature is everywhere in accord and harmoniously delicate.

L'Art.] [*L. Monziés sc.*

FROMENTIN: "ALGERIAN FALCONERS."

He writes: "*Je commence à distinguer quelques formes; des silhouettes indécises bougent le long des murs enfumés sous des poutres luisantes de sui. Les détails sortent du demi-jour, s'animent graduellement avec la magie des Rembrandt. Même mystère des ombres, mêmes ors dans les reflets—c'est l'aube . . . Des terrains poudreux inondés de soleil; un amoncellement de murailles grises sous un ciel sans nuage; une cité somnolente baignée d'une lumière égale, et dans le frémissement visible des atomes aériens quelques ombres venant ça et là détacher une forme, accuser un geste parmi les groupes en burnous qui se meuvent sur les places . . . tel m'apparait le ksar, vers dix heures du matin . . .*

"*L'œil interroge: rien ne bouge. L'oreille écoute: aucun bruit. Pas un souffle, si ce n'est le frémissement presque imperceptible de l'air au-dessus du sol embrasé. La vie semble avoir disparu, absorbée par la lumière. C'est le milieu du jour . . . Mais le soir approche . . . Les troupeaux rentrent dans les douars; ils se*

Braun photo.]

FROMENTIN: "AN ARAB ENCAMPMENT."

pressent autour des tentes, à peine visibles, confondus sous cette teinte neutre du crépuscule, faite avec les gris de la nuit qui vient et les violets tendres du soir qui s'en va. C'est l'heure mystérieuse, où les couleurs se mèlent, où les contours se noient, où toute chose s'assombrit, où toute voix se tait, où l'homme, à la fin du jour, laisse flotter sa pensée devant ce qui s'éteint, s'efface et s'évanouit."

This description of a day in Algiers in Guillaumet's *Tableaux algériens* interprets the painter Guillaumet better than any critical appreciation could possibly do. For him the East is the land of dreams and melting softness, a far-off health-resort for neurotic patients, where one lies at ease in the sun and forgets the excitements of Paris. It was not what was brilliant and pictorial in sparkling jewels and bright costume that attracted him at all, but the silence, the mesmeric spell of the East, the vastness of the infinite horizon, the imposing majesty of the desert, and the sublime and profound peace of the nights of Africa. "The Evening Prayer in the Desert" was the name of the first

L'Art.]

GUILLAUMET: "THE SÉGUIA, NEAR BISKRA (ALGIERS)."

picture that he brought back with him in 1863. There is a wide and boundless plain. The straight line of the horizon is only broken by a few mountain forms, and by the figures of a party belonging to a caravan ; but, bowed as they are in prayer, these figures are scarcely seen to rise above the ground. The smoke of the camp ascends like a pillar into the air. One has a sense that the monotony of the wilderness stretches endlessly to the right and to the left like a grand and solemn Nirvana smiting the human spirit with religious delirium.

For Decamps and Marilhat the East was a great, red copper-block beneath a blue dome of steel ; a beautiful monster, something bright and glittering. Guillaumet has no wish to dazzle. His pictures make the impression of intense and sultry heat. His light is really "*le frémissement visible des atomes aériens.*" Moreover he did not see the chivalry of the East like Fromentin. The latter was fascinated by the nomad, the pure Arab who lives in the tent and in the saddle, and hunts wild beasts through fair blue and green landscapes mounted upon

his white palfrey—the aristocracy of the desert. Poor folk who never owned a horse are the models of Guillaumet. With their dogs—wild creatures who need nothing—they squat in the sun as if with their own kin: they are the lower, primitive population, the pariahs of the wilderness; tattered men whose life-long siesta is only interrupted by the anguish of death, animal women whose existence flows by as idly as in the trance of opium.

After the French Romanticists had shown the way, other nations contributed their contingent to the painters of Oriental subjects. In Germany poetry had discovered the East. Rückert imitated the measure and the ideas of the Oriental lyric, and the Greek war of liberation quickened all that passionate love for the soil of old Hellas which lives in the German soul. *Wilhelm Müller* sang his songs of the Greeks, and in 1825 *Leopold Schefer* brought out his tale *Die Persierin*. But, just as the Oriental tale was a mere episode in German literature, an exotic grafted on the native stem, so the Oriental painting produced no leading mind in the country, but merely a number of good soldiers who dutifully served in the troops of foreign commanders.

Kretszchmer of Berlin led the way with ethnographical representations, and was joined at a later time by Wilhelm Gentz and Adolf Schreyer of Frankfort. *Gentz*, a dexterous painter, and, as a colourist, perhaps the most gifted of the Berlin school in the sixties, is, in comparison with the great Frenchmen who portrayed the East, a thoroughly arid realist. He brought to his task a certain amount of rough vigour and restless diversity, together with North German sobriety and Berlin humour. *Schreyer*, who still lives in Paris, belongs to the following of Fromentin. The Arab and his steed interested him also. In his pictures everything tends to make a blooming bouquet of colours which dazzles the eye. White horses rear, tossing their manes and distending their nostrils; and Arabs in rich and picturesque costume are either mounted upon them or lying on the ground. The desert spreads around in undulating banks of sand, sometimes clouded by a pale horizon, sometimes

caressed by a mild evening sun, the beams of which touch the furrows of the earth with gold. Schreyer is — for a German—a man with an extraordinary gift for technique and a brilliantly effective sense of life. The latter remark is specially true of his sketches. At a later date—in 1875, after being with Lembach and Makart in Cairo—the Viennese *Leopold Müller* found the domain of his art beneath the clear sky, in the brightly coloured land of the Nile. Even his sketches are often of great delicacy of colour, and the ethnographical accuracy which he also possessed has long made him the most highly valued delineator of Oriental life and a popular illustrator of works on Egypt. The learned and slightly pedantic vein in his works he shares with Gérôme, but by his greater charm of colour he comes still nearer to Fromentin.

L'Art.]
GUILLAUMET: "A DWELLING IN THE SAHARA."

The route to the East was shown to the English by the glowing landscapes of *William Muller*; but the English were just as unable to find a Byron amongst their painters. *Frederick Goodall* has studied the classical element in the East, and endeavoured to reconstruct the past from the present. Best known amongst these artists was *J. F. Lewis*, who died in 1876 and was much talked of in earlier days. For long years he wandered through Asia Minor, and there he filled his portfolios with sketches and his trunks with Oriental robes and weapons. When he returned there was a perfect scramble for his pictures, which revealed a new world to the English; but in these days no one scrambles for them any more. John Lewis was exceedingly diligent and conscientious; he studied the

implements, the costumes, and the popular types of the East with incredible industry. In his harem pictures as in his representations of Arabian camp life everything is painted, down to the patterns of embroidery, the ornaments of turbans, and the pebbles on the sand. Even his water-colours are triumphs of endurance; but patience and endurance are not sufficient to make an interesting artist. John Lewis stands in respect of colour, too, more or less on a level with Gentz. He has seized neither the dignity of the Mussulman nor the grace of the Bedouin, but has contented himself with a faithful though somewhat glaring reproduction of accessories. *Houghton* was the first who, moving more or less parallel with Guillaumet, succeeded in delicately interpreting the great peace and the mystic silence of the East.

Amongst the Italians mention must be made of *Alberto Pasini*, who, although born at Busseto in the neighbourhood of Parma, the home of Verdi, has completely attached himself as an artist to the group of French Orientalists. Having come to Paris in 1852, he has settled there, and only leaves it when he moves in summer to the pretty country house in Moncalieri, near Turin, which he has gained by his brush. Pasini is now a veteran: he received the great medal at the World Exhibition of 1867. He is regarded as a star by the picture-sellers, but he has always advanced and never allowed himself to be dazzled by success. Often has he been compared with Fromentin, but he really occupies an independent position. The French colony of Algiers, the home of Fromentin, is no business of his. Neither is Egypt, which he leaves to Gérôme and Gérôme's imitators. Turkey in Europe and Asia Minor are his domain. And in these Turkish pictures he is less of an ethnographer than Gérôme, and not so graceful a figure-painter as Fromentin. The landscape gives the ground-tone of his pictures. With white marble palaces that gleam bathed in sunlight, and the showy saddles of Arab horses; with inlaid weapons and Oriental turbans adorned by precious stones; with the outline of far-off mosques and tapering minarets, which, scattered broad-cast, fringe the cloudless purity of the horizon or rise gracefully

against the blue firmament; with wandering caravans advancing slowly in the distance over the yellow waste of sand: with elements such as these he composes his exquisite and graceful pictures. The little figures with which he provides them are exceedingly pretty; but his principal care is the study of delicate translucent atmosphere and of the subtile changes of light. In his water-colours more particularly he is often successful in arranging delicate and scintillating combinations of colour. A series of views from Constantinople contains perhaps the most fanciful work that his spirited brush has produced.

The East was in this way traversed in all directions. The first comers who beheld it with eager, excited eyes collected a mass of gigantic legends; they piled up dreams upon dreams, and gave it a gorgeous and fantastic life. There were deserts shining in the sun, waves lashed by the storm, the nude forms of women, and all the Asiatic splendour of the East: dark-red satin, gold, crystal, and marble were heaped in confusion and executed in terrible fantasies of colour in the midst of darkness and lightning. After this generation had passed like a thunder-storm the *chic* of Fromentin was delicious. He profited by the taste which others had excited. Painters of all nationalities overran the East without aim or object, and untouched by wild passion; but they were ready to pluck exotic flowers wherever they found them, and lightly snatch a few rays from the fickle gleam of the Eastern world. The great dramas were transformed into elegies, pastorals, and idyls; even ethnographical representations had their turn. Guillaumet summed up the aims of that generation. His dreamy and tender painting was like a beautiful summer evening. The radiance of the blinding sky was mitigated, and a peaceful sun at the verge of the horizon covered the steppes of sand, which it had scorched a few hours before, with a network of rosy beams.

They were all scions of the Romantic movement. The yearning which filled their spirits and drove them into distant lands was only another symptom of their dissatisfaction with the present.

With the aid of antique statues, Classicism had treated Greek and Roman history, and the peasant life of Italy it had treated with the hues of Flemish painters; Romanticism had touched the motley life of the Middle Ages and the richly coloured East; but both had anxiously held aloof from the surroundings of home and the political and social relations of contemporaries.

The next step of art was necessarily this: resolutely to drag to native earth the ideal hovering in the firmament of Rome and the sun of the East. "*Ah la vie, la vie! le monde est là; il rit, crie, souffre, s'amuse, et on ne le rend pas.*" In these words the necessity of the step has been indicated by Fromentin himself. The successful delivery of modern art was first accomplished, the problem stated in 1789 was first solved, when the subversive upheaval of the Third Estate, which had been consummating itself more and more imperiously ever since the Revolution, found distinct expression in the art of painting. Art always moves on parallel lines with religious conceptions, with politics, and with manners. In the Middle Ages men lived in the world beyond the grave, and so the subjects of painting were Madonnas and saints. Louis XIV. said that everything is derived from the king as light is from the sun, and so royalty by the grace of God was reflected in the art of his epoch. After the Revolution the plebeian had laid hands upon the sun of the great king, and with this mighty change of civilization art had to undergo a new transformation. The 1789 of painting had to follow on the politics of 1789: the proclamation of the liberty and equality of all individuals. Only painting which recognized no privileged class of gods and heroes, Italians and Easterns, but man who had grown to freedom, could be the true child of the Revolution, the art of the new age. Belgium and Germany made the first diffident steps on this path.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PAINTING OF HUMOROUS ANECDOTE

After seeking exotic subjects painting returns home, and finds amongst peasants a stationary type of life which has preserved picturesque costume.—Munich: The transition from the military picture to the painting of peasants.—Peter Hess, Heinrich Bürkel, Carl Spitzweg.—Hamburg: Hermann Kauffmann.—Berlin: Friedrich Eduard Meyerheim.—The influence of Wilkie, and the novel of village life.—Munich: Johann Kirner, Carl Enhuber.—Düsseldorf: Adolf Schroedter, Peter Hasenclever, Jacob Becker, Rudolf Jordan, Henry Ritter, Adolf Tidemand.—Vienna: Peter Krafft, J. Danhauser, Ferdinand Waldmüller.—Belgium: Influence of Teniers.—Ignatius van Regemorter, Ferdinand de Braekeleer, Henri Coene, Madou, Adolf Dillens.—France: François Biard.

AT the very time when the East attracted the French Romanticists, the German and Belgian painters discovered the rustic. Romanticism, driven into strange and tropical regions by its disgust of a sluggish, colourless, and inglorious age, now planted a firm foot upon native soil. Amid rustics there was to be found a conservative type of life which perpetuated old usages and picturesque costume.

It is not easy for a dilettante to enter into sympathetic relationship with these early pictures of peasant life. Their colour is as unpleasant to a sensitive eye as music upon a piano which is out of tune would be to the ear. They are shiny and gaudy in tone, and as smooth as metal; beside which the figures stand out hard against the atmosphere, as if they had been cut from a picture-sheet. But the historian has no right to be merely a dilettante. It would be unfair of him to make the artistic conceptions of the present time the means of

depreciating the past. For, after all, works of the past are only to be measured with those of their own age, and when one once remembers what an importance these modest "little masters" had for their time it is no longer difficult to treat them with justice. In an age when futile and aimless intentions lost their way in theory and imitation of the "great painting," there blossomed here, and for the first time, a certain individuality of mind and temper. While Cornelius, Kaulbach, and their fellows formed a style which was ideal in a purely conventional sense, and epitomized the art of the great masters according to method, the "*genre* painters" seized upon the endless variety of nature, and, after a long period of purely reproductive painting, made the first diffident attempt to set art free from the curse of system and from the servile repetition of antiquated forms.

Even in regard to colour they have the honour of preparing the way for a restoration in the technique of painting. Their own defects in technique were not their fault, but the consequence of that fatal interference of Winckelmann through which art lost its technical traditions. They did not enjoy the advantages of issuing from a long roll of ancestors. In a certain sense they had to make a beginning in the history of art by themselves; for between them and the older German painting they only met with men who held the ability to paint as a shame and a disgrace. With the example of the old Dutch and Flemish masters before them, they had to knit together the bonds which these men had cut; and considering the æsthetic ideas of the age, this reference to Netherlandish models was an event of revolutionary importance. In doing this they may have been partially influenced by Wilkie, who made his tour in Germany in 1825, and whose pictures had a wide circulation through the medium of engraving. And from another side attention was directed to the old Dutch masters by Schnaase's letters of 1834. While the entire artistic school which took its rise from Winckelmann gave the reverence of an empty, formal idealism to classical antiquity and the Cinquecento, applying their standards to all other periods, Schnaase was the first to give an impulse to the historical consideration of art. In this way he revealed

wide and hitherto neglected regions to the creative activity of modern times. The result of his book was that the Netherlandish masters were no longer held to be "the apes of vulgar nature," but took their place as exquisite artists from whom the modern painter had a great deal to learn.

In Munich the conditions of a popular, national art were given by the very site of the town. Since the beginning of the century Munich had been peculiarly the type of a peasant city, the capital of a peasant province; it had a peasantry abounding in old-fashioned singularities, gay and motley in their ways of life and in costume, full of bright and easy-going good-humour, and gifted with the Bavarian force of character. Here it was, then, that "the resort to national traits" was first made. And if, in the event, this painting of rustic life brought many deformities to birth, it remained throughout the whole century an unfailing source from which the art of Munich drew fresh and vivid power.

Even in the twenties there was an art in Munich which was native to the soil; and in later years it shot up all the more vigorously through being for a time cramped in its development by the exotic growths of the school of Cornelius. It was as different from the dominant historical painting as the "*magots*" of Teniers from the mythological machinery of Lebrun, and it was treated by official criticism with the same contempt. Cornelius and his school directed the attention of educated people so exclusively to themselves, and so entirely proscribed the literature of the day, that what took place outside their own circle in Munich was but little discussed. The vigorous group of naturalists had not much to offer critics who wished to display their knowledge by picking to pieces historical pictures, interpreting philosophical cartoons, and pointing to similarities of style between Cornelius and Michael-Angelo. But, for the historian, seeking the seeds of the present in the past, they are figures worthy of respect. Setting their own straightforward conception of nature against the eclecticism of the great painters, they laid the foundation of an independent modern art.

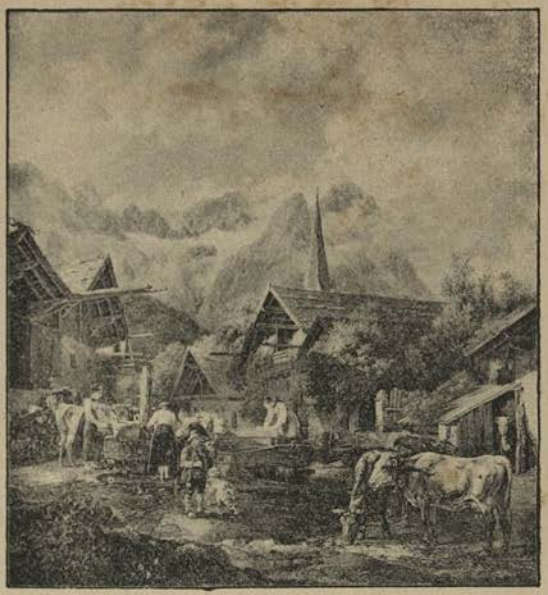
The courtly, academic painting of Cornelius derived its

inspiration from the Sixtine Chapel; the naturalism of these "*genre* painters" was rooted in the life of the Bavarian people. The "great painters" dwelt alone in huge monumental buildings; the naturalists, who sought their inspiration in the life of peasants, in the life of camps, and in landscape, without troubling themselves about antique or romantic subjects, furnished the material for the first collections of modern art. Both as artists and as men they were totally different beings. Cornelius and his school stand on the one side, cultured, imperious, fancying themselves in the possession of all true art, and abruptly turning from all who are not sworn to their flag; on the other side stand the naturalists, brisk and cheery, rough it may be, but sound to the core, and with a sharp eye for life and nature.

Painting in the grand style owed its origin to the personal tastes of the king and to the great tasks to which it was occasionally set; independent of princely favour, realistic art found its patrons amongst the South German nobility and, at a later date, in the circle of the Munich Art Union, and seems the logical continuation of that military painting which, at the opening of the century, had its representatives in Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Munich. The motley swarm of foreign soldiers which overran the soil of Germany incited Albrecht Adam, Peter Hess, Johann Adam Klein, and others, to represent what they saw in a fashion which was sincere and simple if it was also prosy. Albrecht Dürer was the guiding star of the engravers; for the painters the exemplar was Philip Wouverman, that many-sided portrayer of military life in the Thirty Years' War. And when the warlike times were over, it was quite natural that some of the masters who had learnt their art in camps should turn to the representation of peasant life, where they were likewise able to find gay, pictorial costumes. *Wilhelm Kobell*, whose etchings of the life of the Bavarian people are more valuable than his battle-pieces, was one of the first to make this transition. In 1820 sturdy *Peter Hess* painted his "Morning at Partenkirche," in which he depicted a simple scene of mountain life—girls at a well in the midst of a sunny landscape—in a homely but poetic manner. When this breach

had been made, Bürkel was able to take the lead of the Munich painters of rustic subjects.

Heinrich Bürkel's portrait reveals a square-built giant, whose appearance contrasts strangely with that of his celebrated contemporaries. The academic artists sweep back their long hair and look upwards with an inspired glance. Bürkel looks down with a keen eye at the hard, rough, and stony earth. The academic artists had a mantle—the mantle of Rauch's statues—picturesquely draped about their shoulders; Bürkel is dressed like anybody else. No attribute is added which could indicate that he was a painter; neither palette, nor brush, nor picture; beside him on the table there is—a mug of beer. There he sits without any sort of pose, with his hand resting on his knee, rough, athletic, and pugnacious, for all the world as if he were quite conscious of his peculiarities. Even the photographer's demand for "a pleasant smile" had no effect upon him. This portrait is itself an explanation of Bürkel's art. His was a healthy, self-reliant nature, without a trace of romance, sentimentality, affected humour, or sugary optimism. Amongst all his Munich contemporaries he was the least academic in his whole manner of feeling and thinking.



Hanfstängl litho.]

PETER HESS: "A MORNING AT PARTENKIRCHE."

Sprung from the people, he became their painter. He was born, May 29th, in Pirmasens, where his father combined a small farm with a public-house and his mother kept a shop; and

HEINRICH BÜRKEL.

he had been first a tradesman's apprentice, and then assistant clerk in a court of justice, before he came to Munich in 1822. Here the Academy rejected him as without talent; but while it shut the door against the pupil life revealed itself to the master. He went to the Schleissheimer Gallery, and sat there copying the pictures of Wouverman, Ostade, Brouwer, and Berghem, and developed his powers, by the study of these Netherlandish masters, with extraordinary rapidity. His first works—battles, skirmishes, and other martial scenes—are amateurish and diffident attempts; it is evident that he was without any kind of guidance or direction. All the more astonishing is the swiftness with which he acquired firm command of abilities, admirable for that age, and the defiant spirit of independence with which he went straight from pictures to nature, though hardly yet in possession of the necessary means of expression. He paints and draws the whole new world which opened itself before him: far prospects over the landscape, mossy stones in the sunlight, numbers of cloud-pictures, peasants' houses with their surroundings, forest paths, mountain tracks, horses, and figures of every description. The life of men and animals gave him everywhere some opportunity for depicting it in characteristic situations. And later, when he had settled down again in Munich, he did not cease from wandering in the South German mountains with a fresh mind. Up to old age he made little summer and winter tours in the Bavarian highlands. Tegernsee, Rottach, Prien, Berchtesgaden, South Tyrol, and Partenkirche were visited again and again, on

[*Louis Hoffmeister sc.*

BÜRKEL: "BRIGANDS RETURNING."

excursions for the week or the day; and he returned from them all with energetic studies, from which were developed pictures that were not less energetic.

For, as every artist is the result of two factors, of which one lies in himself and the other in his age and surroundings, the performances of Bürkel are to be judged not only according to the requirements of the present day, but according to the conditions under which they were produced. What is weak in him he shares with his contemporaries; what is novel is his own most peculiar and incontestable merit. In a period of false idealism worked up in a museum—false idealism which had aped from the true the way in which one clears one's throat, as Schiller has it, but nothing more indicative of genius—in a period of this accomplishment Bürkel preferred to expose his own insufficiency rather than adorn himself with other people's feathers; at a time which prided itself on representing with brush and pigment things for which pen and ink are the better medium, he looked vividly into life; at a time when all Germany lost

BÜRKEL: "A VILLAGE IN WINTER-TIME."

itself aimlessly in distant latitudes, he brought to everything an honest and objective fidelity which knew no trace of romantic sentimentalism; and by these fresh and realistic qualities he has become the father of that art which rose in Munich in a later day. Positive and exact in style, and far too sincere to pretend to raise himself to the level of the old masters by superficial imitation, he was the more industrious in penetrating the spirit of nature and showing his love for everything down to its minutest feature; weak in the sentiment for colour, he was great in his feeling for nature. That was Heinrich Bürkel, and his successors had to supplement what was wanting in him, but not to wage war against his influence.

The peculiarity of all his works, as of those of the early Dutch and Flemish artists, is the equal weight which he lays on figures and on landscape. In his eyes the life of man is part of a greater whole; animals and their scenical surroundings are studied with the same love, and in his most felicitous pictures these elements are so blended that no feature predominates at the expense of any other. Seldom does he paint interiors,

BÜRKEL: "A DOWNPOUR IN THE MOUNTAINS."

almost always preferring to move in free and open nature. But here his field is extraordinarily wide.

Those works in which he handled Italian subjects form a group by themselves. Bürkel was in Rome from 1829 to 1832, the very years in which Leopold Robert celebrated his triumphs there; but curious is the difference between the works of the Munich and those of the Swiss painter. In the latter are beautiful postures, poetic ideas, and all the academical formulas; in the former unvarnished, naturalistic bluntness of expression. Even in Italy he kept romantic and academic art at a distance. They had no power over the rough, healthy, and sincere nature of the artist. He saw nothing in Italy that he had not met with at home, and he painted things as he saw them, honestly and without beautification.

To find material Bürkel did not need to go far. Picture to yourself a man wandering along the banks of the Isar, and gazing about him with a still and thoughtful look. A healthy peasant lass with a basket, or a plough moving slowly in the

BÜRKEL: "A SMITHY IN UPPER BAVARIA."

distance behind a sweating yoke of horses, is quite enough to fill him with feelings and ideas.

His peculiar domain was the high-road, which in the thirties and the forties, before the railways had usurped its traffic, was filled with a much more manifold life than it is to-day. Waggons and mail-carts passed along before the old gateways, in every village there were taverns inviting the wayfarer to rest, and blacksmiths sought for custom on the road. There were vehicles of every description, horses at the forge, posting-stages, change of teams, the departure of marketing-folk, and passengers taking their seats or alighting. Here horses were being watered, and an occasion was given for brief dialogues between the coachman and his fares. There travellers surprised by a shower were hurrying into an inn armed with umbrellas; or, in wintry weather, they were waiting impatiently, wrapped up in furs, whilst a horse was being shod.

F. Ingenmey litho.]

BÜRKEL: "HORSES AT THE DRINKING-TROUGH."

The beaten tracks through field and forest offered much of the same sort. Peasants were driving to market with a cart-load of wood. Horses stood unyoked at a drinking-trough whilst the driver, a muscular fellow with great sinews, was quietly enjoying his pipe. Along some shadowy woodland path a team drew near to a forge or a lonely charcoal-burner's hut, where the light flickered, and over which there soared a bald and snowy mountain-peak.

Such pictures of snow-clad landscape were a speciality of Bürkel's art, and in their simplicity and harmony are to be ranked with the best that he has done. Heavily freighted wood-carts passing through a drift, waggons brought to a standstill in the snow, raw-boned woodmen perspiring as they load them in a wintry forest, are the accessory objects and figures.

But life in the fields attracted him also. Having a love of representing animals, he kept out of the way of mowers reapers, and gleaners. His favourite theme is the hay, corn

or potato harvest, which he paints with much detail and a great display of accessory incidents. Maids and labourers, old and young, are feverishly active in the construction of hay-cocks, or, in threatening weather, pile up waggons, loaded as high as a house, with fresh trusses.

In this enumeration all the rustic life of Bavaria has been described. It is only the Sunday and holiday themes, the peculiar motives of the *genre* painter, that are wanting. And in itself this is an indication of what gives Bürkel his peculiar position.

By their conception his works are out of keeping with everything which the contemporary generation of "great painters" and the younger *genre* painters were attempting. The great painters had their home in museums; Bürkel lived in nature. The *genre* painters, under the influence of Wilkie, were fond of giving their motive a touch of narrative interest, like the English. Cheerful or mournful news, country funerals, baptisms, and public dinners offered an excuse for representing the same sentiment in varying keys. Their starting-point was that of an illustrator; it might be very pretty in itself, but it was too jovial or whimpering for a picture. Bürkel's works have no literary background; they are not composed of stories with a humorous or sentimental tinge, but depict with an intimate grasp of the subject the simplest events of life. He neither offered the public lollipops, nor tried to move them and play upon their sensibilities by subjects which could be spun out into a novel. He approached his men, his animals, and his landscapes as a strenuous character-painter, without gush, sentimentality, or romanticism. In contradistinction from all the younger painters of rustic subjects, he sternly avoided what was striking, peculiar, or in any way extraordinary, endeavouring to paint every-day life in the house or the farmyard, in the field or upon the highway, in all plainness and simplicity. Almost all the English *genre* pictures of those years needed a title, and appealed to a public that wished to read a painting first and then to look at it. Bürkel represents simple occurrences which do not require interesting titles in the catalogue.

His pictures explain themselves; they merely interpret the life of men and animals, or landscape.

At first, indeed, he thought it necessary to satisfy the demands of the age by, at any rate, painting in a broad and epical manner. The public collections chiefly possess pictures of his which contain many figures: "The Return from the Mountain Pasture," "Coming Back from the Bear Hunt," "The Cattle Show," and "From the Fair;" scenes before an inn at festivals, or waggoners setting out, and the like. But in these works the scheme of composition and the multitude of figures have a somewhat overladen and old-fashioned effect. On the other hand, there are pictures scattered about in private collections which are of a simplicity which was unknown at the time: dusty roads with toiling horses, lonely charcoal-burners' huts in the dimness of the forest, villages in rain or snow, with little figures shivering from frost or damp as they flit along the street. From the very beginning free from the vices of *genre* and narrative painting and the search after interesting subject, he has, in these pictures, renounced the epical manner of representing a complicated event. Like the moderns, he paints things which can be grasped and understood at a glance.

But, after all, Bürkel occupies a position which is curiously intermediate. His colour relegates him altogether to the beginning of the century. He was himself conscious of the weakness of his age in this respect, and stands considerably above the school of Cornelius, even where its colouring is best. Yet, in spite of the most diligent study of the Dutch masters, he remained, as a colourist, hard and inartistic to the end. Having far too much regard for outline, he is not light enough with what should be lightly touched, nor fugitive enough with what is fleeting. What the moderns leave to be indistinctly divined he renders sharp and palpable in his drawing. He trims and rounds off objects which have a fleeting form, like clouds. His colour is motley, his method of expression without temperament and pictorial sparkle. But although inept in technique, his works are more modern in substance than anything that the next generation produced. They have

Munich: Braun.]
CARL SPITZWEG.

an intimacy of feeling beyond the reach of the traditional *genre* painting. In his unusually fresh, simple, and direct studies of landscape he did not snatch at dazzling and sensational effects, but tried to be just to external nature in her workaday mood; and, in the very same way, in his figures he aimed at the plain reproduction of what is given in nature.

The hands of his peasants are the real hands of toil—weather-stained, heavy, and awkward. There are no movements that are not simple and actual. Others have told droller stories; Bürkel unrolls a true picture of the surroundings of the peasant's life. Others have made their rustics persons suitable for the drawing-room, and cleaned their nails; Bürkel preaches the strict, austere, and pious study of nature. An entirely new age casts its shadow upon this close devotion to life. In their intimacy and simplicity his pictures contain the germ of what afterwards became the task of the moderns. All who came after him in Germany were the sons of Wilkie until Wilhelm Leibl, furnished with a better technical equipment, started in spirit from the point at which Bürkel had left off.

Carl Spitzweg, in whose charming little pictures tender and discreet sentiment is united with realistic care for detail, must likewise be reckoned with the few who strove and laboured in quiet, apart from the ruling tendency, until their hour came. Thrown entirely on his own resources, without a teacher, he worked his way upwards under the influence of the older painters. By dint of copying he discovered their secrets of colour, and gave his works, which are full of poetry, a remarkable impress of sympathetic delicacy, suggestive of the old

masters. One turns over the leaves of the album of Spitzweg's sketches as though it were a story-book from the age of romance, and at the same time one is astonished at the master's ability in painting. He was a genius who united in himself three qualities which seem to be contradictory—realism, fancy, and humour. He might be most readily compared with Schwind, except that the latter was more of a romanticist than a realist, and Spitzweg is more of a realist than a romanticist. The artists' yearning carries Schwind to distant ages and regions far from the world, and a positive sense of fact holds Spitzweg firmly to the earth.

Munich: Braun.]

SPITZWEG: "AT THE GARRET WINDOW."

Like Jean Paul, he has the boundless fancy which revels in airy dreams, but he is also like Jean Paul in having a cheery, provincial satisfaction in the sights of his own narrow world. He has all Schwind's delight in hermits and anchorites, and witches, and magic, and nixies, and he plays with dragons and goblins like Boecklin; but, for all that, he is at home and entirely at his ease in the society of honest little schoolmasters and poor sempstresses, and gives shape to his own small joys and sorrows in a spirit of contemplation. His dragons are only comfortable, Philistine dragons, and his troglodytes, who chastise themselves in rocky solitudes, perform their penance with a kindly irony. In Spitzweg a fine humour is the causeway between fancy and reality. His tender little pictures represent the Germany of the forties, and lie apart from the rushing life of our time, like an idyllic hamlet slumbering in

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

SPITZWEG: "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN."

Sunday quietude. Indeed his pictures come to us like a greeting from a time long past.

There they are: his poor poet, a little, lean old man, with a sharp nose and a night-cap, sits in his garret window scanning verses on his frozen fingers, enveloped in a blanket drawn up to his chin and protected from the inclemency of the weather by a great red umbrella; his clerk, grown grey in the dust of parchments, sharpens his quill with dim-sighted eyes, and feels himself part of a bureaucracy which rules the world; his book-worm stands on the highest ladder in the library, with books in his hand, books in his pockets, books under his arms, and books jammed between his legs, and neglects the dinner-hour in his peaceful enjoyment, until an angry torrent of scolding is poured over his devoted head by the housekeeper; there is his old gentleman devoutly sniffing the perfume of a cactus blossom which has been looked forward to for years; there is his little man enticing his bird with a lump of sugar; the widower glancing aside from the miniature of his better half at a pair of pretty maidens walking in the park; the constable whiling away the time at the town-gate in catching flies; the old-fashioned bachelor, solemnly presenting a bouquet to a kitchen-maid who is busied at the market-well, to the

amusement of all the gossips watching him from the windows; the lovers who in happy oblivion pass down a narrow street by the stall of a second-hand dealer, where amidst antiquated household goods a gilded statuette of Venus reposes in a rickety cradle; the children holding up their pinafores as they beg the stork flying by to bring them a little brother.

Munich: Braun.]
SPITZWEG: "A MORNING CONCERT."

Spitzweg, like Jean Paul, makes an effect which is at once joyous and tender, *bourgeois* and idyllic. The postillion gives the signal on his horn that the moment for starting has arrived; milk-maids look down from the green mountain summit into the far country; hermits sit before their cells forgotten by the world; old friends greet each other after years of separation; Dachau girls in their holiday best pray in woodland chapels; school-children pass singing through a still mountain valley; maidens chatter of an evening as they fetch water from the moss-grown well, or the appearance of a postman in his yellow uniform brings to the window the entire population of an old country town.

The little man with the miserable figure of a tailor had been an apothecary until he was thirty years of age, but he had an independent and distinctive artistic nature which impresses itself on the memory in a way that is unforgetable. It is

Munich: Hanfstängl.]
SPITZWEG: "THE POSTMAN."

only necessary to see his portrait as he sits at his easel in his dressing-gown with his meagre beard, his long nose, and the droll look about the corners of his eyes, to feel attracted by him before one knows his works. Spitzweg reveals in them his own life: the man and the painter are one in him. There is a pretty little picture of him as an elderly bachelor, looking out of the window in the early morning and nodding across the roofs to an old sempstress who had worked the whole night through without noticing that the day had broken; that is the world he lived in and the world which he has painted. As a kind-hearted, inflexible Benedick, full of droll eccentricities, he lived in the oldest quarter of Munich in a confined habitation four stories high. There he was only visited by Moritz Schwind, who now and then climbed the staircase, and there one looked over the roofs and gables and pinnacles to distant, smoky towers. His studio was an untidy confusion of prosaic discomfort and poetic cosiness.

Here he sat, an ossified hermit, *bourgeois*, and bookworm, as if he were in a spider's nest, and here at a little window he painted his delightful pictures. Here he took his homely meal at the rickety little table where he sat alone in the evening buried in his books. A pair of heavy silver spectacles with keen glasses sparkled on his thick nose, and the great head

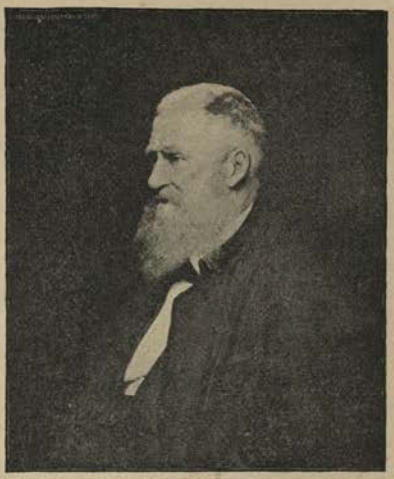
with its ironically twinkling eyes rested upon a huge cravat attached to a pointed stand-up collar. When disturbed by strangers he spoke slowly and with embarrassment, though in the society of Schwind he was brilliant and satirical. Then he became as mobile as quicksilver, and paced up and down the studio with great strides, gesticulating and sometimes going through a dramatic performance in vivid mimicry of those of whom he happened to be talking.

His character has the same mixture of Philistine contentment and genial comedy which gleams from his works with the freshness of dew. A touch of the sturdy Philistinism of Eichendorf is in these provincial idyls of Germany; but at the same time they display an ability which even at the present day must compel respect. The whole of Romanticism chirps and twitters in the Spitzweg Album, as if it had been wired up in a birdcage. Everything is here united: the fragrance of the woods and the song of birds, the pleasures of travelling and the sleepy life of provincial towns, moonshine and Sunday quiet, vagabonds, roving musicians, and the guardians of law, learned professors and students singing catches, burgomasters and town-councillors, long-haired painters and strolling players, red dressing-gowns, green slippers, night-caps, and pipes with long stems, serenades and watchmen, rushing streams and the trill of nightingales, rippling summer breezes and comely lasses, who look down, half asleep, of a morning, from projecting stories, greeting the passers-by as they stroke back their hair. In common with Schwind he shows a remarkable capacity for placing his figures in their right surroundings. All these squares, alleys, and corners, in which his provincial pictures are framed, seem—minutely and faithfully executed as they are—to be localities predestined for the action, though they are painted freely from memory. Just as he forgot none of the characteristic figures which he had seen in his youth, so he held the whimsical and marvellous architecture of the country towns of Swabia and Upper Bavaria which he had visited for his studies with such a firm grip in his memory that it was always at his command; and he used it as a setting for his figures as

a musician composes an harmonious accompaniment for a melody.

To look at his pictures is like wandering on a bright Sunday morning through the gardens and crooked, uneven alleys of an old German town. At the same time one feels that Spitzweg belonged to the present and not to the period of the ingenuous Philistines. It was only after he had studied at the university and passed his pharmaceutical examination that he turned to painting. Nevertheless he succeeded in acquiring a sensitiveness to colour to which nothing in the period can be compared. He worked through Burnet's *Treatise on Painting*, visited Italy, and in 1851 made a tour, for the sake of study, to Paris, London, and Antwerp, in company with Eduard Schleich. In the gallery of Pommersfelden he made masterly copies from Berghem, Gonzales Coquez, Ostade, and Poelenburg, and lived to see the appearance of Piloty. But much as he profited by the principles of colour which then became dominant, he is like none of his contemporaries, and stands as far from Piloty's brown sauce as from the frigid hardness of the old *genre* painters. He was one of the first in Germany to feel the really sensuous joy of painting, and to mix soft, luxuriant, melting colours. There are landscapes of his which, in their charming freshness, border directly on the school of Fontainebleau. He takes refuge in a German forest, and paints marvellously the dreamy humour of old oaks, when the stillness of night broods over the whispering boughs, when the brooks murmur sleepily, and the fresh fragrance of a hidden and solitary world mysteriously trembles in the air. Or he paints the golden corn waving on the plain, the quail uttering his note in its shelter. What a chime and hum of mysterious voices! Or he shows the heath stretching austere with its brown fibres, and the earth whispering to the wayfarer in the evening gloom strange tales of what was enacted here and still echoes out of the past. Spitzweg has painted bright green meadows in which, as in the pictures of Daubigny, the little red figures of peasant women appear as bright and luminous patches of colour. He has woodland glades penetrated by the sun of a pungent piquancy of colour such as is only to be found elsewhere

in Diaz. And where he diversified his desolate mountain glens and steeply rising cliffs with the fantastic lairs of dragons and with eccentric anchorites he sometimes produced such bold colour symphonies of sapphire blue, emerald green, and red that his pictures seem like anticipations of Boecklin. Spitzweg was a painter for connoisseurs. His refined cabinet-pieces are amongst the few German productions of their time which it is a delight to possess, and they have the savour of rare delicacies when one comes across them in the dismal wilderness of public galleries.



Munich: Phot. Union.]
HERMANN KAUFFMANN.

Bürkel's realistic programme was taken up with even greater energy by *Hermann Kauffmann*, who belonged to the Munich circle from 1827 to 1833, and then painted until his death in 1888 in his native Hamburg. His province was for the most part that of Bürkel: peasants in the field, wagoners on the road, woodmen at their labour, and hunters in the snowy forest. In the earliest years after his return home he used for his pictures the still prevailing motives taken from the South German mountain district. A tour in Norway, undertaken in 1843, gave him the impulse for a series of Norwegian landscapes which were simple and direct, and of more than common freshness. In the deanery at Holstein he studied the life of fishers. Otherwise the neighbourhood of Hamburg is almost always the background of his pictures: Harburg, Kellinghusen, Wandsbeck, and the Alster Valley. And Lichtwark is right in insisting that in these works there are often a simplicity of build and a greatness of conception which make a direct approach to Jean François Millet. This is particularly true of the numerous studies which were left by the painter at his death and came

Munich: Photographic Union.]

KAUFFMANN: "A SANDY ROAD."

into the possession of the Hamburg Kunsthalle. Kauffmann had the practice of preparing the motives of his pictures in cartoons, which were executed, sometimes merely in pencil, sometimes in chalk, occasionally also in coloured chalks or light water-colours; and these fresh studies afford much more unalloyed enjoyment than his finished pictures. In the latter one's pleasure in his original qualities is impaired by the motleyness of his colouring; but in the former the sparing use of colour has no disturbing effect, and the eye is the more easily directed to the breadth of technique and the freedom and greatness of conception. Had he been better able to paint, and not chosen to live so far out of the way as Hamburg, he might possibly have been one of the epoch-making painters of the century.

In Berlin the excellent *Eduard Meyerheim* went on parallel lines with these masters. An old tradition gives him the credit of having introduced the painting of peasants and children into German art. But in artistic power he is not to be compared with Bürkel or Kauffmann. They were energetic realists, bursting with health, and in everything they drew they were merely inspired by the earnest purpose of grasping life in its characteristic moments. But Meyerheim, good-humoured and child-like, is decidedly inclined to a sentimentally pathetic compromise with

Munich: Photographic Union.]

KAUFFMANN: "RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS."

reality. At the same time his importance for Berlin is incontestable. Hitherto gipsies, smugglers, and robbers were the only classes of human society, with the exception of knights, monks, noble ladies, and Italian women, which, upon the banks of the Spree, were thought suitable for artistic representation. Friedrich Eduard Meyerheim sought out the rustic before literature had taken this step, and in 1836 he began with his "King of the Shooting Match" a series of modest pictures in which he was never weary of representing the little festivals of the peasant, the happiness of parents, and the games of children in an honest and sound-hearted way.

He had grown up in Dantzic, and played as a child in the tortuous lanes of the old free imperial city amid trumpery shops, general dealers, and artisans. Later, when he settled down in Berlin, he painted the things which had delighted him in his youth. The travels which he made for study were not extensive: they hardly led him farther beyond the boundaries of the Mark than Hesse, the Harz district, Thüringen, Altenburg, and Westphalia. Here he drew with indefatigable diligence the pleasant village houses and the churches shadowed with trees;

Munich: Photographic Union.]
KAUFFMANN: "WOODCUTTERS RETURNING."

the cots, yards, and alleys; the weather-beaten town-ramparts, with their crumbling walls; the unobtrusive landscapes of North Germany, lovely valleys, bushy hills, and bleaching fields, traversed by quiet streams fringed with willows, and enlivened by the figures of peasants, who still clung to so much of their old costume. His pictures certainly do not give an idea of the life of the German people at the time. For the peasantry have sat to Meyerheim only in their most pious mood, in Sunday toilette, and with their souls washed clean. Clearness, neatness, and prettiness are everywhere in his pictures. But little as they correspond to the truth, they are just as little untrue through affectation, for their idealism sprang from the harmless and cheerful temperament of the painter and from no convention of the schools.

A homely, idyllic poetry is to be found in his figures and his interiors. His women and girls are chaste and gracious. It is evident that Meyerheim had a warm sympathy for the sorrows and joys of humble people; that he had an understanding for this happy family life, and liked himself to take part in these merry popular festivals; that he did not idealize

the world according to rules of beauty, but because in his own eyes it really was so beautiful. His "King of the Shooting Match" of 1836 (Berlin National Gallery) has as a background a wide and pleasant landscape, with blue heights in the distance and the cheerful summer sunshine resting upon them. In the foreground are a crowd of figures neatly composed after studies. The crowned king of the match, adorned for a festival, stands proudly on the road by which the procession of marksmen is advancing, accompanied by village music. An old peasant is congratulating him, and the pretty village girls and peasant women, in their gay rustic costumes, titter as they look on, while the neighbours are merrily drinking his health. Then there is the "Morning Lesson," representing a carpenter's house, where an old man is hearing his grandson repeat a school task; "Children at Play," a picture of a game of hide-and-seek amongst the trees; "The Knitting Lesson," and the picture of a young wife by the bed of a naked boy who has thrown off the bedclothes and is holding up one of his rosy feet; and "The Road to Church," where the market-place is shadowed with lime-trees and the fresh young girlish figures adorned in their Sunday best. These are all pictures which in lithograph and copper-plate engraving once flooded all Germany and enraptured the public at exhibitions.

FRIEDRICH EDUARD MEYERHEIM.

But the German *genre* picture of peasant life only became universally popular after the village novel came into vogue

MEYERHEIM: "THE KING OF THE SHOOTING MATCH."

at the end of the thirties. Walter Scott was not only a Romanticist, but the founder of the peasant novel: he was the first to study the life and the human character of the peasantry of his native land, their rough and healthy merriment, their humorous peculiarities, and their hot-headed love of quarrelling; and he led the Romanticists from their idyllic or sombre world of dreams nearer to the reality and its poetry. A generation later Immermann created this department of literature in Germany by the Oberhof-Episode of his *Münchhausen*. "The Village Magistrate" was soon one of those typical figures which in literature became the model of a hundred others. In 1837 Jeremas Gotthelf began in his *Bauernspiegel* those descriptions of Bernese rustic life which found general favour through their downright common-sense. Berthold Auerbach, Otto Ludwig, and Gottfried Keller were then active, and Fritz Reuter lit upon a more clear-cut form for his tales in dialect.

The influence which these writers had upon painting was

MEYERHEIM: "CHILDREN AT PLAY."

enormous. It now turned everywhere to the life of the people, and took its joy and pleasure in devoting itself to reality. And the rustic was soon a popular figure much sought after in the picture-market. Yet this reliance on poetry and fiction had its disadvantage. For in Germany, also, a vogue was given to that "*genre* painting" which, instead of starting with a simple, straightforward representation of what the artist had seen, offered an artistically correct composition of what he had invented, and indulged in a rambling display of humorous narrative and pathetic pieces. Bürkel and Hermann Kauffmann would have nothing to do with the humorous *genre*. They buried themselves in reality instead of looking down on it with a playful condescension; and, with all their technical failings, they made a certain approach to that quiet poetry which is so delightful in the Dutch masters, by avoiding every kind of forced drollery and obtrusive italicizing of character. Like the Dutch, they have followed nature implicitly: in deep and reverent love for her they would render nothing but nature herself in their own simple, sincere, and personal conception. And thanks to this fresh, naturalistic element, although they are old-fashioned they are not obsolete: it may even be said that as regards their fundamental conception they still rule over living German art.

The diffuse narrative painting of the artists who follow is outwardly more imposing through their wealth of figures and

MEYERHEIM: "THE KNITTING LESSON."

the diversity of characters. Many of them are excellent observers of moral expression; they are admirably successful in the representation of character in the human countenance: it is instructive to consider them, and they help one in making psychological studies; in a word, they can illustrate a novel. But intimacy of emotion, the poetry of homely things, and thorough veracity are not in their works. In Bürkel and Kauffmann are to be found simple fragments from daily life painted with naïve directness; but here are pictures studied throughout and evidently predestined for the best sitting-room. In his *Münchhausen* Immermann made a satirical comparison between town and village; and in the same way these painters are not bent on merely throwing into relief what lies hidden in the simple poetry of peasant life; they too aim at contrasts. Ethnographical instruction, amusing narrative, and enlivening comedy are their field of labour.

In Carlsruhe *Johann Kirner* was the first to work on these humorous lines, in adapting the life of the Swabian peasantry for the purposes of humorous anecdote. In Munich *Carl Enhuber* was especially fertile in the invention of comic episodes amongst the rustics of the Bavarian highlands, and his ponderous humour made him one of the favourite heroes of the Art Union. Every one was in raptures over his "Partenkirche Fair," over the charlatan in front of the village inn, who (like a figure after

MEYERHEIM: "THE MORNING HOUR."

Gerhard Dow) is bringing home to the multitude by his lofty eloquence the fabulous qualities of his soap for removing spots; over that assembly of peasants which gave the painter an opportunity for making clearly recognizable people to be found everywhere in any little town, from the judge of the county court and the local doctor down to the watchmen. His second hit was "The Interrupted Card Party:" the blacksmith, the miller, the tailor, and other dignitaries of the village are so painfully disturbed in their social reunion by the unamiable wife of the tailor that her happy spouse makes his escape under the table. The house servant holds out his blue apron to protect his master, whilst the miller and the blacksmith try to look unconcerned; but a small boy who has accompanied his mother with a mug discovers the concealed sinner by his slipper, which has come off. The "Session Day" contains a still greater wealth of comical types: here is the yard of a country assize court, filled with people, some of them waiting their turn, some issuing in contentment or dejection. Most contented, of course, are a bridal pair from the mountains—a stout peasant lad and a buxom maiden—who have just received official consent to their marriage. Disastrous country excursions—townspeople overtaken by rain on their arrival in the mountains—were also a source of highly comical situations.

In Düsseldorf the reaction against the prevailing senti-

[*C. Preisel sc.*

ENHUBER: "THE INTERRUPTED CARD PARTY."

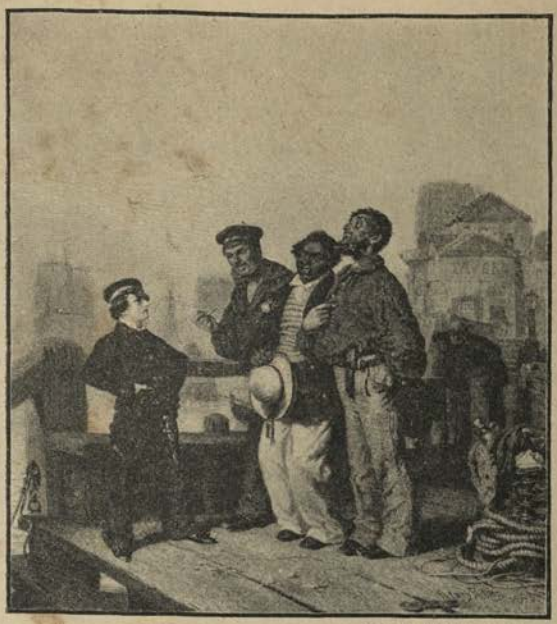
mentality necessarily gave an impulse to art on these humorous lines. When it seemed as if the mournfulness of the thirties would never end, *Adolf Schroedter*, the satirist of the band of Düsseldorf artists in those times, broke the spell when he began to parody the works of the "great painters." When Lessing painted "The Sorrowing Royal Pair," Schroedter painted "The Triumphal Procession of King Bacchus;" when Hermann Stilke produced his knights and crusaders, Schroedter illustrated *Don Quixote* as a warning; and when Bendemann gave the world "The Lamentation of Jeremiah" and "The Lamentation of the Jews," Schroedter executed his droll picture "The Sorrowful Tanners," in which the tanners are mournfully regarding a hide carried away by the stream. Since he was a humourist, and humour is rather an affair for drawing than painting, the charming lithographs, "The Deeds and Opinions of Piepmeyer the Delegate," published in conjunction with Detmold, the Hannoverian barrister, and author of the *Guide to Connoisseurship*, are

[Jacquemot sc.

ENHUBER: "SESSION DAY IN UPPER BAVARIA."

perhaps to be reckoned as his best performances. Schroedter, the brilliant dilettante, was followed by the "home-made" *Hasenclever*, who painted the pictures for Kortum's *Jobsiade* with little humour and much complacency. By the roundabout route of illustration artists were gradually brought more directly into touch with life, and painted side by side with melodramatic brigands, rustic folk, or a student at a tavern on the Rhine, absurd people reading the newspapers, comic men sneezing, or the smirking Philistine tasting wine.

Jacob Becker went to the Westerwald to sketch little village tragedies, and won such popularity with his "Shepherd Struck by Lightning" that down to the present day the interest of the public is often concentrated on this picture in the collection of the Staedel Institute. *Rudolf Jordan* of Berlin settled on Heligoland, and became by his "Proposal of Marriage in Heligoland" one of the most esteemed painters of Düsseldorf. And in 1852 *Henry Ritter*, his pupil, who died young, enjoyed a



[*N. Barthelmess sc.*

RITTER : "THE MIDDY'S SERMON."

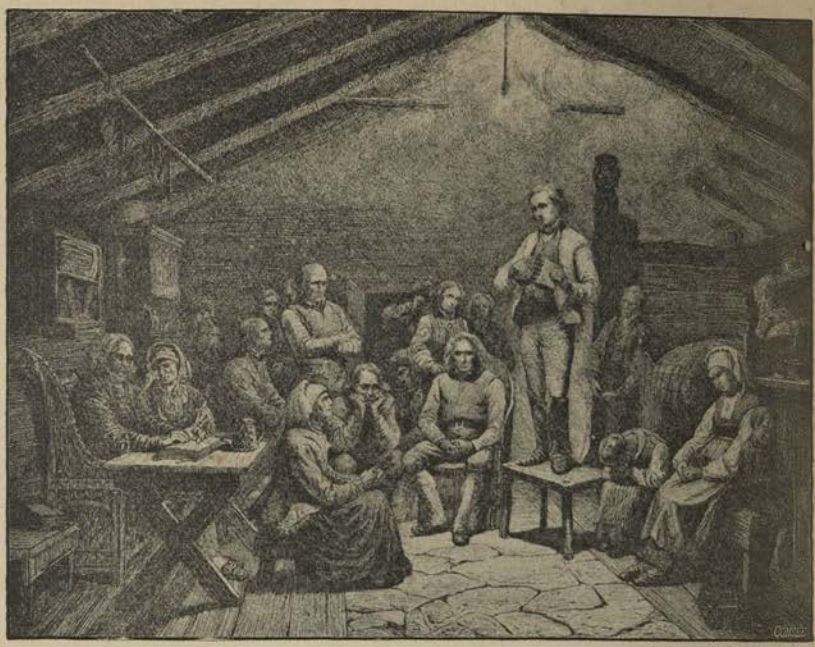
like success with his "Middy's Sermon," which represents a tiny midshipman with comical zeal endeavouring to convert to temperance three tars who are staggering up against him. A Norwegian, *Adolf Tidemand*, became the Leopold Robert of the North, and, like Robert, attained an international success when, after 1845, he began to present his compatriots, the peasants, fishers, and sailors of the shores of the North Sea, to the public of Europe. There was no doubt that a true ethnographical course of instruction in the life of a distant race, as yet unknown to the rest of Europe, was to be gathered from his pictures, as from those of Robert, or from the Oriental representations of Vernet. In Tidemand's pictures the Germans learnt the Norwegian usage of Christmas, accompanied the son of the North on his fishing of a night, joined the bridal train on the Hardanger Fjord, or listened to the sexton giving religious instruction; sailed with fishing-girls in a skiff to visit the neighbouring village, or beheld grandmother and the children dance on Sunday afternoon to father's fiddle. Norwegian peasant life was such an unknown world of romance, and the costume so novel, that Tidemand's art was greeted like a new discovery. That the truth of his pictures went no further than costume was only known at a later time. Tidemand saw his native land with the eyes of a Romanticist, as Robert saw Italy,

[*L. H. Fischer sc.*

TIDEMAND: "GRANDMOTHER'S BRIDAL CROWN."

and, in the same one-sided way, he only visited the people on festive occasions. Though a born Norwegian, he, too, was a foreigner. A man who was never familiar with the life of his country people, who never lived at home through the raw autumn and the long winter, but came only as a summer visitor, when nature had donned her bridal garb, naturally took away with him the mere impressions of a tourist. As he only went to Norway for recreation, it is always holiday-tide and Sabbath peace in his pictures. He represents the same idyllic optimism and the same kindly view of "the people" as did Björnson in his earliest works; and it is significant that the latter felt himself at the time so entirely in sympathy with Tidemand that he wrote one of his tales, *The Bridal March*, as text to Tidemand's picture "Grandmother's Bridal Crown."

To seek the intimate poetry in the monotonous life of the peasant, and to go with him into the struggle for existence, was



[*L. Fischer sc.*

TIDEMAND: "THE HAUGIANS."

what did not lie in Tidemand's method of presentation; he did not live amongst the people sufficiently long to penetrate to their depths. The sketches that arose from his summer journeys often reveal a keen eye for the picturesque, as well as for the spiritual life of this peasantry; but later in Düsseldorf, when he composed his studies for pictures with the help of German models, all the sharp characterization was watered down. What ought to have been said in Norwegian was expressed in a German translation, where the emphasis was lost. His art is Düsseldorf art with Norwegian landscapes and costumes; a course of lectures on the manners and customs of Norwegian villages composed for Germans. The only thing which distinguishes Tidemand to his advantage from the German Düsseldorfers is that he is less humorously and sentimentally disposed. Pictures of his, such as "The Lonely Old People," "The Catechism," "The Wounded Bear Hunter," "The Grandfather's Blessing," "The Haugians," etc., make a really pleasant

and healthy effect by a certain actual simplicity which they undoubtedly have. Other men would have made a melodrama out of "The Emigrant's Departure" (National Gallery in Christiania). Tidemand portrays the event without any sort of emphasis, and feels his way with tact on the boundary between sentiment and sentimentality. There is nothing false or hysterical in the behaviour of the man who is going away for life, nor in those who have come to see him off.

In Vienna the *genre* painters seem to owe their inspiration especially to the theatre. What was produced there in the province of grand art during the first half of the century was neither better nor worse than elsewhere. The Classicism of Mengs and David was represented by *Heinrich Füger*, who had a more decided leaning towards what is operatic. The representative in chief of Nazarenism was *Josef Führich*, whose frescoes in the Altlerchenfeld Church are, perhaps, better in point of colour than the corresponding efforts of the Munich artists, though they are likewise in a formal way derivative from the Italians. Vienna had its Wilhelm Kaulbach in *Carl Rahl*, its Piloty in *Christian Ruben*, who, like the Munich artist, had a preference for painting Columbus, and was meritorious as a teacher. It was only through portrait-painting that Classicism and Romanticism were brought into some sort of relation with life; and the Vienna portraitists of this older *régime* are even better than their German contemporaries, as they made fewer concessions to the ruling idealism. On the works of Lampi followed the delicate miniature likenesses of *Moritz Daffinger*. The most important of them was *Friedrich Amerling*, who had studied under Lawrence in London and under Horace Vernet in Paris, and brought back with him great acquisitions in the science of colour. In the first half of the century these assured him a decided advantage over his German colleagues. It was only later, when he was sought after as the fashionable painter of all the crowned heads, that his art degenerated into mawkishness and theatrical posing.

Genre painting was developed here as elsewhere from the military picture. As early as 1813 *Peter Krafft*, an academician

of the school of David, had exhibited a great oil-painting, "The Soldier's Farewell"—the interior of a village room with a group of life-size figures. The son of the family, in grey uniform, with a musket in his hand, is tearing himself from his young wife, who has a baby on her arm and is trying in tears to hold him back. His old father sits in a corner with folded hands beside his mother, who is also crying and has hid her face. In 1820 Krafft added "The Soldier's Return" as a pendant to this picture. It represents the changes which have taken place in the family during the warrior's absence: his old mother is at rest in her grave; his grey-headed father has become visibly older, his little sister has grown up, and the baby in arms is carrying the musket after his father. They are both exceedingly tiresome pictures; classical figures with modern costume, cold and grey in colour and of a false pathos in their contents. Nevertheless a new principle of art is declared in them. Krafft was the first in Austria to recognize what a rich province had been hitherto ignored by painting. He warned his pupils against the themes of the Romanticists. These, as he said, were worked out, since no one would do anything better than the "Last Supper of Leonardo da Vinci or the Madonnas of Raphael." And he warmly advocated the conviction "that nothing could be done for historical painting so long as it refused to choose subjects from modern life." Krafft was an admirable teacher with a sober and clear understanding, and he invariably directed his pupils to the immediate study of life and nature. The consequence of his career was that *Carl Schindler*, *Friedrich Treml*, *Fritz L'Allemand*, and others set themselves to treat in episodic pictures the military life of Austria, from the recruiting stage to the battle, and from the soldier's farewell to his return to his father's house. A further result was that the Viennese *genre* painting parted company with the academical and historic art.

Just at this time Tschischka and Schottky began to collect the popular songs of the Viennese. Castelli gave a poetic representation of *bourgeois* life, and Ferdinand Raimund brought it upon the stage in his dramas. Bauernfeld's types from the

life of the people enjoyed a rapid popularity. Josef Danhauser, Peter Fendi, and Ferdinand Waldmüller went on parallel lines with these authors. In their *genre* pictures they represented the Austrian people in their joys and sorrows, in their merriment and heartiness and good-humour; the people, be it understood, of Raimund's popular farces, not those of the pavement of Vienna.

[*C.H. Rahl sc.*

WALDMÜLLER: "THE FIRST STEP."

Josef Danhauser, the son of a Viennese carpenter, occupied himself with the artisan and *bourgeois* classes. David Wilkie gave him the form for his work and Ferdinand Raimund his ideas. His studio scenes, with boisterous art-students caught by their surly teacher at the moment when they are playing their worst pranks, gave pleasure to the class of people who, at a later date, took so much delight in Emanuel Spitzer. His "Gormandizer" is a counterpart to Raimund's *Verschwender*; and when, in a companion picture, the gluttonous liver is supping up the "monastery broth" amongst beggars, and his former valet remains true to him even in misfortune, Grillparzer's *Treuer Diener seines Herrn* has served as a model for this type. Girls confessing their frailty to their parents had been previously painted by Greuze. Amongst those of his pictures which had done most to amuse the public was the representation of the havoc caused by a butcher's dog storming into a studio. In his last period he turned with Collins to the nursery, or wandered through the suburbs with a sketchbook, immortalizing the doings of children in the streets, and drawing "character heads" of the school-teacher tavern *habitués* and the lottery adventurer.

And this was likewise the province to which *Waldmüller* devoted himself. Chubby peasant children are the heroes of almost all his pictures. A baby is sprawling with joy on its mother's lap, while it is contemplated with proud satisfaction by its father, or it is sleeping under the guardianship of a little sister; a boy is despatched upon the rough path which leads to school, and brings the reward of his conduct home with rapturous or dejected mien, or he stammers "Many happy returns of the day" to grandpapa. Waldmüller paints "The First Step," the joys of "Christmas Presents," and "The Distribution of Prizes to Poor School-children;" he follows eager juveniles to the peep-show; he is to be met at "The Departure of the Bride" and at "The Wedding;" he is our guide to the simple "Peasant's Room," and shows the benefit of "Almsgiving." In earlier days his art was called "an exalted realism," because he composed his peasant groups like Holy Families. Even the "Soup at the Monastery," in which the poor —blooming and scoured clean—are being regaled in the hall of a cloister, resembles a *santa conversazione* in its blameless and carefully considered composition.

Friedrich Gauermann wandered in the Austrian Alps, in Steiermark, and Salzkammergut, making studies of nature, the inhabitants, and the animal world. In contradistinction from Waldmüller, painter of idyls, and the humourist Danhauser, he aimed above all at ethnographical exactness. With sincere and unadorned observation Gauermann represents the local peculiarities of the peasantry, differentiated according to their peculiar valleys; life on the pasture and at the market, when some ceremonial occasion—a shooting match, a Sunday observance, or a church consecration—has gathered together the scattered inhabitants.

Genre painting in other countries worked with the same types. The toilette was different, but the substance of the pictures was the same. The old Dutch joviality was united to Hogarth's buckram morality and the childlike innocence of Collins.

In Belgium the way to a painting of the people had been

already shown by Leys. For although he had painted figures from the sixteenth century, they were not idealized, but as rough and homely as in reality. When the passion for truthfulness increased, as it did in the following years, there came a moment when the old German tradition, under the shelter of which Leys yet took refuge, was shaken off, and artists went directly to nature without seeking the mediation of antiquated style. At the time Belgium was one of the most rising and thriving countries in Europe. It had private collections by the hundred. Wealthy merchants rivalled one another for the pride of owning works by their celebrated painters. This necessarily exerted an influence on production. Pretty *genre* pictures of peasant life soon became the most popular wares; as for their artistic sanction, it was possible to point to Brouwer and Teniers, the great national exemplars.

At first, then, the painters worked with the same elements as Teniers. The common themes of their pictures were the ale-house with its straw roof, the old musician with his violin, the mountebank standing in the midst of a circle of people, lovers, or drinkers striking at each other with tin mugs. Only the costume was changed, and everything coarse, indecorous, or unrestrained was scrupulously excluded *ad usum Delphini*. That the deep colouring of the old masters became meagre and motley was in Belgium also an inevitable result of the helplessness in regard to colour which had been brought on by Classicism. The pictorial *furia* of Adriaen Brouwer gave way to a polished porcelain painting which hardly bore a trace of the work of the hand. Harsh and gaudy reds and greens were especially popular.

The first who began a modest career on these lines was *Ignatius van Regemorter*. As one recognizes the pictures of Wouverman by the dappled-grey horse, Regemorter's may be recognized by the violin. He turned one out every year in which music was being played and people were dancing with a rather forced gaiety. Then came *Ferdinand de Braekeleer*, who painted the jubilees of old people, or children and old women amusing themselves at public festivities. Teniers was his

[*Madou del., sc.*

MADOU: "IN THE ALE-HOUSE."

principal model, but his large joviality was transformed into a chastened merriment, and his broad laughter into a discreet smile. Braekeleer's peasantry and proletariat are of an idyllic mildness; honest, pious souls who, with all their poverty, are as moral as they are happy. *Henri Coene* elaborated such themes as "Oh, what beautiful Grapes!" or "A Pinch of Snuff for the Parson!"

It is the merit of Madou to have extended Belgian *genre* painting somewhat beyond these narrow bounds, and to have set a greater variety of types verging more on reality in the place of that everlasting honest man painted by Ferdinand de Braekeleer. *Madou* was a native of Brussels. There he was born in 1796, and he died there in 1877. When he began his career, Wappers had just made his appearance. Madou witnessed his successes, but did not feel tempted to follow him. Whilst the latter in his large pictures in the grand style aimed at being Rubens *redivivus*, Madou embodied his ideas in fleeting pencil sketches. A great number of lithographs of scenes from the past bore witness to his conception of history. There was

[*Madou del., sc.*

MADOU: "THE DRUNKARD"

nothing in them that was dignified, nothing that was stilted, no idealism and no beauty; in their tabards and helmets the figures moved with the natural gestures of ordinary human beings. By the side of great seigneurs, princes, and knights, and amid helmets and hose, drunken scoundrels, tavern politicians, and village cretins started into view, and grimaced and danced and scuffled. In Belgium his plates occupy a position similar to that of the first lithographs of Menzel in Germany. But Madou lingered for a still briefer period in the Pantheon of history; the tavern had for him a yet greater attraction. The humorous books which he published in Paris and Brussels first showed him in his true light. And having busied himself exclusively with drawings during several years, he made his *début* in 1842 as a painter. Difficult it is to decide how much Madou produced after that date. The long period between 1842 and 1877 is a crowded chronicle of his works. Even in the seventies he was just as vigorous as at the

beginning, and though he was regarded as a jester during his lifetime he was honoured as a great painter after his death. At the auction of his unsold works pictures went at 22,000 francs, sketches for 3,200, water-colours for 2,150, and drawings for 750. The present generation has reduced this over-estimation to its right measure, but it has not shaken Madou's historical importance. He has a firm position as the man who conquered modern life in the interests of Belgian art, and he is the more significant for the *genre* painting of his age as he eclipsed all his contemporaries, even in Germany and England, in the inexhaustible fund of his invention.

A merry world is reflected in his pictures. One of his most popular figures is the ranger, a sly old fox with a furrowed, rubicund visage and huge ears, who roves about more to the terror of love-making couples than of poachers, and never aims at any one except for fun at the rural justice, a portly gentleman in a gaudy waistcoat, emerging quietly at the far end of the road. Braggarts, unfortunate devils, old grenadiers joking with servant-girls, old marquesses taking snuff with affected dignity, charlatans at their booth, deaf and dumb flute-players, performing dogs, and boys sick over their first pipe are introduced in varied succession. Here and there are fatuous or over-wise politicians solemnly opening a newly printed paper, with their legs straddling out and their glasses resting on their noses. He had a very special regard for drunkards, and here his merriment is irresistible. Rascals with huge paunches and blue noses fall asleep on their table in the ale-house and enliven the rest of the company by their snoring. At times the door is opened and a scolding woman appears with a broom in her hand. On these occasions the countenance of the toper is a comical sight. At the sound of the beloved voice he endeavours to raise himself, and anxiously follows the movements of his better half as he clings reeling to the table, or plants himself more firmly in his chair with a resigned and courageous "*J'y suis, j'y reste.*"

Being less disposed to appear humorous, *Adolf Dillens* makes a more sympathetic impression. He, too, had begun with forced anecdotes, but after a tour to Zealand opened his

eyes to nature; he laid burlesque on one side and depicted what he had seen in unhackneyed pictures: sound and healthy men of patriarchal habits. Even his method of painting became simpler and more natural; his colouring, hitherto borrowed from the old masters, became fresher and brighter. He emancipated himself from Rembrandt's *chiaroscuro*, and began to look at nature without spectacles. There is something poetic in his method of observation: he really loved these good people and painted them in the unadorned simplicity of their life—cheery old age that knows no wrinkles and laughing youth that knows no sorrows. He is indeed one-sided, for a good fairy has banished all trouble from his happy world; but his pictures are the product of a fresh and amiable temperament. His usual themes are a genial session at the ale-house, a conversation beneath the porch, skating, scenes in cobblers' workshops, meetings upon bridges, a gust of wind blowing an umbrella inside out; and if he embellishes them with little episodic details, such as diffident lovers bringing bouquets, pretty girls smoothing their aprons and blushing as they receive a declaration, and enamoured shoemakers taking the measure of their fair customers a little too high over the ankle, this tendency is so innocent that nobody can quarrel with him.

In France it was *François Biard*, the Paul de Kock of French painting, who attained most success in the thirties by humorous anecdote. He devoted his whole life to the comical representation of the minor trespasses and misfortunes of the commonplace *bourgeoisie*. He had the secret of displaying his comicalities with great aptitude, and of mocking at the ridiculous eccentricities of the Philistine in an obvious and downright fashion. The crowd pressed round his pictures although (or because) his *esprit* was of the commonest description. Strolling players made fools of themselves at their toilette; lads were bathing whilst a gendarme carried off their clothes; a sentry saluted a decorated veteran whose wife gratefully acknowledged the attention with a curtsey; the village grandee held a review of volunteers with the most pompous gravity; a child was exhibited at the piano to the admiration of its yawning

relatives. One of his chief pictures was called "Posada Espagnol." The hero was a monk winking at a beauty of forty who was passing by while he was being shaved. Women were sitting and standing about, when a herd of swine dashing in threw everything over and put the ladies to flight, and so called forth one of those comic effects of terror in which Paul de Kock took such delight.

Biard was inexhaustible in these expedients for provoking laughter; and as he had travelled far he had always in reserve a slave-market, a primeval forest, or an ice-field to appease the curiosity of his admirers when there was nothing more to laugh at. From the German standpoint he had importance as an artist whose flow of ideas would have furnished ten *genre* painters; and if he is the only representative of the humorously anecdotic picture in France, the reason is that there earlier than elsewhere art was led into a more earnest course by the tumult of ideas on social politics.

CHAPTER XXII

THE PICTURE WITH A SOCIAL PURPOSE

Why it was that modern life in all countries first entered into art only under the form of humorous anecdote.—The conventional optimism of these pictures comes into conflict with the revolutionary temper of the age.—France: Delacroix' "Freedom," Jeanron, Antigna, Adolphe Leleux, Meissonier's "Barricade," Octave Tassaert.—Germany: Gisbert Flüggen, Carl Hübner.—Belgium: Eugène de Block, Antoine Wiertz.

THAT modern life first entered art, in all countries, under the form of humorous anecdote, is partly the consequence of the one-sided æsthetic ideas of the period. In an age that was dominated by idealism it was forgotten that Murillo had painted lame beggars sitting in the sun, Velasquez cripples and drunkards, and Holbein lepers; that Rembrandt had so much love for humble folk, and old Breughel with a strangely sombre pessimism turned the whole world into a terrible hospital. The modern man was hideous, and art demanded "absolute beauty." If he was to be introduced into painting, despite his want of *beauté suprême*, the only way was to treat him as a humorous figure which had to be handled ironically. Mercantile considerations were also a power in determining this form of humour. At a time when painting was forced to address itself to a public which was wanting in artistic cultivation, and could only appreciate anecdotes, such comicalities had the best prospect of favour and rapid sale. The object was to provoke laughter, at all hazards, by drollness of mien, typical stupidity, and absurdity of situation. The choice of figures was practically made according as they were more or less serviceable for a

humorous purpose. Children, rustics, and provincial Philistines seemed to be most adapted to it. The painter treated them as strange and naïve beings, and brought them before the public as a sort of performing dogs, who could go through remarkable tricks just as if they were human beings. And the public laughed over whimsical oddities from another world as the courtiers of Louis XIV. had laughed in Versailles when M. Jourdain and M. Dimanche were acted by the king's servants upon the stage of Molière.

Meanwhile painters gradually came to remark that this humour *à l'huile* was bought at too dear a price. For humour, which is like a soap-bubble, can only bear a light method of representation, such as Hokusai's drawing or Brouwer's painting, but becomes insupportable where it is offered as a laborious composition executed with painstaking realism. And ethical reasons made themselves felt independently of these artistic considerations.

The drollness of these pictures did not spring from the characters, but from an effort to amuse the public at the expense of the painted figures. As a general rule a peasant is a serious, square-built, angular fellow. For his existence he does battle with the soil; his life is no pleasure to him, but hard toil. But in these pictures he appeared as a figure who had no aim or purport; in his brain the earnestness of life was transformed into a romping game. Painters laughed at the little world which they represented. They were not the friends of man, but parodied him and transformed the world into a Punch and Judy show.

And even when they did not approach their figures with deliberate irony, they never dreamed of plunging with any sincere love of truth into the depths of modern life. They painted modern matter without taking part in it, like good children who know nothing of the bitter facts that take place in the world. When the old Dutch painters laughed, their laughter had its historical justification. In the pictures of Ostade and Dirk Hals there is seen all the primitive exuberance and wild joy of life belonging to a people who had just won

their independence and abandoned themselves after long years of war with a sensuous transport to the gladness of existence. But the smile of these modern *genre* painters is forced, conventional, and artificial. The smile it was of a later generation which only took the trouble of smiling because the old Dutch had laughed before them. They put on rose-coloured glasses, and through these gaudy spectacles saw only a gay masque of life, a fair but hollow deception. They allowed their heroes to pass such a merry existence that the question of what they lived upon was never touched. When they painted their tavern pictures they anxiously suppressed the thought that people who drained their great mugs so carelessly possibly had sick children at home, hungry and perishing with cold in a room without a fire. Their peasants are the favoured sons of fortune: they sowed not, neither did they reap, nor gathered into barns, but their Heavenly Father fed them. Poverty and vice presented themselves merely as amiable weaknesses, not as great modern problems.

Just at this time the way was being paved for the Revolution of 1848: the people fought and suffered, and for years past literature had taken part in this struggle. Before the Revolution the battle had been between the nobility and the middle class; but now that the latter had to some extent taken the place of the nobility of earlier days, there rose the mighty problem of strife between the unproductive and the productive, between rich and poor.

In England, the birthplace of the modern capitalistic system, in a country where great industry and great landed property first ousted the independent yeomanry and called forth ever sharper division between those who possessed everything and those who possessed nothing, the sphinx question of the nineteenth century found its earliest utterance. More than sixty years ago, in the year of Goethe's death, a new literature arose there, the literature of social politics. With Ebenezer Eliot, who had been himself a plain working hand, the Fourth Estate made its entry into literature; a workman led the train of socialistic poets. Thomas Hood wrote his *Song of the Shirt*, that lyric of

the poor sempstress which soon went all over the Continent. Carlyle, the friend and admirer of Goethe, came forward in 1843 as the burning advocate of the poor and miserable in *Past and Present.* He wrote there that this world was no home to the working-man, but a dreary dungeon full of mad and fruitless plagues. It was an utterance that shook the world like a bomb. Benjamin Disraeli's *Sybil* followed in 1845. As a novel it is a strange mixture of romantic and naturalistic chapters, the latter seeming like a prophetic announcement of Zola's *Germinal.* As a reporter Charles Dickens had in his youth the opportunity of learning the wretchedness of the masses in London, even in the places where they lurked distrustfully in dark haunts. In his Christmas stories and his London sketches he worked these scenes of social distress into thrilling pictures. The poor man, whose life is made up of bitter weeks and scanty holidays, received his citizenship in the English novel.

In France the year 1830 was an end and a beginning—the close of the struggles begun in 1789, and the opening of those which led to the decisive battle of 1848. With the *roi bourgeois* whom Lafayette called "the best of republicans," the Third Estate came into possession of the position to which it had long aspired; it rose from the ranks of the oppressed to that of the privileged classes. As a new ruling class it made such abundant capital with the fruits of the Revolution of July, that even in 1830 Börne wrote from Paris: "The men who fought against all aristocracy for fifteen years have scarcely conquered—they have not yet wiped the sweat from their faces—and already they want to found for themselves a new aristocracy, an aristocracy of money, a knighthood of fortune." To the same purpose wrote Heine in 1837: "The men of thought who, during the eighteenth century, were so indefatigable in preparing the Revolution, would blush if they saw how self-interest is building its miserable huts on the site of palaces that have been broken down, and how, out of these huts, a new aristocracy is sprouting up, which, more ungraciously than the old, has its final cause in money-making."

There the radical ideas of modern socialism were touched. The proletariat and its misery became henceforward the subject

of French poetry, though they were not observed with any naturalistic love of truth, but from the romantic standpoint of contrast. Béranger, the popular singer of *chansons*, composed his *Vieux Vagabond*, the song of the old beggar who dies in the gutter; Auguste Barbier wrote his Ode to Freedom, where *la sainte canaille* are celebrated as immortal heroes, and with the scorn of Juvenal "lashes those who drew profit from the Revolution, those *bourgeois* in kid gloves who watched the sanguinary street fights comfortably from the window." In 1842-43 Eugène Sue published his *Mystères de Paris*, a forbidding and nonsensical book, but one which made an extraordinary sensation, just because of the disgusting openness with which it unveiled the life of the lower strata of the people. Even the great spirits of the Romantic school began to follow the social and political strife of the age with deep emotion and close sympathy. Already in the course of the thirties socialistic ideas forced their way into the Romantic school from every side. Their source was Saint Simon, whose doctrines first found a wide circulation under Louis Philippe.

According to Saint Simon the task of the new Christianity consisted in improving as quickly as possible the fate of the class which was at once the poorest and the most numerous. His pupils regarded him as the Messiah of the new era, and went forth into the world as his disciples. George Sand, the boldest feminine genius in the literature of the world, mastered these seething ideas and founded the artisan novel in her *Compagnon du Tour de France*. It is the first book with a real love of the people—the people as they actually are, those who drink and commit deeds of violence as well as those who work and make mental progress. In her periodical, *L'Éclaireur de l'Indre*, she pleads the cause both of the artisan in great towns and of the rustic labourer; in 1844 she declared herself as a Socialist without qualification in her great essay *Politics and Socialism*, and she brought out her celebrated *Letters to the People* in 1848.

The democratic tide of ideas came to Victor Hugo chiefly through the religious apostle Lamennais, whose book, written in prison, *De l'Esclavage Moderne*, gave the same fuel to the

[*Stoeber sc.*

DANHAUSER: "THE GORMANDIZER."

Revolution of 1848 as the works of Rousseau had done to that of 1789. "The peasant bears the whole burden of the day, exposes himself to rain and sun and wind, to make ready by his work the harvest which fills our barns in the late autumn. If there are those who think the lighter of him on that account, and will not accord him freedom and justice, build a high wall round them, so that their stinking breath may not poison the air of Europe." From the forties there mutters through Hugo's poems the muffled sound of the Revolution which was soon to burst over Paris, and thence to move, like a rolling thunderstorm, across Europe. In place of the tricolor under which the *bourgeoisie* and the artisan class had fought side by side eighteen years before, the banner of the artisan was hoisted blood-red against the ruling *bourgeoisie*.

This *Zeitgeist*, this spirit of the age which had grown earnest, necessarily guided art into another course; the painted humour and childlike optimism of the first *genre* painters began to turn out a lie. In spite of Schiller, art cannot be blithe with sincerity when life is earnest. It can laugh with the muscles of the face, but the laughter is toneless; it may haughtily

declare itself in favour of some consecrated precinct, in which nothing of the battles and struggles of the outside world is allowed to echo; but for all that harsh reality demands its rights. Josef Danhauser's modest little picture of 1836, "The Gormandizer," is an illustration of this. In a sumptuously furnished room a company of high station and easy circumstances are seated at dinner. The master of the house, a sleek little man, is draining his glass, and a young dandy is playing the guitar. But an unwelcome disturbance breaks in. The figure of a beggar, covered with rags and with a greasy hat in his hand, appears at the door. The ladies scream, and a dog springs barking from under a chair, whilst the flunky in attendance angrily prepares to send the impudent intruder about his business. That was the position which art had hitherto taken up towards the social question. It shrank peevishly back as soon as a piece of rude and brutal reality disturbed its peaceful course. People wished merely to see cheerful pictures of life around them.

For this reason peasants were invariably painted in neat and cleanly dress, with their faces beaming with joy, an embodiment of the blessing of work and the delights of country life. Even beggars were harmless, peacefully cheerful figures, sparkling with health and beauty, and enveloped in æsthetic rags. But as political, religious, and social movements have always had a vivid and forcible effect on artists, painters in the nineteenth century could not in the long run hold themselves aloof from this influence. The voice of the disinherited made itself heard sullenly muttering and with ever-increasing strength. The parable of Lazarus lying at the threshold of the rich man had become a terrible reality. Conflict was to be seen everywhere around, and it would have been mere hardness of heart to have used this suffering people any longer as an agreeable subject for merriment. A higher conception of humanity, the entire philanthropic character of the age, made the jests at which the world had laughed seem forced and tasteless. Modern life must cease altogether before it can be a humorous episode for art, and it had become

earnest reality through and through. Painting could no longer affect trivial humour; it had to join issue, and speak of what was going on around it. It had to take its part in the struggle for aims that belonged to the immediate time.

Powerfully impressed by the Revolution of July, it made its first advance. The Government had been thrown down after a blood-stained struggle and a liberated people were exulting; and the next Salon showed more than forty representations of the great events, amongst which that of *Delacroix* took the highest place in artistic impressiveness. The principal figure in his picture is "a youthful woman, with a red Phrygian cap, holding a musket in one hand and a tricolor in the other. Naked to the hip, she strides forward over the corpses, giving challenge to battle, a beautiful vehement body with a face in bold profile and an insolent grief upon her features, a strange mixture of Phryne, *poissarde*, and the goddess of Liberty." Thus has Heine described the work while still under a vivid impression of the event it portrayed. In the thick of the powder smoke stands "Liberty" upon the barricade, at her right a Parisian *gamin* with a pistol in his hand, a child but already a hero, at her left an artisan with a gun on his arm: it is the people that hastens by, exulting to die the death for the great ideas of liberty and equality.

The painter himself had an entirely unpolitical mind. He had drawn his inspiration for the picture, not from experience, but out of *La Curée*, those verses of Auguste Barbier that are ablaze with wrath:—

"C'est que la Liberté n'est pas une comtesse
Du noble faubourg Saint-Germain,
Une femme qu'un cri fait tomber en faiblesse,
Qui met du blanc et du carmin;
C'est une forte femme aux puissantes mamelles,
À la voix rauque, aux durs appas,
Qui, du brun sur la peau, du feu dans les prunelles,
Agile et marchant à grands pas,
Se plait aux cris du peuple, aux sanglantes mêlées,
Aux longs roulements des tambours,
À l'odeur de la poudre, aux lointaines volées
Des cloches et des canons sourds."

And by this allegorical figure he has certainly weakened its grip and directness; but it was a bold naturalistic achievement all the same. By this work the great Romanticist became the father of the naturalistic movement, which henceforward, supported by the revolutionary democratic press, spread more and more widely.

LELEUX: "MOT D'ORDRE."

The critics on these journals began to reproach painters with troubling themselves too little about social and political affairs. "The actuality and social significance of art," it was written, "is the principal thing. What is meant by Beauty? We demand that painting should influence society, and join in the work of progress. Everything else belongs to the domain of Utopias and abstractions." The place of whimsicalities is accordingly taken by sentimental and melodramatic scenes from the life of the poor. Rendered enthusiastic by the victory of the people, and inspired by democratic sentiments, some painters came to believe that the sufferings of the artisan class were the thing to be represented, and that there was nothing nobler than work.

One of the first to give an example was *Jeanron*. His

L'Art français.]
MEISSONIER: "BARRICADE."

picture of "The Little Patriots," produced in connection with the Revolution of July, was a glorification of the struggle for freedom; his "Scene in Paris" a protest against the sufferings of the people. He sought his models amongst the poor of the suburb, painted their ragged clothes and their rugged heads without idealization. For him the aim of art was not beauty but the expression of truth—a truth, no doubt, which made political propaganda. It was Jeanron's purpose to have a socialistic influence. One sees it in his blacksmiths and peasants and in that picture "The Worker's Rest" which in 1847 induced Thoré's utterance: "It is a melancholy and barren landscape from the neighbourhood of Paris, a plebeian landscape which hardly seems to belong to itself, and which gives up all pretensions to beauty, merely to be of service to man. Jeanron is always plebeian, even in his landscapes: he loves the plains which are never allowed to repose, on which there is always labour; there are no beautiful flowers in his fields, as there is no gold ornament on the rags of his beggars and labourers."

And afterwards, during the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe, when the tendency became once more latent, the Revolution of February worked out what the Revolution of July

L'Art.]
OCTAVE TASSAERT.

had begun. Mediocre painters like Antigna became famous, because they bewailed the sorrows of the "common man" in small and medium-sized pictures. Others began to display a greater interest in rustics and to take them more seriously than they had done in earlier works. *Adolphe Leleux* made studies in Brittany and discovered earnest episodes in the daily life of the peasant, which he rendered with great actuality. And after sliding back into Romanticism, as he did with his Arragon smugglers, he enjoyed his chief success in 1849 with that picture at the Luxembourg, to which he was incited by the sad aspect of the streets of Paris during the rising of 1848. The men who, driven by hunger and misery, fought upon the barricades may be found in Leleux' "Mot d'Ordre."

After the *coup d'état* of 1851 even *Meissonier*, till then exclusively a painter of rococo subjects, encroached on this province. In his picture of the barricades (2 December, 1851) heaps of corpses are lying stretched out in postures which could not have been merely invented. The execution, too, has a nervous force which betrays that even so calculating a spirit as Meissonier was at one time moved and agitated. In his little smokers and scholars and waiting-men he is an adroit but cold-blooded painter: here he has really delivered himself of a modern epic. His "Barricade" (formerly in the Van Praet Collection) is the one thrilling note in the master's work, which was elsewhere so quiet. *Alexandre Antigna*, originally an historical painter, went from historical disasters to those which take place in the life of the lower strata of the people. A dwelling of a poor family is struck by lightning; poor people pack up their meagre goods with the haste of despair on the outbreak of fire; peasants seek refuge from a flood upon the roof of their little house; petty

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]
TASSAERT: "THE ORPHANS."

shopkeepers are driving with their wares across the country, when their nag drops down dead in the shafts; or an old crone, cowering at the street-corner, receives the pence which her little daughter has earned by playing on the fiddle.

But the artist in whose works the philanthropic if sentimental humour of the epoch is specially reflected is that remarkable painter, made up of contradictions, *Octave Tassaert*; deriving at one and the same time from Greuze, Fragonard, and Prudhon, he painted subjects mythological, ribald, and religious, boudoir pictures and scenes of human misery. Tassaert was a Fleming, a grandson of that Tassaert who died as director of the Berlin Academy in 1788, and educated Gottfried Schadow. His name has been for the most part forgotten; it awakes only a dim recollection in those who see "The Unhappy Family" in the Luxembourg *Musée*. But forty years ago he was amongst the most advanced of his day, and enjoyed the respect of men like Delacroix, Rousseau, Troyon, and Diaz. He took Chardin and Greuze as his models, and is a real master in talent. He was the poet of the suburbs who spoke in tender complaining tones of the hopes and sufferings of humble people. He painted the elegy of wretchedness: suicide in narrow garrets, sick children, orphans freezing in the snow, seduced and more or less repentant maidens—a sad train. He was called the Correggio of the attic, the Prudhon of the suburbs. His labours are confined to eleven years, from 1846 to 1857. After that he sent no more to the Salon and

sulkily withdrew from artistic life. He had no wish ever to see his pictures again, and sold them—forty-four altogether—to a dealer for two thousand francs and a cask of wine. With a glass in his hand he forgot his misanthropy. He lived almost unknown in a little house in the suburbs with a nightingale and a dog, and a little shop-girl.

Paris: Baschet.]

TASSAERT: "AFTER THE BALL."

(By permission of M. Henri Rouart, the owner of the picture.)

But his nightingale died, and then the dog, who should have followed at his funeral. He could not survive the blow. He broke his palette, threw his colours into the fire, lit a pan of charcoal that he might die like "The Unhappy Family," and was found suffocated on the following day. On a scrap of paper he had written, without regard to metre or orthography, a few verses to his nightingale and his dog.

There is much that is magniloquent and sentimental in Tassaert's pictures. His poor women perish with the big eyes of the heroines of Ary Scheffer. Nevertheless he belongs to the advance line of modern art, and suffered shipwreck merely because he gave the signal too early. The sad reality prevails in his work. Merciless as a surgeon operating on a diseased limb, he made a dissecting room of his art, which is often brutal where his brush probes the deepest wounds of civilization. There is nothing in his pictures but wretched broken furniture, stitched rags, and pale faces, where toil and hunger have ploughed their terrible furrows. He painted the degeneration of man for whom light and air are failing, and, himself a Fleming, he has found his greatest follower in another Netherlander,

TASSAERT: "THE UNHAPPY FAMILY."

Charles de Groux, whose sombre pessimism dominates modern Belgian art.

In Germany, where the socialistic writings of the French and English had a wide circulation, *Gisbert Flüggen* in Munich, known as the German Wilkie, was perhaps the first who as early as the forties went somewhat further than the humorous representation of rustics, and entered into a certain relation with the social ideas of his age in such pictures as "The Interrupted Marriage Contract," "The Unlucky Gamester," "The *Mésalliance*," "Decision of the Suit," "The Disappointed Legacy-Hunter," "The Execution for Rent," and the like. Under his influence Danhauser in Vienna deserted whimsicalities for the representation of social conflicts in middle-class life. To say nothing of his "Gormandizer," he did this in "The Opening of the Will," where in a somewhat obtrusive manner the rich relations of the deceased are grouped to the right and the poor relations to the left, the former rubicund, sleek, and insolent, the latter pale, spare, and needily clad. An estimable priest is reading the last testament, and informs the poor relatives with a benevolent smile that the inheritance is theirs, whereon the rich give way to transports of rage.

Yet more clearly, although similarly transposed into a

F. Hanfstängl galv.]

FLÜGGEN: "THE DECISION OF THE SUIT."

sentimental key, is the mood of the time just previous to 1848, reflected in the works of *Carl Hübner* of Düsseldorf. Ernest Wilkomm in the beginning of the forties had represented in his sensational *genre* pictures, particularly in the "White Slaves," the contrast between afflicted serfs and cruel landlords, between rich manufacturers and famishing artisans; Robert Prutz had written his *Engelchen*, in which he had announced the ruin of independent handicraft by the modern industrial system. Soon afterwards the famine among the Silesian weavers, the intelligence of which in 1844 flew through all Germany, set numbers of people reflecting on the social question. Freiligrath made it the subject of his verses, *Aus dem Schlesischen Gebirge*, the song of the poor weaver's child who calls on Rübezahl—one of his most popular poems. And yet more decisively does the social and revolutionary temper of the age find an echo in Heine's *Webern*, composed in 1844. Even Geibel was impelled to his

Berlin: Schuster.] [*C. Wildt litho.*

HÜBNER: "THE EMIGRANTS."

poem *Mene Tekel* by the spread of the news, though it stands in curious opposition to his manner of writing elsewhere. Carl Hübner therefore was acting very seasonably when he likewise treated the distress of the Silesian weavers in his first picture of 1845.

Hübner knew the life of the poor and the heavy-laden; his feelings were with them, and he expressed what he felt. This gives him a position apart in the insipidly smiling school of Düsseldorf, and sets his name at the beginning of a new chapter in the history of German *genre* painting. His next picture, "The Game Laws," sprang from an occasion which was quite as historical: a gamekeeper had shot a poacher. In 1846 followed "The Emigrants," "The Execution for Rent" in 1847, and in 1848 "Benevolence in the Cottage of the Poor." These were works in which he continued to complain of the misery of the working-classes, and the contrast between ostentatious wealth and helpless wretchedness, and to preach the crusade

for liberty and human rights. In opposition to the usual idyllic representations, he spoke openly for the first time of the material weight oppressing large classes of men. Undoubtedly, however, the artistic powers of the painter corresponded but little to the good intentions of the philanthropist.

In 1853 even the historical painter Piloty entered this path in one of his earliest pictures, "The Nurse:" the picture represents a peasant-girl in service as a nurse in the town, with her charge on her arm entering the dirty house of an old woman, with whom she is boarding her own child. The rich child already dressed out like a little lady is exuberant in health, whilst her own is languishing in a dark and cold room without food or warm clothing.

In Belgium *Eugène de Block* first took up these lines. He is an artist of an interesting physiognomy who went through various transformations. First he had come forward in 1836 with the representation of a brawl amongst peasants, a picture which contrasted with the tameness of contemporary painting by a native power suggestive of Brouwer. Then, following the example of Madou and Braekeleer, he occupied himself for a long time with quips and jests. At a time when every one had a type to which he remained true as long as he lived, Block chose poachers and gamekeepers, and represented their mutual cunning, now enveloping them, after the example of Braekeleer, in the golden light and brown shadows of Ostade, now throwing over them a tinge of Gallait's cardinal red. But this forced humour did not satisfy him long; he let comicalities alone and became the serious observer of the people. A tender compassion for the poor may be noticed in his works, though without doubt it often turns to a tearful sentimentalism. He was an apostle of humanity who thundered against pauperism and set himself up as spokesman on the social question; a tribune of the people, who by his actions confirmed his reputation as a democratic painter. This it is which places him near that other socialistic agitator who in those days was filling Brussels with his fame.

It was in 1835 that a young man wrote to one of his

relatives from Italy the proud words: "I will measure my strength with Rubens and Michael-Angelo."

Having gained the *Prix de Rome*, he was enabled to make a sojourn in the Eternal City. He was thinking of his return. There lived in him a lofty ambition; and he dreamed of the fame of the old masters. As a victor he made an entry into his native land, into the good town of Dinant, which received him like a mother. He was accompanied by a huge roll of canvas like a declaration of war. But he needed a larger battle-field for his plans. "I imagine," said he, "that the universe has its eyes upon me." So he went on to Paris with his "Patroclus" and a few other pictures. No less than six thousand artists had seen the work in Rome: a prince of art, Thorwaldsen, had said when he beheld it: "This young man is a giant." And the young man was himself of that opinion. With the gait of a conqueror he entered Paris, in the belief that artists would line the streets to receive him. But when the portals of the *Salon* of 1839 were opened he did not see his picture there. It was skied over a door, and no one noticed it. Theophile Gautier, Gustave Planche, and Bürger-Thoré wrote their articles without mentioning it with one word of praise or blame.

For one moment he thought of exhibiting it out of doors in front of the Louvre, of calling together a popular assembly and summoning all France to decide. But an application to the minister was met with a refusal, and he returned to Brussels hanging his head. There he puffed his masterpiece, "The Fight round the Body of Patroclus," in magniloquent phrases upon huge placards. A poet exclaimed, "Hats off: here is a new Homer." The *Moniteur* gave him a couple of articles. But when the Exhibition came, artists were again unable to know what to make of it.[1] The majority were of an opinion that Michael-Angelo was brutally parodied by these swollen muscles and distorted limbs. And no earthquake disturbed the studios, as the painter had expected. However he was awarded a bronze medal and thanked in an honest citizen-like fashion "for the distinguished talent which he had displayed."

Then his whole pride revolted. He circulated caricatures and cried out, "This medal will be an eternal blot on the century." Then he published in the *Charivari* an open letter to the king. "Michael - Angelo," he wrote, "never allowed himself to pass final judgment on the works of contemporary artists, and so His Majesty, who hardly understands as much about art as Michael-Angelo, would do well not to decide on the worth of modern pictures after a passing glance."

ANTOINE WIERTZ.

Antoine Wiertz, the son of a gendarme who had once been a soldier of the great Republic, was born in Dinant in 1806. By his mother he was a Walloon, and he had German blood in him through his father, whose family had originally come from Saxony. German moral philosophy and treatises on education had formed the reading of his youthful years. He had not to complain of want of assistance. At the declaration of Belgian independence he was five-and-twenty; so his maturity fell in the proud epoch when the young nation laid out everything to add artistic to political splendour. Even as a boy he was cherished as an idol by his parents, the old gendarme and the honest charwoman, of whom he was the only child. His first attempts were regarded by his family as marvels. The neighbours were in raptures over a frog he had modelled, "which looked just as if it were alive." The landlord of a tavern ordered a sign-board from him, and when it was finished the whole population stood before it in

admiration. A certain Herr Maibe, who was artistically inclined, had his attention fixed on the young genius, undertook all the expenses of his education, and sent him to the Antwerp Academy. There he obtained a government scholarship and gained in 1832 the *Prix de Rome*. From the first he was quite clear as to his own importance.

Even as a pupil at the Antwerp Academy he wrote in a letter to his father contemptuously of his fellow-students' reverence for the old masters. "They imagine," said he, "that the old masters are invincible gods, and not men whom genius may surpass." And instead of admonishing him to be modest, his father answered with pride: "Be a model to the youth of the future, so that in later centuries young painters may say, 'I will raise myself to fame as the great Wiertz did in Belgium.'" Such dangerous incense would have affected stronger characters. It needed only the Italian journey to set him altogether astray. Michael-Angelo made him giddy, as had been the case with Cornelius, Chenavard, and many another. With all the ambition of a self-taught man he held every touch of his brush to be important, and was indignant if others refused to do the same. After his failures in Paris and Brussels he began to find high treason in every criticism, and started a competition on "the pernicious influence of journalism upon art and literature." We find him saying: "If any one writes ill of me when I am dead, I will rise from the grave to defend myself."

In his hatred of criticism he resolved to exhibit no more, lived a miserable existence till his death in 1865, and painted hasty and careless portraits, *pour la soupe*, when he was in pressing need of money. These brought him at first from three to four hundred, and later a thousand francs. He indulged in colossal sketches, for the completion of which the State built him in 1850 a tremendous studio, the present *Musée Wiertz*. It is that white building to the extreme north of the town, which rises a few hundred paces from the Luxembourg station, in the midst of a beautiful though rather neglected little park, and to the pillared portal of which the ascent is made by a broad perron. Here he sat in a fantastically

gorgeous costume, without ever laying aside his great Rubens hat. Philanthropic lectures on this world and the next, on popular well-being and the diseases of modern civilization, were the fruits of his activity. And whoever loves painting for painting's sake need never visit the museum.

There there are battles, conflagrations, floods, and earthquakes; heaven and earth are in commotion. Giants heave rocks at one another, and try, like Jupiter, to shake the earth with their frown. All of them delight in force, and bring their muscles into play like athletes. But the painter himself is no athlete, no giant as Thorwaldsen called him, and no genius as he fancied himself to be. *Le singe des génies*, he conceived the notion of "great art" purely in its relation to space, and believed himself greater than the greatest since his canvases were of greater dimensions. When the ministry thought of making him Director of the Antwerp Academy after the departure of Wappers, he wrote the following characteristic sentences: "I gather from the newspapers that I may be offered the place of Wappers. If in the moment when the profound philosopher is pondering over sublime ideas people said to him, Will you teach us the A B C? I believe that he who was dwelling in the clouds would fall straight from heaven to earth." Living in an atmosphere of flattery at home, and overpowered by the incense which was there offered to his genius, he could not set himself free from the fixed idea of competing with Michael-Angelo and Rubens. Below his picture of "The Childhood of Mary" he placed the words: "Counterpart to the picture by Rubens in Antwerp treating the same subject." He offered his "Triumph of Christ" to the cathedral there under the condition of its being hung beside Rubens' "Descent from the Cross." "The Rising up of Hell" he wished to exhibit of an evening in the theatre when it was opened for a performance. During the waits the audience was to contemplate the picture while a choir sang with orchestral accompaniment. But all these offers were declined with thanks.

Such failures make men pessimists; but it was through them that Wiertz, after being an historical painter, became the

WIERTZ: "A SCENE IN HELL."

child of his age. He began to hurl thunderbolts against the evils of modern civilization. He preaches and lashes and curses and suffers. The forms of which he makes use are borrowed from the old masters. The man of Michael-Angelo, with his athletic build, his gigantic muscles, his nude body, the man of the Renaissance, and not the man of the nineteenth century, strides through his works; but in their substance the modern spirit has broken through the old formula. All the questions which have been thrown out by the philosophy and civilization of the nineteenth century are reflected as vast problems in his vast pictures. He fashions his brush into a weapon with which he fights for the disinherited, for the pariahs, for the people. He is bent on being the painter of democracy—a great danger for art.

He agitates in an impassioned way against the horrors of war. His picture "Food for Powder" begins this crusade. On

American Art Review.]

WIERTZ: "THE ORPHANS."

the wall of a fortress a cannon is lying, and for the moment out of use; and around this slumbering iron monster children are playing at soldiers, with no suspicion that their sport will soon be turned into bitter earnest, and that in war they will themselves become food for this demon. In another picture, "The Civilization of the Nineteenth Century," soldiers intoxicated with blood and victory have broken into a chamber by night and are stabbing a mother with her child. A third, "The Last Cannon Shot," hints dimly at the future pacification of the world. "A Scene in Hell," however, is the chief of the effusions directed against war. The Emperor Napoleon in his grey coat and his historical three-cornered hat is languishing in hell; wavering flames envelop him as with a flowing purple mantle, and an innumerable multitude of mothers and sisters, wives and betrothed maidens, children and fathers, from whom he has taken their dearest are pressing round him. Fists are clenched

Brussels: Bruyllant.]

WIERTZ: "THE FIGHT ROUND THE BODY OF PATROCLUS."

against him and screams issue from toothless, raging mouths. He, on the other hand, with his arms crossed on his breast, and his haughty visage stern and gloomy, stands motionless, looking fixedly with Satanic eyes upon the thousands whose happiness he has destroyed.

In his "Thoughts and Visions of a Decapitated Head," Wiertz, moved by Victor Hugo's *Le dernier jour d'un condamné*, makes capital punishment a subject of more lengthy disquisition. The picture, which is made up of three parts, is supposed to represent the feelings of a man who has been guillotined, during the first three minutes after execution. The border of the picture contains a complete dissertation: "The man who has suffered execution sees his body dried up and in corruption in a dark corner; and sees, also, what it is only given to spirits of another world to perceive, the secrets of the transmutation of substance. He sees all the gases which have formed his body, and its sulphurous, earthy, and ammoniacal elements, detach themselves from his decaying flesh and serve for the structure of other living beings. . . . When that abominable instrument the guillotine is one day really abolished, may God be praised," and so on.

Beside this painted plea against capital punishment hangs "The Burnt Child," as an argument in favour of *crêches*. A poor working-woman has for one moment left her garret. Meanwhile a fire has broken out, and she returns to find the charred body of her boy. In the picture "Hunger, Madness, and Crime" he treats of human misery in general and touches on the question of the rearing of illegitimate children. There is a young girl forced to live on the carrots which a rich man throws into the gutter. In consequence of a notification to pay taxes she goes out of her mind, and with hellish laughter cuts to pieces the baby who has brought her to ruin. Cremation is recommended in the picture "Buried too soon:" there is a vault, and in it a coffin, the lid of which has been burst open from the inside; through the cleft may be seen a clutched hand, and, in the darkness of the coffin, the horror-stricken countenance of one who is crying for help in weak accents.

In the "Novel-Reader" he endeavours to show the baneful influence of vicious reading upon the imagination of a girl. She is lying naked in bed, with loosened hair and a book in her hand; her eyes are reddened with hysterical tears, and an evil spirit is laying a new book on the couch, *Antonine*, by Alexandre Dumas *Fils*. "The Retort of a Belgian Lady"—an anticipation of Neid—glorifies homicide committed in the defence of honour. A Dutch officer having taken liberties with a Belgian woman, she shatters his head with a pistol shot. And in "The Suicide" the fragments of a skull may be seen flying in all directions. How the young man who has just destroyed himself came to this pass may be gathered from the book which lies on his table and is entitled *Materialism*. And thus he goes on, though the spectator does not acquire a taste for inclining a more serious ear to these lectures. For although the intentions of Wiertz had now and then a touch of the sublime, he was neither clear as to the limits of what could be represented nor did he possess the capacity of expressing what he wished in artistic forms. Like many a German painter of those years, he was a philosopher of the

brush, a disguised scholar who wrote out his thoughts in oils instead of ink.

Wiertz made painting a vehicle for more than it can render as painting: with him it begins to dogmatize; it is a book, and it awakens a regret that this rich mind was lost to authorship. There he might, perhaps, have done much that was useful towards solving the social and philosophical questions of the present; as he is, he has nothing to offer the understanding, and offends the eye. A human brain with both great and trivial ideas lays itself bare. But, like Cornelius, from the mere fulness of his ideas he was unable to give them artistic execution. He groped from Michael-Angelo to Rubens, and from Raphael to Ary Scheffer, without suspecting that the artistic utterance of all these masters had been an individual gift. One of his biographers, L. Watteau, relates in the introductory chapter, where he speaks of the child's education, that Wiertz could write perfectly when he was but four years of age. "From that time," says his biographer, "he had never any handwriting that he could call his own, but imitated different characters which he came across with deceptive exactitude." Watteau tells this as an enthusiast for Wiertz, and as evidence of his early gifts. As a matter of fact, this anecdote of the boy's talent for imitation indicates his artistic significance in three lines. The man who wrote so much without ever acquiring a hand of his own has covered as a painter hundreds of square metres of canvas with colour without leaving behind him any single work of individuality. The "Scene in Hell" shows at once the stringent line of the Florentines and the wild execution of the Flemish painters in a mixture where each throws the other into relief; he took from Michael-Angelo his stringency of line, and from Rubens his splendour of colour. To demonstrate that fiction of the school of Dumas *Fils* was an instrument of fiendish seduction he contented himself, so far as his technique would allow, with copying the Vienna Io of Correggio, adding a book. His nude woman before a skeleton is as much a copy after Delacroix's "Lever" as it was within his power to make. A picture, "Temps Heureux"—a young man bringing his beloved from her

father's house—is very pretty, but it is copied from Poussin. Whether Titans are at war or men are eating a morsel of bread the types are invariably variations on Apollo and Venus with Greek profiles and the great staring eyes beloved of Ary Scheffer.

The joy which the painter has in colour he did not know, for only colour-blindness could tolerate such discords as his. The diaries which he kept on his travels through France and Holland contain no word of admiration for the old Dutch masters, but only rapturous hymns on Horace Vernet, whose pictures "are the truest in colour and movement." Wiertz had an extraordinary ability in borrowing; but how little did he know what to do with the *disjectis membris poetæ!* There is never any spontaneity in his pictures, never any harmony between their separate parts; all schools and all great geniuses have only helped him to produce what was infinitesimally small. How little he possessed any personally peculiar observation of nature is clearly shown in his portrait heads. And the touch-stone of every painter's capacity for seeing nature is the portrait. Wiertz loved his mother, and was shaken in every fibre of his being when death took her from him. He loved himself even more, and was so proud of the portrait which he made of himself that, like Alexander the Great, he declared it to be the only authentic one in existence.

In the portraits at the Wiertz Museum mother and son are just "human beings in the abstract." He used the good old charwoman, simple dame, to produce an awkward theatrical effect with curtains and draperies. But in the stereotyped character of his portrait he is indeed the very man of his pictures; the fantastic costume in which the fashions of earlier centuries are mingled, and the fatal declamatory attitude which tries to pass off as inspiration what is merely plagiarism, are things which designate the painter as strikingly as they designate the man.

The childish experiment with the painted key which people were to attempt to catch hold of, the trifling with pictures that were to be seen through the key-hole, and with portraits that

changed in expression according as they were seen in full face or in profile, the panoptical surprises with the dog in the niche at which visitors were to be frightened, and the sleeping custodian which was to be taken for a real person—these are things which show the complete impotence of a man richly gifted by nature, only never born to be a painter. The career of Wiertz is an interesting psychological case. He was an abnormal phenomenon, and he cannot be passed over in the history of art, because he was one of the first who treated subjects from modern life in large pictures. Only he is a philanthropic ranter and no artist.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE VILLAGE TALE

Germany: Louis Knaus, Benjamin Vautier, Franz Defregger, Mathias Schmidt, Alois Gabl, Eduard Kurzbauer, Hugo Kauffmann, Wilhelm Riefstahl.—The Comedy of Monks: Eduard Grützner.—Tales of the Exchange and the Manufactory: Ludwig Bokelmann, Ferdinand Brütt.—Germany begins to transmit the principles of genre *painting to other countries.—France: Gustave Brion, Charles Marchal, Jules Breton.—Norway and Sweden stand in union with Düsseldorf: Karl D' Uncker, Wilhelm Wallander, Anders Koskull, Kilian Zoll, Peter Eskilson, August Jernberg, Ferdinand Fagerlin, V. Stoltenberg-Lerche, Hans Dahl.—Hungary fructified by Munich: Ludwig Ebner, Paul Boehm, Otto von Baditz, Koloman Déry, Julius Aggházi, Alexander Bihari, Ignaz Ruskovics, Johann Jankó, Tihamér Margitay, Paul Vagó, Arpad Fessty, Otto Koroknyai, D. Skuteczky.—Difference between these pictures and those of the old Dutch masters.—From Hogarth to Knaus.—Why Hogarth succumbed, and* genre *painting had to become painting pure and simple.—This new basis of art created by the landscapists.*

IN France, Belgium, and England "the apprentice period of interesting subject-matter" was brought to an end by the year 1848. It was only in Germany that narrative *genre* had an aftermath, just as in painting history continued to celebrate her triumphs there when she was being carried to the grave in other countries. After the elder artists, who showed so much zeal in producing perfectly ineffective little pictures, executed with incredible pains and a desperate veracity of detail, there followed, from 1850, a generation who were technically better equipped. They no longer confined themselves to making tentative efforts in the manner of the old masters, but either borrowed their lights directly from the

historical painters in Paris, or were indirectly made familiar with the results of French technique, through Piloty. Subjects of greater refinement were united with a treatment of colour which was less offensive.

The childlike innocence which had given pleasure in Meyerheim and Waldmüller was now thought to be too childlike by far. The merriment which radiated from the pictures of Schroedter or Enhuber found no echo amidst a generation which was tired of exceedingly cheap humour. And the works of Carl Hübner were put aside as lachrymose and sentimental efforts. When the world had issued from the period of Romanticism there was no temptation to be funny over modern life nor to make socialistic propaganda. For after the Revolution of 1848 people had become reconciled with the changed order of affairs and with life as it actually was—its cares and its worries, its mistakes and its sins. It was the time when Berthold Auerbach's village tales ran through so many editions; and, hand in hand with these literary productions, painting also set itself to tell little stories from the life of sundry classes of the people, amongst which rustics were always the most preferable from their picturesqueness of costume.

At the head of this group of artists stands *Louis Knaus*, and if it is difficult to hymn his praises at the present day, that is chiefly because Knaus mostly drew upon that sarcastic and ironical characteristic which is such an unpleasant moral note in the pictures of Hogarth, Schroedter, and Madou. The figures of the old Dutch masters behave as if the glance of no stranger were resting upon them. It is possible to share their joys and sorrows, which are not merely acted. We feel at our ease with them because they regard us as one of them-

[*Holzapfel sc.*

KNAUS: "IN GREAT DISTRESS."

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selves. In Knaus there is always an artificial bond between the figures and the frequenters of the exhibition. They plunge into the greatest extravagances to excite attention, and tickle the spectator to make him laugh, and cry out to move him to tears. With the exception of Wilkie, no *genre* painter has explained his purpose more obtrusively or in greater detail. Even when he paints a portrait, by way of variation, he stands behind with a stick to point with and explains it. On this account the likenesses of Mommsen and Helmholtz in the Berlin National Gallery have become too official. Each of them is visibly conscious that he is being painted for the National Gallery, and by emphasis and the accumulation of external characteristics Knaus took the greatest pains to lift these personalities into types of the nineteenth-century scholar.

Since popular opinion is wont to represent the philologer as one careless of outward appearance, and the investigator of natural philosophy as an elegant man of the world, Mommsen

[*Vogel sc.*

KNAUS: "THE CARD-SHARPERS."

must wear boots which have seen much service, and those of Helmholtz must be of polished leather; the shirt of the one must be genially rumpled, and that of the other must fit him to perfection. By such obvious characterization the Sunday public was satisfied, but those who were represented were really deprived of character. It is not to be supposed that in Mommsen's room the manuscripts of all his principal works would lie so openly upon the writing-table and beneath it, so that every one might see them: it is not probable that his famous white locks would flutter so as he sat at the writing-table. Even the momentary gesture of the hand has in both pictures something obtrusively demonstrative. "Behold, with this pen I have written the history of Rome," says Mommsen. "Behold, there is the famous ophthalmeter which I invented," says Helmholtz.

But as a *genre* painter Knaus has fallen more often into such intolerable stage gesticulation. The picture "His Highness

[*Girardet sc.*

KNAUS: "THE GOLDEN WEDDING."

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upon his Travels" is usually mentioned as that in which he reached his zenith in characterization. Yet is not this characterization in the highest degree exaggerated? Is not the expression apportioned to every figure, like parts to a theatrical company, and does not the result seem to be strained beyond all measure? What must not these children do to enliven the public! A little girl is leaning shyly on her elder sister, who has bashfully thrust her finger into her mouth. Some are looking on with rustic simplicity, and others with attention. A child smaller than the others puckers its face, crying miserably. The prince, in whose honour the children have drawn up, passes the group with complete indifference, while his companion regards "the people" haughtily through his eyeglass. The schoolmaster bows low, in the hope that his salary may be raised, whilst the stupid churchwarden looks towards the prince with a jovial smile, as though he were awaiting his colleague from the neighbouring village. Of course they are all very intelligible types; but they are not more than types.

KNAUS: "THE CARD-PLAYERS." [*Raab sc.*

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For the painter the mere accident of the moment is the source of all life. Would that peasant child of about six years old, who stands with the greatest dignity in Knaus's picture as "The Village Prince," have ever stood in that fashion, with a flower between his teeth and his legs thrust apart, unless he had been carefully taught this self-conscious pose by the painter himself? So that there may be no smallest doubt as to which of the shoemaker's apprentices is winning at cards and which is losing, one of them has to have a knowing smirk, whilst the other is looking helplessly at his cards. And how that little Maccabee is acting to the public in "The First Profit"! The old man in threadbare clothes, who stands in an ante-chamber rubbing his hands in the picture "I can Wait;" the frightened little girl, who sees her bit of bread-

and-butter imperilled by geese in "In Great Distress,"—they have all the same deliberate comicality, they are all treated with the same predominance of reflection, the same pointed and impertinently satirical sharpness. Even in "The Funeral" he is not deserted by the humorous proclivity of the anecdotist, and the schoolmaster has to brandish the bâton with which he is conducting the choir of boys and girls as comically as possible. Knaus uses too many italics, and underlines as if he expected his public to be very easily puzzled. In this way he appeals to simple-minded people, and irritates those of more delicate taste. The peasant sits in his pictures like a model; he knows that he must keep quiet, and neither alter his pose nor his grimace, because otherwise Knaus will be angry. One always sees in his pictures the superior and celebrated town-gentleman who has only gone into the country to interest himself in the study of civilization: there he hunts after effectively comical features, and having arranged his little world in *tableaux vivants*, he coolly surrenders it to the derision of the cultivated spectator standing outside.

But such a judgment, which seems like a condemnation, could not be maintained from the historical standpoint. Germany could not forget Knaus, if it were only for this reason. In the fifties he sided with those who first spread the unusual opinion that painting was incomprehensible without sound ability in the matter of colour. He was not content, like the elder generation, to arrange the individual characters in his pictures in well-disposed groups. He took trouble to make his works unassailable in colouring, so that in the fifties he not only roused the enthusiasm of the great public by his "poetic invention," but made even the Parisian painters enthusiastic by his easy mastery of technique.

To the following effect wrote Edmund About in 1855: "I do not know whether Herr Knaus has long nails; but even if they were as long as those of Mephistopheles, I should still say that he was an artist to his fingers' ends. His pictures please the Sunday public and the Friday public, the critics, the *bourgeois*, and (God forgive me!) the painters. What is seductive

to the great multitude is the clearly expressed dramatic idea. The artists and connoisseurs are won by his knowledge and thorough ability. Herr Knaus has the capacity of satisfying every one. The most incompetent eyes are attracted by his pictures, because they tell pleasant anecdotes; but they likewise fascinate the most jaded by perfect execution of detail. The whole talent of Germany is contained in the person of Herr Knaus. So Germany lives in the Rue de l'Arcade in Paris."

In the fifties all the technical ability which was to be gained from the study of the old Dutch masters and from constant commerce with the modern French reached its highest point in Knaus. Even in his youth the great Netherlandish painters, Ostade, Brouwer, and Teniers, must have had more effect upon him than his teachers, Sohn and Schadow, since his very first pictures, "The Peasants' Dance" of 1850 and "The Card-Sharpers" of 1851, had little in common with the Düsseldorf school, and therefore so much the more with the Netherlandish *chiaroscuro*. "The Card-Sharpers" are precisely like an Ostade modernized. By his migration to Paris in 1852 he sought to acquire the utmost perfection of finish; and when he returned home, after a sojourn of eight years, he had at his command such a sense for effect and fine harmony of tone, such a knowledge of colour, and such a disciplined and refined taste, that his works indicate an immeasurable advance on the motley harshness of his predecessors. His "Golden Wedding" of 1858—perhaps his finest picture—had nothing of the antiquated technique of the older type of Düsseldorf pictures of peasant life; technically it stood on a level with the works of the French.

And Knaus has remained the same ever since: a separate personality which belongs to history. He painted peasant pictures of tragic import and rustic gaiety; he recognized a number of graceful traits in child-life, and having seen a great deal of the world, he made a transition, after he had settled in Berlin, from the character picture of the Black Forest to such as may be painted from the life of cities. He even ventured to touch on religious subjects, and taught the world

Kunst für Alle.]

BENJAMIN VAUTIER.

the limitations of his talent by his "Holy Families," composed out of reminiscences of all times and all schools, and by his "Daniel in the Lions' Den." Knaus is with whole heart a *genre* painter; though that, indeed, is what he has in common with many other people. But thirty years ago he had a genius for colour amid a crowd of narrative and character painters, and this makes him unique. He is a man whose significance does not merely lie in his talent for narrative, but who did much for German art. It may be said that in giving the *genre* picture unsuspected subtilties of colour he helped German art to pass from mere *genre* painting to painting pure and simple. In this sense he filled an artistic mission, and won for himself in the history of modern painting a firm and sure place, which even the opponent of the illustrative vignette cannot take from him.

Vautier, who must always be named in the same breath with Knaus, is at bottom the exact opposite of the Berlin master. He also is the essence of the *genre* painter whose pictures should not be merely seen but studied in detail; but where Knaus has merits Vautier is defective, and where Knaus is jarring Vautier has merits. In technique he cannot boast of similar qualities. He is always merely a draughtsman who tints, but has never been a colourist. As a painter he has less value, but as a *genre* painter he is more sympathetic. In the pictures of Knaus one is annoyed by the deliberate smirk, by his exaggerated and heartlessly frigid observation. Vautier gives pleasure by characterization, more delicately reserved in its adjustment of means, and profound as it is simple, by his wealth of individual motives and their charm, and by the

Hanfstängl photo.]

VAUTIER: "THE MATCHMAKER."

sensitiveness with which he renders the feelings and relationship of his figures. A naïve, good-humoured, and amiable temperament is betrayed in his works. He is genially idyllic where Knaus makes a pungently satirical effect, and a glance at the photographs of the two men explains this difference.

Knaus, with his puckered forehead and his searching look, shooting from under heavy brows, is like a judge or a public prosecutor. But Vautier, with his thoughtful blue eyes, resembles a prosperous banker with a turn for idealism or a writer of village tales *à la* Berthold Auerbach. Knaus worried himself over many things, brooded much and made many experiments; Vautier was content with the acquisition of a plain and simple method of painting, which appeared to him a perfectly sufficient medium for the expression of that which he had realized with profound emotion. The one is a reflective and the other a dreamy nature. He was a man of a happy temperament, one with whom the world went well from his youth upwards, who knew joy and

[*Raab sc.*

VAUTIER: "THE CULPRIT BEFORE THE SCHOOLMASTER."

had never any cares, and who had habituated himself as a painter to see the world in a rosy light. There is something sound and pure in his characters, in his pictures something peaceful and cordial; it does not, indeed, make his paltry, pedantic style of painting any the better, but from the human standpoint it touches one sympathetically. His countrymen may be ashamed of Vautier as a painter when they come across him amongst aliens in foreign exhibitions, but they rejoice in him none the less as a *genre* painter. It is as if they had been met by the quiet, faithful gaze of a German eye amid the fiery glances of the Latin nations. It is as if they suddenly heard a simple German song, rendered without training, and yet with a great deal of feeling. A generation ago Knaus could exhibit everywhere as a painter; as such Vautier was only possible in Germany during the sixties. But behind the figures of Knaus there always stands the Berlin professor; and in Vautier there laughs a kindly fragment of popular German life. Vautier's world, no doubt, is as one-sided as that of old Meyerheim. His talkative Paul

(*Bunkner sc.*

VAUTIER: "THE DANCING-LESSON."

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Prys, his brides with their looks cast shyly down, his smart young fellows throwing amorous glances, his proud fathers, and his sorrow-stricken mothers are, perhaps, rather types than beings breathing positive and individual life. Such a golden radiance of grace surrounds the pretty figures of his bare-footed rustic maidens as never pertained to those of the real world, but only illuminated those shepherdesses of a fairy tale who will afterwards be married to the sons of kings. His figures must not be measured by the standard of realistic truth to nature. But they are the inhabitants of a dear, familiar world in which everything breathes of prettiness and lovable good-humour. It is almost touching to see with what purity and beauty life is reflected in Vautier's mind.

How dainty are these brown-eyed Swabian peasant-girls, how tender and sympathetic these women, and how clean and well-behaved the children! You could believe that Vautier mingled with his peasants always friendly and paternally benevolent, that he delighted in their harmless pleasures, that he took part

Hanfstangl photo. sc.]

VAUTIER: "THE CONJURER."

in their griefs and cares. And in his pictures he does not give an account of his impressions with severity or any deliberate smile, but with indulgence and cordiality. It is not his design to excite nor to thrill, to waken comedy through whimsicalities nor mournfulness by anything tragical. Life reveals to him "merely pleasant things," as it did to Goethe during his tour in Italy, and even in tragical dispensations of fate only people "who bear the inevitable with dignity." He never expressed boisterous grief: everything is subdued, and has that tenderness which is associated with the mere sound of his Christian name, Benjamin. Knaus has something of Menzel, Vautier of Memlinc: he has it even in the loving familiarity with which he penetrates minute detail. In their religious pictures the old German and Netherlandish masters painted everything, down to the lilies worked on the virgin's loom, or the dust lying on the old service-book; and this thoroughly German delight in still life, this complacent rendering of minutiæ, is found again in Vautier.

Men and their dwellings, animated nature and atmosphere, combine to make a pleasant world in his pictures. Vautier was

[*Bürger sc.*

VAUTIER: "THE PEASANT AND THE USURERS."

one of the first to discover the magic of environment, the secret influence which unites a man to the soil where he has been born, the thousand unknown, magnetic associations existing between outward things and the spirit, between the intuitions and the actions of man. The environment is not there like a stage scene, in front of which the personages come and go; it lives and moves in the man himself. One feels at home in these snug and cosy rooms, where the Black Forest clock is ticking, where little, tasteless photographs look down from the wall with an honest, patriarchal air, where the floor is scoured so clean, and greasy green hats hang on splendid antlers. There is the great family bed with the flowered curtains, the firm, immovable bench by the stove, the solid old table, around which young and old assemble at meal-times. There are the great cupboards for the treasures of the house, the prayer-book, given to grandmother at her confirmation, the filigree ornaments, the glasses and coffee-cups, which are kept for show, but not for daily

use. Over the bedstead are hung the little pictures of saints painted on glass and the consecrated tokens. From the window one overlooks other appurtenances of the house; gaudy, blooming beans clamber in from the little garden, blossoming fruit-trees stand in its midst, and the gable of the well-filled barn rises over it. Everything has an air of peace and prosperity, the mood of a Sunday forenoon; one almost fancies that one can catch the chime of the distant church bells through the blissful stillness. But completeness of effect and pictorial harmony are not to be demanded: the illustrated paper is better adapted for his style than the exhibition.

FRANZ DEFREGGER.

The third member of the alliance is *Franz Defregger*, a man of splendid talent; of all the masters of the great Munich school of Piloty he is at once the simplest and the healthiest. True it is, no doubt, that when posterity sifts and weighs his works, much of him, also, will be found too light. Defregger's art has suffered from his fame and from the temptations of the picture market. Moreover he had not Vautier's fine sense of the limitations of his ability, but often represented things which he did not understand. Amongst all the artists of the school of Piloty he was the least of a painter and the most completely tethered by the size of his picture. He could not go beyond a certain space of canvas without chastisement; and he bound his talent in the bed of Procrustes when he tried to be the painter of Madonnas, or placed himself with his Hofer pictures in the rank of historical painters. But as a *genre* painter he stands beside Vautier in the first line; and by these little *genre* pictures —the simpler and quieter the better—and some of his genially conceived and charming portrait studies he will survive. Those are things which he understood and felt. He had himself lived

Vienna: Kaeser.] [*J. Sonnenleiter sc.*

DEFREGGER: "SPECKBACHER."

amid the life he depicted, and so it was that what he depicted made such a powerful appeal to the heart.

The year 1869 made him known. The Munich exhibition had in that year a picture on a subject from the history of the Hofer rising of 1809. It represented how the little son of Speckbacher, one of the Tyrolese leaders, had come after his father, armed with a musket; and at the side of an old forester he is entering the room in which Speckbacher is just holding a council of war. The father springs up angry at his disobedience, but also proud of his little fellow's pluck. From this time Defregger's art was almost entirely devoted to the Tyrolese people. To paint the smart lads and neat lasses of Tyrol in joy and sorrow, love and hate, at work and merry-making, at home or outside on the mountain pasture, in all their beauty, strength, and soundness, was the life-long task for which he more than any other man had been created. He had over Knaus and most other painters of village tales the enormous

Bruch photo.]

DEFREGGER: "THE WRESTLERS."

advantage of not standing personally outside or above the people, and not regarding them with the superficial curiosity of a tourist—for he belonged to them himself. If they were ironically disposed the others saw in the rustic the stupid, comic peasant; or, if they were inclined to sentimentalism, they introduced into the rural world the moods and feelings of "society," traits of drawing-room sensitiveness, the heavy air of the town. Models in national costume were grouped for pictures of Upper Bavarian rustic life. But Defregger, who up to the age of fifteen had guarded his father's cattle on the pastures of the Ederhof, had shared the joys and sorrows of the peasantry long enough to know that they are neither comic nor sentimental people.

The roomy old farmhouse where he was born in 1835 lay isolated amid the wild mountains. He went about bare-foot and bare-headed, waded through deep snow when he made his way to school in winter, and wandered about amid the highlands when he was with the flocks in summer upon the pasture. Milkmaids and wood-cutters, hunters and cowherd boys, were

DEFREGGER: "THE DANCE. [*Preisel sc.*

his only companions. At fifteen he was the head labourer of the estate, helped to thresh the corn, and worked on the arable land and in the stable and the barn like others. When he was twenty-three he lost his father and himself took over the farm premises: he was thus a man in the full sense of the word before his artistic calling was revealed to him. And this explains his qualities and defects. When he came to Piloty after the sale of his farm and his aimless sojourn in Innsbruck and Paris he was mature in mind; he was haunted by the impressions of his youth, and he wanted to represent the land and the people of Tyrol. But he was too old to become a good "painter." On the other hand, he brought with him an invaluable merit: he knew what he wanted. The heroes of history did not interest him; it was only the Tyrolese woodmen who lodged in his brain. He left Piloty's studio almost as he had entered it—awkward, and painting heavily and laboriously, and but very little impressed by Piloty's theatrical sentiment. His

Stürenburg photo.]

DEFREGGER: "THE PRIZE HORSE."

youth and his recollections were rooted in the life of the people; and with a faithful eye he caught earnest or cheerful phases of that life, and represented them simply and cordially. And if he had had the strength to offer a yet more effectual resistance to the ideal of beauty known to his age, there is no doubt that his stories would seem even more fresh and vigorous.

"The Dance" was the first picture which followed that of "Speckbacher," and it was circulated through the world in thousands of reproductions. There are two delightful figures in it: the pretty milkmaid who looks round her radiant with pleasure, and the wiry old Tyrolese who is lifting his foot cased in a rough hobnail shoe, dancing to the *Schuhplattler*. At the same time he painted "The Prize Horse" returning, decked and garlanded, to his native village from the show, and greeted exultantly by old and young as the pride of the place. "The Last Summons" was again a scene from the Tyrolese popular rising of 1809. All who can still carry a rifle, a scythe,

[*K. Rauscher sc.*

DEFREGGER: "THE VISIT."

or a pitchfork have enrolled themselves beneath the banners, and are marching out to battle over the rough village street. The wives and children are looking earnestly at the departing figures, whilst a little old woman is pressing her husband's hand. Everything was simply and genially rendered without sentimentality or emphasis, and the picture even makes an appeal by its colouring. *As a sequel* "The Return of the Victors" was produced in 1876: a troop of the Tyrolese levy is marching through its native mountain village, with a young peasant in advance, slightly wounded, and looking boldly round. Tyrolese banners are waving, and the fifes and drums and clarionet-players bring up the rear. The faces of the men beam with the joy of victory, and women and children stand around to welcome those returning home. Joy, however, is harder to paint faithfully than sorrow. It is so easy to see that it has been artificially worked up from the model; nor has Defregger's picture entirely avoided this reef.

"Andreas Hofer going to his Death" was the first concession to Piloty. He had become Professor at the Munich Academy, and was entered in the directory as "historical painter." The figures were therefore painted life-size; and in the grouping and the choice of the "fertile moment" the style aimed at "grand painting." The result was the same emptiness which blusters through the historical pictures of the school of Delaroche, Gallait, and Piloty. The familiar stage effect and stilted passion has

taken the place of simple and easy naturalism. Nor was he able to give life to the great figures of a large canvas as he had done in the smaller picture of the "Return of the Victors." This is true of "The Peasant Muster" of 1883—which represented the Tyrolese, assembled in an arms manufactory, learning that the moment for striking had arrived—and of the last picture of the series, "Andreas Hofer receiving the Presents of the Emperor Francis in the Fortress of Innsbruck." All the great Hofer pictures, which in earlier days were honoured as his best performances, have done less for his memory than for that of the sturdy hero. The *genre* picture was Defregger's vocation. Here was his strength rooted, and as soon as he left this province he renounced his fine qualities.

And a holiday humour, a tendency to beautify what he saw, is even spread over his *genre* pictures. They make one suppose that there is always sunshine in the happy land of Tyrol, that all the people are chaste and beautiful, all the young fellows fine and handsome, all the girls smart, every household cleanly and well-ordered, all married folk and children honest and kind; whereas in reality these milkmaids and woodmen are far less poetic in their conduct; and so many a townsman who avoids contact with the living people regards the painted in rapture. With Vautier he shares this one-sidedness together with his defective colour. Almost all his pictures are hard, dry, and diffident in colouring, but, as with Vautier, the man atones for the painter. From Defregger one asks for no qualities of colour and no realistic Tyrolese, since he has rendered himself in his pictures, and allows a glance into his own heart; and a healthy, genial, and kindly heart it is. His idealism is not born of laboriously acquired principles of beauty; it expresses the temperament of a painter—a temperament which unconsciously sees the people through a medium whereby they are glorified. A rosy glow obscures sadness, ugliness, wretchedness, and misery, and shows only strength and health, tenderness and beauty, fidelity and courage. He kept sunny memories of the cheerful radiance which rested on his home in the hour when he saw it once again; he painted the joy which swelled in his own

breast as he beheld the first rocks of his native country and the bells chimed in sabbath peace. And this is what gives his works their human, inward truth, little as they may be authentic documents as to the population of Tyrol.

Later this will be more impartially recognized than it possibly can be at present. The larger the school of any artist the more it will make his art trivial; and thus for a time the originality of the master himself seems to be a mere trifling. The Tyrolese were depreciated in the market by Defregger's imitators; only too many have aped his painting of stiff leather breeches and woollen bodices, without putting inside of them the vivid humanity which is so charming in a genuine Defregger. But his position in the history of art is not injured by this. He has done enough for his age; he has touched the hearts of numbers by his cheerful, fresh, and healthy art, and he would be certain of immortality had he thrown aside his brush altogether from the time when the progress of painting left him in the rear.

With Defregger, the head of the Tyrolese school, Gabl and Mathias Schmidt, standing at a measurable distance from him, may find a well-merited place. *Mathias Schmidt*, born in the Tyrolese Alps in the same year as Defregger, began with satirical representations of the local priesthood. A poor image-carver has arrived with his waggon at an inn, on the terrace of which are sitting a couple of well-fed ecclesiastics, and by them he is ironically called to account as he offers a crucifix for sale. A young priest, as an austere judge of morals, reproves a pair of lovers who are standing before him, or asks a young girl such insidious questions at the bridal examination that she lowers her eyes, blushing. His greatest picture was "The Emigration of the Zillerthal Protestants." Amongst later works without controversial tendencies, "The Hunter's Greeting" and "The Lathered Parson" may be named. The latter is surprised by two pretty girls while shaving. To these may be added "The Parson's Patch," a picture of a robust housekeeper hastily mending a weak spot in the pastor's inexpressibles just before service.

[*K. Rauscher sc.*

GABL: "HASPINGER PREACHING REVOLT."

Shortly after Defregger had painted his picture of "Speckbacher," *Alois Gabl* came forward with his "Haspinger preaching Revolt," and followed it up by smaller pictures with a humorous touch, representing a levy of recruits in Tyrol, the dance at the inn, interrupted by the entrance of the parson, magnates umpiring at the shooting butts, a bar with laughing girls, and the like.

In 1870 *Eduard Kurzbauer*, who died young, in his "Fugitives Overtaken" executed a work representing an entire class of painted illustrations. A young man who has eloped with a girl is discovered with her by her mother in a village inn. The old lady is looking reproachfully at her daughter, who is overwhelmed by shame and penitence; the young man is much moved, the old servant grave and respectful, the young landlady curious, and the postilion who has driven the eloping pair has a sly smirk. Elsewhere Kurzbauer, who is a fresh and lively anecdotist, painted principally episodes, arraying his figures in the peasant garb of the Black Forest: a rejected

[*Sonnenleiter sc.*

KURZBAUER: "THE FUGITIVES OVERTAKEN."

suitor takes a sad farewell of a perverse blonde who disdains his love; or the engagement of two lovers is hindered by the interference of the father.

Hugo Kauffmann, the son of Hermann Kauffmann, planted himself in the interior of village taverns or in front of them, and made his dressed-up models figure as hunters, telling incredible tales, dancing to the fiddle, or quarrelling over cards.

Another North German, *Wilhelm Riefstahl*, showed how the peasants in Appenzell or Bregenz conduct themselves at mournful gatherings, at their devotions in the open air and All Souls' Day Celebrations, and afterwards extended his artistic dominion over Rügen, Westphalia, and the Rhine country with true Mecklenburg thoroughness. He was a careful, conscientious worker, with a discontent at his own efforts in his composition, a certain ponderousness in his attempts at *genre*; but his diligently executed pictures—full of colour and painted in a peculiarly German manner—are highly prized in public galleries on account of their instructive soundness.

After the various classes of the German peasantry had been naturalized in the picture market by these narrative painters, *Eduard Grützner*, when religious controversy raged in the seventies, turned aside to discover drolleries in monastic life; which he did with the assistance of brown and yellowish white cowls, and the obese and copper-nosed models thereto pertaining. He depicts how the cellarer tastes a new vintage, and the rest of the company await his verdict with anxiety; how the entire monastery is employed at the vintage, at the broaching of a wine cask or the brewing of the beer; how they tipple; how bored they are over their chess or their dice, their cards or their dominoes; how they whitewash old frescoes or search after forbidden books in the monastery library. This, according to Grützner, is the routine in which the life of monks revolves. And amidst these figures, mayhap, appear foresters who tell of their adventures in the chase, or deliver hares at the cloister kitchen. And with these pictures Grützner had the greater success the more he was forced, as the years went by, through the decline of his merits as a colourist, to heap together what are known as humorous points.

It was only long afterwards that *genre* painting in broadcloth came into vogue by the side of this *genre* in peasant blouse and monastic cowl, and stories of the exchange and the manufactory by the side of village and monastic tales. Here Düsseldorf plays a part once more in the development of art. The neighbourhood of the great manufacturing towns on the Rhine could not but lead painters to these subjects. *Ludwig Bokelmann*, who began by painting tragical domestic scenes, card-players, and smoking shop-boys in the style of Knaus, made the pawnshop a theme for art in 1875, and dexterously crowded into his picture all the types which popular fancy brings into association with the conception: business-like indifference, poverty ashamed, fallen prosperity, bitter need, avarice, and the love of enjoyment. In 1877, when the failure of the house of Spitzeder made a sensation in the papers, he painted his picture "The Savings Bank before the Announcement of Failure," which gave him another opportunity for ranging in

front of the splendid building an assembly of deluded creditors of all classes, and of showing how they expressed their emotion, according to temperament and education, by excited speeches, embittered countenances, gloomy resignation, or vivid gesticulation. Much attention was likewise excited by "The Arrest." In this picture a woman was being watched for by a policeman, whilst the neighbours—masculine and feminine—loitered round with the requisite expression of horror, indignation, sympathy, or indifferent curiosity. The opening of a will, the last moments of an electioneering struggle, scenes in the entrance hall of a court of justice, the farewell of emigrants, the gaming-table at Monte Carlo, and a village fire, were other newspaper episodes from the life of great towns which he rendered in oils during his last years.

His earlier associate in Düsseldorf, *Ferdinand Brütt*, after first painting rococo pictures, owed his finest successes to the Stock Exchange. It, too, had its types: the great patrician merchants and bankers of solid reputation, the jobbers, break-neck speculators, and decayed old stagers; and, as Brütt rendered these current figures in a very intelligible manner, his pictures excited a great deal of attention. Acquittals and condemnations, acts of mortgage, emigration agents, comic electors, and prison visits, as further episodes from the social, political, and commercial life of great towns, fill in the crevices of his little local chronicle.

Thus the German *genre* painting ran approximately the same course as the English had done at the beginning of the century. At that time the kingdom of German art was not of this world. Pietism taught men to turn their eyes inwards. Slowly had German art trod the earth, and at first with an uncertain and hesitating step, before it learnt that what blossoms here, and thrives and fades, should be the subject of its labours. Gradually it brought one sphere of reality after the other into its domain. Observation took the place of abstraction, and the discoverer that of the inventor. The painter went amongst his fellow-creatures, opened his eyes and his heart, to share their fortunes and misfortunes, and to reproduce

[*Rajon sc.*

BRION: "A WEDDING IN ALSACE."

them in his own creation. He discovered the peculiarities of grades of life and professional classes. Every one of the beautiful German landscapes, with its peasantry, every one of the monastic orders, and every manufacturing town found its representative in *genre* painting. The country was mapped out. Each one took over his plot, which he superintended, conscientiously, like an ethnographical museum. And just as fifty years before Germany had been fertilized by England, so it now gave in its turn the principles of *genre* painting to the powers of the second rank in art.

Even France was in some degree influenced. As if to indicate that Alsace would soon become German once more, after 1850 there appeared in that province certain painters who busied themselves with the narration of anecdotes from rustic life quite in the manner of Knaus and Vautier.

Gustave Brion, the grand-nephew of Frederica of Sesenheim, rooted himself in the Vosges, and there gave intelligence of a little world whose life flowed by without toil in gentle,

L'Art.]

MARCHAL: "THE MAIDSERVANTS' MARKET."

patriarchal quietude, interrupted only by marriage feasts, birthdays, and funeral solemnities. He had many moments of melancholy, had a taste for prayerful scenes, and might be called the French Vautier. His interiors, with their sturdy and honest people, bulky old furniture, and large green faïence stoves, which are so dear to him, are delightful in their familiar homeliness and their cordial Alsatian and German character. He lives in them himself, the quiet old man, who in his last years only occupied himself with the management of his garden and the culture of flowers, or sat by the hour in an easy-chair at the window telling stories to his old dog Putz. But pictorial unity of effect must be asked from him as little as from Vautier.

Charles Marchal, too, was no painter, but an anecdotist, with a humorous or sentimental tinge; and so very refined and superior that he saw none but pretty peasant-girls, who would easily become "young ladies" if they exchanged their kerchiefs and bodices for a Parisian toilette. His chief picture was "The Maidservants' Market" of 1864: pretty peasant-girls are standing in a row along the street bargaining with prospective masters before hiring themselves out.

Leipzig: Seemann.]

PETTENKOFEN: "AN HUNGARIAN VILLAGE" (PENCIL DRAWING).

The most famous of this group of artists is *Jules Breton*, who after various humorous and sentimental pieces placed himself in 1853 in the first rank of the French painters of rustics by his "Return of the Reapers" (Musée Luxembourg). His "Gleaners" in 1855, "Blessing the Fields" in 1857, and "The Erection of the Picture of Christ in the Churchyard" were pretty enough to please the public, and sufficiently sound in technique not to be a stumbling-block to artists. After 1861 he conceived an enthusiasm for sunsets, and was never weary of depicting the hour when the fair forms of peasant maidens stand gracefully out against the quiet golden horizon. Jules Breton wrote many poems, and a streak of poetry runs through his pictures. They tell of the sadness of the land when the fields sleep dreamily beneath the shadows of the evening, touched by the last ray of the departing sun; but they tell of it in verses where the same rhymes are repeated with wearisome monotony. Breton is a charming and sympathetic figure, but he has not quite conquered Classicism. His gleaners moving across the field in the evening twilight bear witness to an attentive, deliberate study of the works of Leopold Robert; and unfortunately

Paris: Baschet.]

BRETON: "L'APPEL DU SOIR."
(*By permission of the Artist.*)

much of the emphasis and classical style of Robert has been transmitted to Breton's rustic maidens. They have most decidedly a lingering weakness for pose, and a sharp touch of the formula of the schools. There is an affectation of style in their garb, and their hands are those of *bonnes* who have never had a rake in their hands. Breton, as Millet said of him, paints girls who are too beautiful to remain in the country. His art is a well-bred, idyllic painting, with gilt edges; it is pleasing and full of delicate figures which are always elegant and always correct, but it is a little like flat lemonade; it is monotonous and only too carefully composed, destitute of all masculinity and seldom avoiding the reef of affectation.

Norway and Sweden were fructified from Düsseldorf immediately. When Tidemand had shown the way, the academy on the Rhine was the high school for all the sons of the North during the fifties. They set to translating Knaus and Vautier into Swedish and Norwegian, and caught the tone of their originals so exactly that they almost seem more Düsseldorfian than the Düsseldorfers themselves.

Karl D'Uncker, who arrived in 1851 and died in 1866, was

led by the influence of Vautier to turn to little humorous incidents. After "The Two Deaf Friends" (two old people very hard of hearing, who are making comical efforts to understand each other) and "The Vagabond Musician and his Daughter before the Village Magistrates" there followed in 1858 the scene in "The Pawnshop," which divided the honours of the year with Knaus's "Golden Wedding." He is an artistic compromise between Knaus and Schroedter, a keen observer, and a humorous narrator, who takes special pleasure in the sharp opposition of characteristic figures. In his "Pawnshop" and his "Third Class Waiting Room" vagabonds mingle in the crowd beside honest people, beggars beside retired tradesmen, old procuresses beside pure and innocent girls, and heartless misers beside warm-hearted philanthropists. In these satirically humorous little comedies Swedish costume has been rightly left out of sight. This ethnographical element was the *forte* of *Bengt Nordenberg*, who as a copyist of Tidemand gradually became the Riefstahl of the North. His "Golden Wedding in Blekingen," his "Bridal Procession," his "Collection of Tithes," "The Pietists," and "The Promenade at the Well," are of the same ethnographical fidelity

L'Art.] [*P. Martial sc.*

BRETON: "THE GLEANER."

and the same anecdotic dryness. He makes the best effect when he strikes an idyllic, childlike note or one of patriarchal geniality. The "Bridal Procession," received in the village with salvoes and music, "The Newly Married Pair," making a first visit to the parents of one of them, the picture of schoolboys playing tricks upon an old organist, that of children mourning over a lamb slain by a wolf, are, in the style of the sixties, the works of a modest and amiable anecdotist, who had a fine sense for the peaceful, familiar side of familiar and rural life.

In *Wilhelm Wallander*, as in Madou, noise and frolic and jest have got the upper hand. His pictures are like saucy street ditties sung to a barrel-organ. The crowd at the market-place, the gossip in the spinning room on a holiday evening, hop-pickings, dances, auctions on old estates, weddings, and the guard turning out, are his favourite scenes. Even when he came to Düsseldorf he was preceded by his fame as a jolly fellow and a clever draughtsman, and when he exhibited his "Market in Vingaker" he was greeted as another Teniers. His "Hop-Harvest" is like a waxwork show of teasing lads and laughing lasses. He was an incisive humourist, and a spirited narrator, who under all circumstances was more inclined to jest than to touch idyllic and elegiac chords. In his pictures peasant-girls never wander solitary across the country, for some lad who is passing by has always a joke to crack with them; it never happens that girls sit lonely by the hearth, because their lover peeps out of a press, laughing.

Anders Koskull cultivated the *genre* picture of children in a more elegiac fashion; he has poor people sitting in the sun, or peasant families in the Sunday stillness laying wreaths upon the graves of their dear ones in the churchyard. *Kilian Zoll*, like Meyer of Bremen, painted very childish pictures of women spinning, children with cats, the joys of grandmother, and the like. *Peter Eskilson* turned to the representation of an idyllic age of honest yeomen, and has given in his best-known work, "The Kegel Playing in Faggens," a pleasant picture from peasant life in the age of pig-tails. The object of *August Jernberg's* study was the Westphalian peasant with his slouching

hat, long white coat, flowered waistcoat, and large silver buttons. He was specially fond of painting bears dancing amid the applause of the population, or annual fairs, for which a picturesque part of old Düsseldorf served as a background. *Ferdinand Fagerlin* has something simple and good-humoured which is attractive. If he laughs, as he delights in doing, his laughter is cordial and benevolent, and if he touches an elegiac string he can guard against sentimentalism. In contrast with D'Uncker and Wallander, who always hunted after character pieces, he devotes himself to expression with much feeling, and interprets it delicately even in its finer *nuances*. Henry Ritter, who influenced him powerfully in the beginning of his career, drew his attention to Holland, and Fagerlin's quiet art harmonizes with the Dutch phlegm. Within the four walls of his fisherman's huts there are none but honest greybeards and quiet women, active wives and busy maidens, vigorous sailors and lively peasant lads. But his pictures are sympathetic in spite of this one-sided optimism, since the sentiment is not too affected nor the anecdotic points too heavily underlined.

Amongst the Norwegians belonging to this group is *V. Stoltenberg-Lerche*, who with the aid of appropriate accessories adapted the interiors of cloisters and churches to *genre* pictures, such as "Tithe Day in the Cloister," "The Cloister Library," and "The Visit of a Cardinal to the Cloister," and so forth. *Hans Dahl*, a *juste-milieu* between Tidemand and Emanuel Spitzer, carried the Düsseldorf village idyl down to the present time. "Knitting the Stocking" (girls knitting on the verge of a lake), "Feminine Attraction" (a lad with three peasant maidens who are drawing a boat to shore in spite of his resistance), "A Child of Nature" (a little girl engaged to sit as model to a painter amongst the mountains and running away in alarm), "The Boarding School for Ladies in the Ice," First Pay Duty," etc., are some of the witty titles of his wares, which are scattered over Europe and America. Everything is sunny, everything laughs, the landscapes as well as the figures; and if Dahl had painted fifty years ago, his fair maidens with heavy blond plaits, well-bred carriage, and delicate hands that

have never been disfigured by work, would undoubtedly have assured him no unimportant place beside old Meyerheim in the history of the development of the *genre* picture.

An offshoot from the Munich painting of rustics shot up into a vigorous sprig in Hungary. The process of refining the raw talents of the Magyar race had been perfected on the shores of the Isar, and the Hungarians showed gratitude to their masters by applying the principles of the Munich *genre* to Magyar subjects when they returned home. The Hungarian rooms of modern exhibitions in consequence have a very local impress. Everything seems aboriginal, Magyar to the core, and purely national. Gipsies are playing the fiddle and Hungarian national songs ring forth, acrobats exhibit, slender sons of Pusta sit in Hungarian village taverns over their tokay, muscular peasant lads jest with buxom, black-eyed girls, smart hussars try their irresistible love of conquest on lively damsels, and recruits endeavour to imbibe a potent enthusiasm for the business of war from the juice of the grape. Stiff peasants, limber gipsies, old people dancing, smart youths, the laughing faces of girls and bold fellows with flashing eyes, quarrelsome heroes who are quick with the knife, tipsy soldiers and swearing sergeants, drunkards, suffering women and poor orphans, pawnshops and vagabonds, legal suits, electioneering scenes, village tragedies and comic proposals, artful shop-boys and criminals condemned to death, the gay confusion of fairs and the merry return from the harvest and the vintage, waxed moustaches, green and red caps and short pipes, tokay, Banat wheat, Alfoeld tobacco, and Sarkad cattle—such are the elements worked up, as the occasion demanded, either into little tales or great and thrilling romances. And the names of the painters are as thoroughly Magyar as are the figures. Beside *Ludwig Ebner*, *Paul Boehm*, and *Otto von Baditz*, which have a German sound, one comes across such names as *Koloman Déry*, *Julius Aggházi*, *Alexander Bihari*, *Ignaz Ruskovics*, *Johann Jankó*, *Tihamér Margitay*, *Paul Vagó*, *Arpad Fessty*, *Otto Koroknyai*, *D. Skuteczky*, etc.

But setting aside the altered names and the altered locality and garb, the substance of these pictures is precisely the same

as that of the Munich pictures of twenty years before: dance and play, maternal happiness, wooing, and the invitation to the wedding. Instead of the *Schuhplattler* they paint the Czarda, instead of the drover's cottage the taverns of Pesth, instead of the blue Bavarian uniform the green of the Magyar Hussars. Their painting is tokay adulterated with Isar water, or Isar water with a flavour of tokay. What seems national is at bottom only their antiquated standpoint. It is a typical development repeating itself in the nineteenth century through all branches of art; the sun rises in the West and sets in the East. Any other progress than that of the gradual expansion of subject-matter cannot be established in favour of the productions of all this *genre* painting. In colour and in substance they represent a phase of art which in the leading countries of Europe was already overcome about the middle of the century, and had to be overcome elsewhere, if painting was again to be what it had been in the old, good periods.

For as yet all these *genre* painters were the children of Hogarth; their productions were the products of the same spirit, plebeian and alien to art, which at that time had come into painting through the English. Yet their artistic significance ought not to be and cannot be contested. At a time which was prouder of its antiquarian knowledge than of its own achievements, and recognized the faithful imitation of the method of all past periods, merely for the sake of overcoming a delicate task, as the highest aim of art, these *genre* painters were the first to portray the actual man of the nineteenth century; the first they were who deserted museums, went to nature, and created the basis of modern painting. They wandered in the country, looked at reality, sought to imitate it, and often displayed in their studies a marvellous directness of insight. But these vigorous initial studies were too modest to find favour and esteem with a public as yet insufficiently educated for the appreciation of art. Whilst in England the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and in France those of the Paris Salon created, comparatively early, a certain ground for the comprehension of art, the *genre* painters of other countries worked up

to and into the sixties without the appropriate social combinations. Since 1828 the Art Unions had taken the place of that refined society which had played Mæcenas as the leading dictators of taste.

Albrecht Adam, who gave the first impulse for the foundation of the Munich Union, has himself spoken clearly in his autobiography of the advantages and disadvantages of this step. "Often," he writes, "often have I asked myself whether I have done good or not by this scheme, and to this hour I have not been able to make up my mind. The cultivation of art clearly received an entirely different bias from that which it had in earlier days. What was formerly done by artistic and judicious connoisseurs was now placed for the most part in the hands of the people. Like so much else in the world, that had its advantage, but in practice the shady side of the matter became very obvious." The disadvantages were specially these: "the people" for a long time could only understand such paintings as represented a story in a broad and easy fashion; paintings which in the narrative cohesion of the subject represented were less calculated for examination than to be read off at a glance, since the mere art of reading had been learnt at school. The demand for anecdotic subject was only waived in the case of ethnographical painting, in Italian and Oriental *genre*; for here the singular types, pictorial costumes, and peculiar customs of foreign countries were in themselves enough to provoke curiosity. What was prized in the picture was merely something external, the subject of representation, not the representation itself, the matter and not the manner, that which concerned the theme, that which fell entirely beyond the province of art. The household journals which had been making their appearance since the forties gave a further impetus to this phase of taste. And the more inducement there was to guess charades, the more injury was done to the sensuous enjoyment of art. For the accompanying text of the author merely translated the pictures back into their natural element. Painters, however, were not unwilling to reconcile themselves to the circumstances, because, as a result of their technical insufficiency, they were forced, on their side, to try

to lend their pictures the adjunct of superficial interest by anecdotic additions. Literary humour had to serve the purpose of pictorial humour, and human characteristics were necessary to set their inadequate artistic qualities well afloat. As the historical painters conveyed the knowledge of history in a popular style, the *genre* painters set up as agreeable tattlers, excellent anecdotists: they were at one time droll, at another meditative, and at another touching, but they were not painters.

And painters, under these conditions, they were unable to become. For though it is often urged in older books on the history of art that modern *genre* painting far outstripped the old Dutch *genre* in incisiveness of characterization, depth of psychological conception, and opulence of invention, these merits are bought at the expense of all pictorial harmony. In the days of Rembrandt the Dutch were painters to their fingers' ends, and they were able to be so because they appealed to a public whose taste was adequately trained to have a refined pleasure in the contemplation of works of art which had sterling merits of colour. Mieris painted the voluptuous ruffling of silken stuffs; Van der Meer the mild light stealing through little windows into quiet chambers, and playing upon burnished vessels of copper and pewter, on majolica dishes and silver chattels, on chests and coverings; De Hoogh the sunbeam streaming like a golden shaft of dust from some bright lateral space into a darker ante-chamber. Each one set before himself different problems, and each ran through an artistic course of development.

The more recent masters are mature from their first appearance; the Hungarians paint exactly like the Swedes and the Germans, and their pictures have ideas for the theme, but never such as are purely artistic. Like simple woodland birds, they sing melodies which are, in some ways, exceedingly pretty; but their plumage is not equal to their song. No man can be painter and *genre* painter at the same time. The principal difference between them is this: a painter sees his picture rather than what may be extracted from it by thought; the *genre* painter, on the other hand, has an idea in his mind, an "invention," and plans out a picture for its expression. The

painter does not trouble his head about the subject and the narrative contents; his poetry lies in the kingdom of colour. There reigns in his works—take Brouwer, for example—an authentic, uniformly plastic, and penetrative life welling from the artist's soul. But the leading motive for the *genre* painter is the subject as such. For example, he will paint a children's festival precisely because it is a children's festival. But one must be Jan Steen to accomplish such a task in a soundly artistic manner. The observation of these more recent painters meanwhile ventured no further than detail, and did not know what to do with the picture as a whole. They got over their difficulties because they "invented" the scene, made the children pose in the places required by the situation, and then composed these studies. The end was accomplished when the leading heroes of the piece had been characterized and the others well traced. The colouring was merely an unessential adjunct, and in a purely artistic sense not at all possible. For a picture which has come into being through a piecing together from separate copies of set models, and of costumes, vessels, interiors, etc., may be ever so true to nature in details, but through this mosaic work the pictorial appearance, unity, and quietude of the whole will be systematically destroyed. Knaus is perhaps the only one who, as a fine connoisseur of colour, concealed this bookbinder's drudgery, and achieved a certain congruity of colour in a really artistic manner by a subtilized method of harmony. But as regards the pictures of all the others, it is clear at once that, as Heine wrote, "they have been rather edited than painted." The effectiveness of the picture was lost in the detail, and even the truth of detail was lost in the end in the opulence of subject, seductive as that was upon the first glance. For, as it was held that the incident subjected to treatment—the more circumstantial the better—ought to be mirrored through all grades and variations of emotion in the faces, in the gestures of a family, of the gossips, of the neighbours, of the public in the street, the inevitable consequence was that the artist, to make himself understood, was invariably driven to exaggerate the characterization and to

set in the place of the unconstrained expression of nature that which has been histrionically drilled into the model. Not less did the attempt to unite these set figures as a composition in one frame lead to an intolerable stencilling. The rules derived from historical painting in a time dominated by that form of art were applied to our chequered and many-sided modern life. Since the structure of this composition prescribed laws from which the undesigned manifestation of individual objects is free, the studies after nature had to be readjusted in the picture according to necessity. There were attitudes in a conventional sense beautiful, but unnatural and strained, and therefore making an unpleasing effect. An arbitrary construction, a forced method of composition, usurped the place of what was flexible, various, and apparently casual. The painters did not fit the separate part as it really was into the totality which the coherence of life demands: they arranged scenes of comedy out of realistic elements as a stage-manager would put them together.

And this indicates the further course which development was obliged to take. When Hogarth was overcome painting had once more gained the independence which it had had in the great periods of art. The painter was forced to cease from treating secondary qualities—such as humour and narrative talents—as though they were of the first account; and the public had to begin to understand pictures as paintings and not as painted stories. An "empty subject" well painted is to be preferred to an "interesting theme" badly painted. Pictures of life must drive out *tableaux vivants*, and human beings dislodge those of character types which curiosity renders attractive. Rather let there be a second of breathing reality rendered by purely artistic means of expression than the most complete village tale defectively narrated; rather the simplest figure rendered with actuality and no thought of self than the most suggestive and ingenious characterization. A conception, coloured by the temperament of the artist, of what was simple and inartificial, expressing nature at every step, had to take the place of laborious composition crowded with figures,

the plainness and truth of sterling art to overcome what was overloaded and arbitrary, and the fragment of nature seized with spontaneous freshness to supplant episodes put together out of fragmentary observations. Only such painting as confined itself, like that of the Dutch, "to the bare empirical observation of surrounding reality," renouncing literary byplay, spirited anecdotic fancies, and all those rules of beauty which enslave nature, could really become the basis of modern art: the landscape-painters created it. When once these masters resolved to paint from nature, and no longer from their inner consciousness, there inevitably came a day when some one amongst them wished to place in the field or the forest, which he had painted after nature, a figure, and then felt the necessity of bringing that figure into his picture just as he had seen it, without giving it an anecdotic mission or forcing it arbitrarily into his compositions. The landscapist found the woodcutter in the forest, and the woodcutter seemed to him the ideal he was seeking; the peasant seemed to him to have the right to stand amid the furrows he had traced with his plough. He no longer drove the fisher and the sailor from their barks, and had no scruple in representing the good peasant woman, laden with wood, striding forwards in his picture just as she strode through the forest. And so entry was made into the way of simplicity; the top-heavy burden of interesting subject-matter was thrown aside, and the truth of figures and environments was gained. The age contained all the conditions for bringing landscape-painting such as this to maturity.

CHAPTER XXIV

LANDSCAPE-PAINTING IN GERMANY

The significance of landscape for nineteenth-century art.—Classicism: Joseph Anton Koch, Leopold Rottmann, Friedrich Preller and his followers.—Romanticism: Karl Friedrich Lessing, Karl Blechen, W. Schirmer, Valentin Ruths.—The discovery of Ruysdael and Everdingen.—The part of mediation played by certain artists from Denmark and Norway: J. C. Dahl, Christian Morgenstern, Ludwig Gurlitt.—Andreas Achenbach, Eduard Schleich.—The German landscape-painters begin to travel everywhere.—Influence of Calame.—H. Gude, Nicls Björnson Möller, August Cappelen, Morten Müller, Erik Bodom, L. Munthe, E. A. Normann, Ludwig Willroider, Louis Douzette, Hermann Eschke, Carl Ludwig, Otto v. Kameke, Graf Stanislaus Kalkreuth, Oswald Achenbach, Albert Flamm, Ascan Lutteroth, Ferdinand Bellermann, Eduard Hildebrandt, Eugen Bracht.—Why it is that many of their pictures, compared with those of the old Dutch masters, rather indicate an expansion of the geographical horizon than a refinement of taste.—The victory over interesting subject-matter and sensational effect by the "paysage intime."

THAT landscape would become for the nineteenth century even more important than it was for the Holland of the seventeenth century had been clearly announced since the days of Watteau and Gainsborough, and since this tendency, in spite of all coercive rules, could be only momentarily delayed by Classicism, it came to pass that the era which began with Winckelmann's conception of "vulgar nature" ended a generation later with her apotheosis. The thirty years from 1780 to 1810 denoted no more than a brief imprisonment for modern landscape, the luxuriantly blooming child being arbitrarily confined meanwhile in the strait-waistcoat of history. At first the phrase of Gotthold

[*Constantin Küchler del.*
JOSEPH ANTON KOCH.

Ephraim Lessing, which declared that landscape was no subject for painting because it had no soul, held painters altogether back from injuring their reputation by such pictures. And when, after the close of the century, some amongst them overcame this dread, Poussin the Classicist was of course set up as the only model. For an age which did not paint men but only statues, nature was too natural. As the figure-painter subordinated everything to style and moulded the human body accordingly, landscape became mannered to suit an historical idea, and was used merely as a theatrical background for Greek tragedies. As the draughtsmen of the age freed the human figure from all "individual blemishes," and thereby abandoned the most essential points of life and credibility which are bound up with personality, the landscapists wished to purify nature from everything "accidental," with the result that dreary commonplaces were produced from her, the infinitely manifold. As the former sought the chief merit of their works in "well-balanced composition," the latter regarded trees and mountains, temples and palaces, clouds and rivers, merely as counters which only needed to be changed in their mutual position according to acquired rules of composition to make new pictures. They did not reflect that nature possesses a more original force than the most able self-conscious work of man, or, as Ludwig Richter has prettily expressed it, that "what God Almighty has made is always more beautiful than what men can invent." There were summary rules for landscapes in the Poussin style, the beauty of which was sought above all in an opulent play of noble lines, corresponding to the fine and flowing lines of Carstens' figures. But the conception was all the more pedestrian whilst the drawing was hard and dry and the colour feeble and vitreous. The most familiar of the group is the old Tyrolese *Joseph Anton Koch*, who came to Rome in 1796, and, during two years, had

an opportunity of allying himself with Carstens. His pictures are usually composed with motives taken from the Sabine Mountains. A landscape with "The Rape of Hylas" is possessed by the Staedel Institute in Frankfort, a "Sacrifice of Noah" by the Museum in Leipzig, and a landscape from the Sabine Mountains by the New Pinakothek in Munich. All three are alike clumsy in technique; it was only in water-colour that he painted with more freedom.

Without a doubt nature in Italy is favourable to this "heroic" style of landscape. In South Italy the country is at once magnificent and peaceful. The naked walls of rock display their majestic lines with a sharp contour; the sea is blue, and there is no cloud in the sky. As far as the eye reaches everything is dead and nugatory in its colour, and rigid and inanimate in form: a plastic landscape, full of style but apparently devoid of soul. Nowhere is there anything either stupendous or familiar, though, at the same time, there is no country on the earth where there is such a sweep of proud majestic lines. It was not the composition of Poussin, but the classic art of Claude—which aimed at being nothing but the transparent mirror of sunny and transparent nature—that gave perfect expression to this classic landscape; and in the nineteenth century *Karl Rottmann*, according to what one reads, has most completely represented this same classical form of art. His twenty-eight Italian landscapes in the arcades of the Munich Hofgarten are said to display a sense of the beauty of line and a greatness of conception paralleled by few other landscape works of the century. And those who draw their critical appreciations from books will probably continue to make this statement, with all the greater right since the world has been assured that the Arcade pictures are but a shadow of earlier splendour. To a spectator who has not been primed and merely judges with his own eyes without knowing anything about Rottmann's celebrity, these pictures with their hard, inept colouring and their pompous "synthetic" composition seem in the majority of cases to be excessively childish, though it is not contested that before their restoration by Leopold Rottmann and their present state of decay they may very possibly have been good.

Gräphische Künste.]
KARL ROTTMANN.

Rottmann's Grecian landscapes in the New Pinakothek are not ranked high even by his admirers. Standing in the beginning entirely upon Koch's ground, he was led in these pictures to give more importance to colour and light, and even to introduce unusual phenomena, such as lowering skies, with rainbows, sunsets, moonlight scenes, thunderstorms, and the like. This mixture of classical principles of drawing with effect-painting in the style of Eduard Hildebrandt brought a certain confusion into his compositions, to say nothing of the fact that he never got rid of his harsh and heavy colour, Bengal lights, and a crudeness of execution suggestive of tapestry. His water-colours, probably, contain the only evidence from which it may be gathered that Rottmann really had an eminent feeling for great characteristic lines, and did not unsuccessfully go through the school of Claude with his finely moulded, rhythmically perfected, and yet simple conception of nature.

Otherwise *Friedrich Preller* is the only one of all the stylists deriving from Koch who rose to works consistent in execution. To him only was it granted to assure his name a lasting importance by exhaustively working out a felicitous subject. The *Odyssey* landscapes extend through his whole life. During a sojourn in Naples in 1830 he was struck by the first idea. After his return home, he composed for Doctor Härtel in Leipzig the first series as wall decoration in tempera in 1832-34. Then there followed his journeys to Rügen and Norway, where he painted wild strand and fell landscapes of a sombre austerity. After this interruption, so profitably extending his feeling for nature, he returned to the *Odyssey*. The series grew from

[*Kurz sc.*

ROTTMANN: "THE FIELD OF MARATHON."

seven to sixteen cartoons, which were to be found in 1858 at the Munich International Exhibition. The Grand-Duke of Weimar then commissioned him to paint the complete sequence for a hall in the Weimar Museum. In 1859-60 Preller prepared himself afresh in Italy, and as an old man completed the work which he had planned in youth. This Weimar series, executed in encaustic painting, is artistically the maturest that he ever did. Of the entire school he only had the secret of giving his figures a semblance of life and concealed the artificiality of his compositions. Nature in his pictures has an austere, impressive sublimity, and is the home worthy of gods and heroes. During his long life he had made so many and such incessant studies of nature in North and South—even at seventy-eight he was seen daily with his sketchbook in the Campagna—that he could venture to work with great, simple lines without the danger of becoming empty.

At the time when these pictures were painted, the rendering

Berlin: Jordan.]
FRIEDRICH PRELLER.

of still-life in landscape had in general been long buried, although even to-day it has scattered representatives in the younger Preller, Albert Hertel, and Edmund Kanoldt. As antique monuments came into fashion with Classicism, German ruins became the mode at the beginning of the romantic period and the return to the national past. For Koch and his followers landscape was only of value when, as the background of classical works of architecture, it directed one's thoughts to the antique: shepherds had to sit with their flock around them on the ruins of the temple of Vesta, or cows to find pasture between the truncated pillars of the Roman Forum. But now it could only find its justification by allying itself with mediæval German history, by the portrayal of castles and strongholds.

"What is beautiful? A landscape with upright trees, fair vistas, azure blue air, ornamental fountains, stately palaces in a learned architectural style, with well-built men and women, and well-fed cows and sheep. What is ugly? Ill-formed trees with aged, crooked, and cloven stems, uneven and pathless ground, sharp-cut hills and mountains which are too high, rude or dilapidated buildings, with their ruins lying strewn in piles, a sky with heavy clouds, swampy water, lean cattle in the field, and ungraceful wayfarers."

In these words Gérard de Lairesse, the ancestor of Classicism, defined his ideal of landscape, and in the last clause, where he speaks of ugliness, he prophetically indicated the landscape ideal of the Romanticists, as this is given for the first time in literature in Tieck's *Sternbald*. For the young knight in *Sternbald* who has the wish to become a painter exclaims in enthusiasm: "Then would I depict lonely and terrible regions, rotting and broken bridges, between two rough cliffs facing a precipice,

through which the forest stream forces its foaming course, lost travellers whose garments flutter in the moist wind, the dreaded figures of robbers ascending from the gully, waggons fallen upon and plundered, and battle against the travellers." Which is all exactly the opposite to what Lairesse demanded from the landscapist. Alexander Humboldt has shown that the men of antiquity only found beauty in nature so far as she was kindly, smiling, and useful to them. But to the Romanticists nature was uncomely where she was the servant of civilization, and beautiful only in tameless and awe-inspiring savageness. The light, therefore, was never to be that of simple day, but the gloom of night and of the mountain glens. Such phenomena are neither to be seen in Berlin nor in Breslau, and to be a Romanticist was to love the opposite of all that one sees around one. Tieck, who lived in the cold daylight of Berlin with its modern North German rationalism, has therefore—and not by chance—first felt the yearning for moonlight landscapes of primæval forest; *Lessing*, from Breslau, was the first to give it pictorial expression.

Munich: Albert.]

PRELLER: "ULYSSES AND LEUCOTHEA."

Even in the twenties Koch's classical, heroic landscapes, executed with an ideal sweep of line, were opposed by castle chapels, ruins, and cloister courts composed in a similarly arbitrary manner. Landscape was no longer to make its appeal

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

PRELLER: "ULYSSES AND POLYPHEMUS."

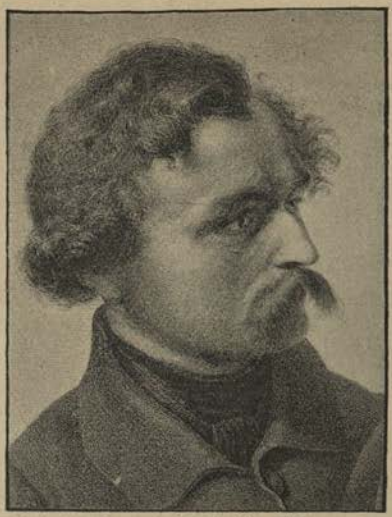
to the understanding by lines, as in the work of the Classicists, but to touch the spirit by colour. The various hues of moonlight seemed specially made to awaken sombre emotions. But as yet the technique of painting was too inadequately trained to express this preconceived "mood" through nature itself. To make his intentions clearer, therefore, the painter showed the effect of natural scenery on the figures in his pictures, illustrating the "mood" of the landscape in the "accessories." Lessing's early works represent in art that self-consciously elegiac and melancholy sentimental rendering of a mood introduced into literature by *Sternbald*, in his knights, squires, noble maidens, and other romantic requisites. The melancholy lingers upon rocks savagely piled upon each other, tumble-down chapels and ruined castles, in swamps and sombre woods, in old, decaying trees, half-obliterated paths, and ghostly grave-stones; it veils the sky with a dark grey cerement. Amid hills and glens with wayside crosses, mills, and charcoal-burners' huts may be seen lonely wanderers, praying pilgrims, priests hurrying from the cloister to bring the last consolation to the dying, riders who have lost their way, and mercenary soldiers lying dead. His first picture of 1828 revealed

a desolate churchyard beneath a dark and lowering heaven, from which a solitary sunbeam bursts forth to illumine a grave-stead; then followed the castle by the sea standing upon strangely moulded cliffs heaped in confusion, the churchyard in the snow where the nuns in the cloisters are following a dead sister to the grave, the churchyard cloister, likewise in snow, where an old man has dug a fresh grave, the cloister in the light of evening with a priest visiting the sick, the landscape with the weary, grey-headed crusader, riding on a weary horse through a lonely mountain district, probably meant as an illustration to Uhland's ballad *Das Rosennest*—

> "Ruhe hab ich nie gefunden,
> Als ein Jahr im finstern Thurm;"

and then came the desolate tableland with the robbers' den burnt to ashes, and the landscape with the oak and the shrine of the Virgin, before which a knight and noble lady are making their devotions. As yet all these pictures were an arbitrary *potpourri* from Walter Scott, Tieck, and Uhland, and their ideal was the Wolf's Glen in the *Freischütz*.

The next step which Romanticism had to take was to discover such primæval woodland scenes in actual nature, and as Italian landscape seems as it were to have been made for Claude, nature, as she is in Germany, makes a peculiar appeal to this romantic temperament. In certain parts of Saxon Switzerland the rocks look as if giants of the prime had played ball with them or piled them one on top of the other in sport. Lessing found in 1832 a landscape corresponding to the romantic ideal of nature in the Eifel district, whither he had been induced to go by a book by Nöggerath, *Das Gebirge im Rheinland und Westfalen nach Mineralogischem und Chemischem Bezuge*. Up to that time he had only known the romantic ideal of nature through Scott, Tieck, and Uhland, just as the Classicists had taken their ideal from Homer, Theocritus, and Virgil: in the Eifel district it came before him in tangible form. Flat, swampy tracts of shrub and spruce alternated with dark woods, where gigantic firs, weird pines, and primæval oaks raised their



Leipzig: Seemann.] [*Julius Hübner pxt.*

KARL FRIEDRICH LESSING.

branches to the sky. At the same time he beheld the rude and lonely sublimity of nature in union with a humanity which was as yet uncultivated, and for that reason all the simpler and the healthier, judged by the Romanticist's distaste for civilization. Defiant cones of rock and huge masses of mountain wildly piled upon each other overlooked valleys in which a stalwart race of peasants passed their days in patriarchal simplicity. Here, for the first time, a sense for actual landscape was developed in him; hitherto it had been alloyed by a taste for knights, robbers, and monks. "Oh, had I been born in the seventeenth century," he wrote, "I would have wandered after the Thirty Years' War throughout Germany, plundered, ruined, and run wild as she then was." Hitherto only "composed" Italian landscapes had been painted, the soil of home ostensibly offering no *sujets*, or, in other words, not suiting those tendencies which subordinated everything to style: so Lessing was now the first painter of German landscape. His "Eifel Landscape" in the Berlin National Gallery, which was followed by a series of such pictures, introduces the first period of German landscape-painting. The forms of the ground and of the rough sides of rock are rendered sharply and decisively, from geological knowledge. On principle he became an opponent of all artistic influence derived from Italy, and located himself in the Eifel district. The landscapes which he painted there are founded on immediate studies of nature, and are sustained by large and earnest insight. He draws the picture of this quarter in strong and simple lines: the sadness of the heath and the dark mist, the dull breath of which rises from swampy moorland. Still he painted only scenes in which nature

[*W. von Abbema sc.*

LESSING: "THE WAYSIDE MADONNA."

had taken the trouble to be fantastic. The eye of the painter did not see her bright side, approaching her only when she looked gloomy or was in angry humour. Either he veils the sky with vast clouds or plunges into the darkness of an untrodden forest. Gnarled trees spread around, their branches stretching out fantastically twisted; the unfettered tumult of the powers of nature, the dull sultry atmosphere before the burst of the storm or its moaning subsidence, are the only moments which he represents. But the whole baggage of unseasonable Romanticism, the nuns and monks, pious knights and sentimental robbers, at first used to embody the mood of nature, have been thrown overboard. A quieter and more melancholy though thoroughly manly seriousness, something strong and pithy, lies in the representations of Lessing. The Romanticists had lost all sense of the dumb silent life of nature. They only painted the changing adornment of the earth: heroes and the works of men, palaces, ruins, and classic temples. Nature

[*W. von Abbema sc.*

LESSING: "EIFEL LANDSCAPE."

served merely as a stage scene: the chief interest lay in the persons, the monuments, and the historical ideas associated with them. Even in the older pictures of Lessing the mood was exclusively given by the lyrical accessories. But now it was placed more and more in nature herself, and rings in power like an organ peal, from the cloudy sky, the dim lights, and the swaying tree-tops. For the first time it is really nature that speaks from the canvas, sombre and forceful. In this respect his landscapes show progress. They show the one-sidedness, but also the poetry of the Romantic view of nature. And they are no less of an advance in technique; for in making the discovery that his haunting ideal existed in reality, Lessing first began to study nature apart from preconceived and arbitrary rules of composition, and—learnt to paint.

Up to 1840 there stood at his side a master no less powerful, the refractory, self-taught *Karl Blechen*, who only took up painting when he was five-and-twenty, and became one of the most original of German landscapists, in spite of a ruined life prematurely closing in mental darkness and suicide. He possessed a delicate sense for nature, inspiration, boldness,

and a spirited largeness of manner, although his technique was hard, awkward, and clumsy to the very end. He might be called the Alfred Rethel of landscape-painting. He was not moved by what was kindly or formally beautiful in nature, but by loneliness, melancholy, and desertion. Most of his pictures have the character of terrifying and tormenting dream-pictures—not making an elegiac effect, but one that is shrill and horrible. Some of the weird fantastic stories of Ludwig Tieck, such as *Der Blonde Eckbert* or the eerie tale of the forester's child told by old Mechtildis in *Die Sieben Weiber des Blaubart*, are more or less of a literary parallel. There are dark and lonely forest lakes surrounded by bald and lofty mountain tops which stretch to the clouds, and in the midst of this awful, romantic scenery there move ghostly and fiendish creatures: a dwarf with a monstrous head and a half-witted malicious expression, a marksman pointing his gun at this apparition, and a woman stretching her arms towards the marksman in terrified supplication. A leaning towards what is curious and extraordinary breaks out everywhere. Very strange it is that in the beginning of the century madmen should have become such strongly marked individualities. Whereas Lessing never crossed the Alps for fear of losing his originality, Blechen was the first who saw even modern Italy without the spectacles of ideal style. From his Italian pictures it would not be supposed that he had previously studied the landscapes of the Classicists, or that beside him in Berlin Schinkel worked on the entirely abstract and ideal landscape. As a painter Blechen has even discovered the modern world. For Lessing landscape "with a purpose" was something hideous and insupportable. He cared exclusively for nature untouched by civilization, painted the murmuring wood and the raging storm, here and there at most a shepherd who indicated the simplest and the oldest employment of the earth's surface. But the Blechen Exhibition of 1881 contained an entirely singular phenomenon as regards the thirties, an evening landscape before the rolling mill in Eberswald: a long, monotonous plain with a sluggish river, behind which the dark outlines of vomiting manufactory chimneys rise sullenly into

[*Artist sc.*

SCHIRMER: "ITALIAN LANDSCAPE."

the bright evening sky. Even in that day Blechen painted what others scarcely ventured to draw: nature working in the service of man, and thereby—to use Tieck's expression—"robbed of her austere dignity."

Lessing's most celebrated follower, *Schirmer*, appears in general as a weakened and sentimental Lessing. He began in 1828 with "A Primæval German Forest," but a journey to Italy caused him in 1840 to turn aside from this more vigorous path. Henceforth his efforts were directed to nobility of form and line, to turning out Southern ideal landscapes with classically romantic accessories. The twenty-six Biblical landscapes drawn in charcoal, belonging to the Düsseldorf Kunsthalle, the four landscapes in oil with the history of the Good Samaritan in the Kunsthalle of Carlsruhe, and the twelve pictures on the history of Abraham in the Berlin National Gallery, are the principal results of this second period—his period of ideal style. They are tame efforts at a compromise between Lessing and Preller, and

therefore of no consequence to the history of the development of landscape-painting. Amongst the many who regarded him as a model, *Valentin Ruths* of Hamburg is one of the most natural and delicate. His pictures, however, did not display any new impulse to widen the boundary by proceeding more in the direction of healthy and honestly straightforward observation of nature, and emancipating himself from the school of regular composition and the rendering of an arbitrary mood.

Meanwhile this impulse came from another quarter. At the very time when the *genre* artists were painting their earliest pictures of rustic life under the influence of Teniers and Ostade, the landscapists also began to return to the old Dutch masters, following Everdingen in particular. Thus another strip of nature was conquered, another step made towards simplicity. The landscape ideal of the Classicists had been architecture, that of the Romanticists poetry; from this time forward it became pure painting. Little Denmark, which fifty years before had exercised through Carstens that fateful influence on Germany which led painters from the treatment of contemporary life and sent them in pursuit of the antique, now made recompense for the evil it had done. For during the twenties and thirties it produced certain landscapists who guided the Germans to look with a fresh and unfettered glance undisturbed by the ideal at nature in their own country, after the aberrations of Classicism and the one-sidedness of the Romanticists. Under Eckersberg the Academy of Copenhagen was the centre of a healthy realism founded on the Dutch, and some of the painters who received their training there and laboured in later years in Dresden, Düsseldorf, and Munich communicated the principles of this school.

J. C. Dahl taught as professor in the Academy of Dresden. At the present time his Norwegian landscapes seem exceedingly old-fashioned, but in the thirties they evidently must have been something bran-new, for they raised hue and cry amongst the German painters as "the most wild naturalism." In 1788 Johann Christian Clausen Dahl was born in Bergen. He was the son of one of those Norwegian giants who are one day tillers of the

soil, and on the morrow fishers or herdsmen and hunters, who cross the sea in their youth as sailors, and clear the waste land when they return home. As he wandered with his father through the dense, solitary pine forests, along abrupt precipices, sullen lakes, rushing waterfalls, silvery shining glaciers, the majesty of Northern nature was revealed to him, and he rendered them in little coloured drawings, which, in spite of their awkward technique, bear witness to an extraordinary freshness of observation. The course of study at the Copenhagen Academy, where he went when he was twenty, perplexed him for a brief space. Brought face to face with works of art, he lost his self-confidence, and endeavoured to behold nature through the eyes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He heard talk of the great models whom all generations of artists are bound to follow; then he threw everything original overboard, and strove to produce something striking and imposing. He mingled rocks, waterfalls, and temples in the most incredible compositions, until, at last, amongst the masters of the Copenhagen Gallery and the Moltke Collection, he discovered Everdingen and Ruysdael. Others had confused him, but these two brought him back to native soil.

Dahl became the first representative of Norwegian landscape-painting, and remained true to his country, even when in 1819 he undertook a professorship in Dresden. Italy and Germany occupied his brush as much as Norway, but he was only himself when he worked amongst the Norwegian cliffs. Breadth of painting and softness of atmosphere are wanting in all his pictures. They are hard and dry in their effect, and not seldom entirely conventional; especially the large works painted after 1830. In them he gave the impression of a bewildering, babbling personality. They have been swiftly conceived and swiftly painted, but without artistic love and fine feeling. In his later years Dahl did not allow himself the time to bury himself in nature quietly and with devotion, and finally—especially in his moonlight pictures—took to using a violet-blue, which has a very conventional effect. Everdingen sought by preference for what was forceful and violently agitated in nature, Ruysdael felt an

enthusiasm for rushing mountain streams. But for Dahl even these romantic elements of Northern nature were not enough. He approached nature, not to interpret her simply, but to arrange his effects. In his picture the wild Norwegian landscape had to be wilder and more restless than in reality it is. Not patient enough to win all its secrets from the savage mountain torrent, he forced together his effects, made additions, brought confusion into his picture as a whole, and a crudeness into the particular incidents. His large pictures have a loud effect contrasted with the simple intuition of nature amongst the Netherlanders. Many of them are merely fantastically irrational compositions of motives which have been learnt by heart.

But there were also years in which Dahl stood in the front rank of his age, and even showed it the way to new aims. In the front rank of his age he stood from 1820 to 1830 in those pictures in which, instead of making romantic adaptations of Ruysdael and Everdingen, he resembled them by rendering the weirdness and eeriness and the rough and wild features of Norwegian scenery: red-brown heaths and brownish green turf-moors, stunted oaks and dark pine forests, erratic blocks sown without design amid the roots of trees, branches snapped by the storm and hanging as they are broken, and stems felled by the tempest and lying where they have fallen. In certain pictures in the Bergen and Copenhagen Galleries he showed the way to new aims. The tendency to gloom and seriousness which reigns in those Dutch Romanticists has here yielded to what is simple and familiar, to the homely joy of the people of the North in the crisp, bright day and the wayward sunbeams. He loves the glimmer of light upon the birch leaves and peacefully rippling sea. Like Adrian van der Neer, he studied with delight the wintry sky, the snow-clad plains, and the night and the moonshine. Even the charm of spring he felt already. Poor peasant cots are brightly and pleasantly perched upon moist, green hills, as though he had quite forgotten what his age demanded in "artistic composition." Or the summer day spreads opulent and real between the cliffs, and the warm air vibrates over the fields. Peasants and cattle, glimmering birches and village

MORGENSTERN: "A PEASANT COTTAGE" (ETCHING).

spires, stand vigorously forth in the landscape; even the execution is so simple that with all his richness of detail he succeeds in attaining a great effect. It is felt that this painting has developed amid a virgin nature, surrounded by the poetry of the fjord, the lofty cliff, and the torrent. In the same measure the Dutch had not the feeling for quietude and habitable, humble, and familiar places. And perhaps it was not by chance that this reformer came from the most virgin country of Europe, from a country that had had no share in any great artistic epoch of the past.

For Munich a similar importance was won by the Hamburg painter *Christian Morgenstern*, who, like all artists of this group, imitated the Dutch in the tone of his colour, though as a draughtsman he remained a fresh and healthy son of nature. Even what he accomplished in all *naïveté* between 1826 and 1829, through direct study of Hamburg landscape, is something unique in the German production of that age. His sketches and etchings of these years assure him a high place amongst the earliest German "mood" painters, and show that as a landscapist he had

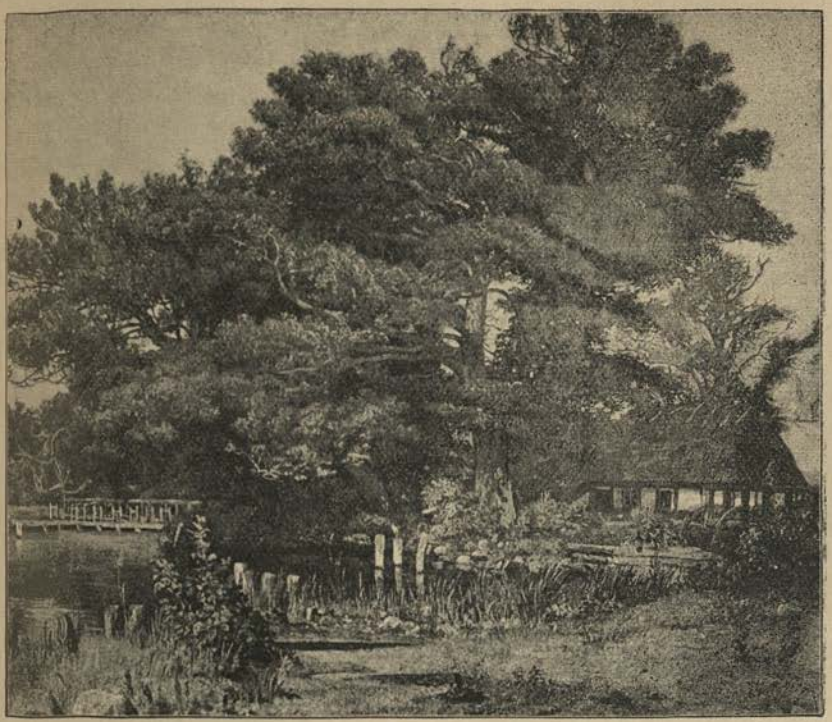
at that time made the furthest advance towards simplicity and intimacy of feeling. A journey to Norway, undertaken in 1829, and a sojourn at the Copenhagen Academy, where he worked up his Norwegian studies, only extended his ability without altering his principles; and when he came to Munich in the beginning of the thirties, his new and personal intuition of nature made a revolution in artistic circles. The landscape-painters learnt from him that Everdingen, Ruysdael, and Rembrandt were contemporaries of Poussin, that foliage need not be an exercise of style, and is able properly to indicate the nature of the tree. He discovered the beauty of the Bavarian plateau for the Munich school.

Even the first picture that he brought with him from Hamburg displayed a wide plain shadowed by clouds—a part of the Lüneburg heath—and to this type of subject he remained faithful even in later days. Himself a child of the plains, he sought for kindred motives in Bavaria, and found them in rich store on the shore of the Isar, in the quarries near Polling, at Peissenberg, and in the mossy region near Dachau. His pictures have not the power of commanding the attention of an indifferent spectator, but when they have been once looked into, they are seen to be poetic, quiet, harmless, sunny, and thoughtful. He delighted in whatever was ordinary and unobtrusive, the gentle nature of the wood, the surroundings of the village, everything homely and familiar. If Rottmann revelled in the forms of Southern nature, Morgenstern abided by his native Germany; where Lessing only listened to the rage of the hurricane, Morgenstern hearkened to the quiet whisper of the breeze. The shadows of the clouds and the radiance of the sun lie over the dark heath, the moonlight streams dreamily over the quiet streets of the village, the waves break, at one moment rushing noisily and at another gently caressing the shore. Later, when he turned to the representation of the mountains, he lost the intimacy of feeling which was in the beginning peculiar to him. In mountain pictures, often as he attempted ravines, waterfalls, and snowy Alpine summits, he never succeeded in doing anything eminently good. These pictures have something petty and dismembered, and not the great, simple stroke of his plains and skies.

LUDWIG GURLITT.

What Morgenstern was for Munich *Ludwig Gurlitt* was for Düsseldorf — the most eminent of the great Northern colony which migrated thither in the thirties. His name is not to be found in manuals, and the pictures of his later period which represent him in public galleries seldom give a full idea of his importance. After a journey to Greece in 1859 he took to a brown tone, in which much is conventional. Moreover his retired life—he resided from 1848 to 1852 in a Saxon village, and from 1859 to 1873 in Siebleben, near Gotha—contributed much to his being forgotten by the world. But the history of art which seeks operative forces must do him honour as the first healthy, realistic landscape-painter of Germany, and—still more—as one who opened the eyes of a number of younger painters who have since come to fame.

Gurlitt was a native of Holstein, and, like Morgenstern, received his first instruction in Hamburg, where, at that time, Bendixen, Vollmer, the Lehmanns, and the Genslers formed an original group of artists. After this, as in the case of Morgenstern also, there followed a longer sojourn in Norway and Copenhagen. In Düsseldorf, where he then went, a Jutland heath study made some sensation on his arrival. It was the first landscape seen in Düsseldorf which had not been composed, and Schadow is said to have come to Gurlitt's studio, accompanied by his pupils, to behold the marvel. In 1836 he migrated to Munich, where Morgenstern had worked before him, and here he produced a whole series of works, which reveals an artist exceedingly independent in sentiment, and one who even preserves his individuality in the presence of the Dutch. His



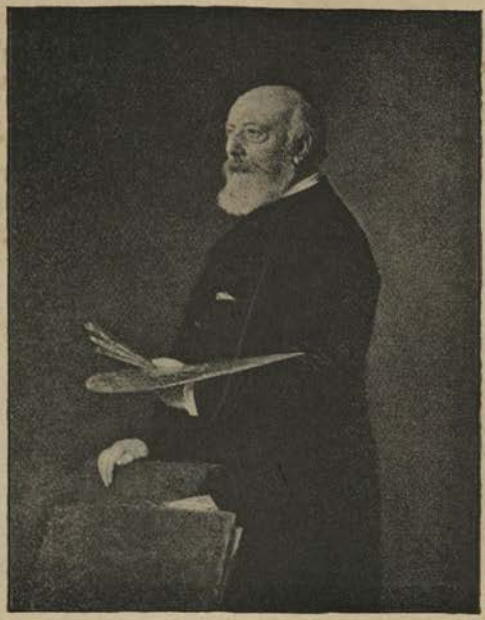
GURLITT: "A FARMHOUSE."

pictures were grey in tone, and not yellowish, like those of the Dutch; moreover they were less composed and less "intelligently" dressed out with accessories than the pictures of Dahl; they were glances into nature resulting from earnest, realistic striving. Even when he began to paint Italian pictures, as he did after 1843, he preserved a straightforward simplicity which was not understood by criticism in that age, though it makes the more sympathetic appeal at the present day. The strength of his realism lay, as was the case with all artists of those years, rather in drawing; but at times he reaches, even in painting, a remarkable clearness and delicacy, which at one time verges on the silver tone of Canaletto, at another on the fine grey of Constable.

Realism begins in German art with the entry of these Northern painters into Düsseldorf and Munich. They were less

affected by æsthetic prejudices, and fresher and healthier than the Germans. Gurlitt was specially their intellectual leader, the soul, the driving force of the great movement which now followed. Roused by him, *Andreas Achenbach* emancipated himself from the landscape of style, and, in the years from 1835 to 1839, painted Norwegian pictures even before he knew Norway. Roused by Gurlitt, Achenbach set forth upon the pilgrimage thither, the journey which was a voyage of discovery for German landscape-painting.

Because Achenbach still lives and yearly exhibits works which are no longer in touch with the surrounding efforts of younger men, there is an inclination to make little of his importance as a pioneer. What is wanting in his pictures is artistic zeal; what he seems to have too much of is routine. Andreas Achenbach is, as his portrait shows, a man of great acuteness. From his clear, light blue eyes he looks sharply and sagaciously into the world around; his short, thick-set figure, proud and firm of carriage, in spite of years, bears witness to his tough energy. His forehead, like Menzel's, is rather that of an architect than a poet; and his pictures correspond to his outward appearance. Each one of his earlier good pictures was a battle fought and won. Realism incarnate, a man from whom all visionary enthusiasm lay at a worldwide distance, he conquered nature by masculine firmness and unexampled perseverance. He appears as a *maître-peintre*, a man of cool, exact talent with a clear and sober vision. The chief characteristic of his organism was his eminent capacity for appreciating the artistic methods of other artists, and adapting what was essential in them to his own manner of production. One breathes more freely before the works of the masters of Barbizon, and merely sees good pictures in those of Achenbach. The former are captivating by their intimate penetration, where he is striking by his bravura of execution. His landscapes have no chance inspiration, no geniality. Everything is harmonized for the sake of pictorial effect. The structure and scaffolding are of monumental stability. Yet fine as his observation undoubtedly is, he has never surprised the innermost working of nature, but



Munich: Hanfstängl.] [*H. v. Angeli pxt.*

ANDREAS ACHENBACH.

merely turned her to account for the production of pictures. For the French artists colour is the pure expression of nature and of her inward humour, but for Achenbach it is just the means for attaining an effectiveness similar to that of the Dutch. Penetrating everything thoroughly with those sparkling blue eyes of his, he learnt to render conscientiously and firmly the forms of the earth and its outward aspect, but the moods of its life appealing to the spirit like music were never disclosed to him. The art of the Dutch attracted him to art, but not the impulse to give token to his own peculiar temperament. He thinks more of producing pictures which may equal those of his forerunners in their merits than of rendering the impression of nature which he has himself received. His intelligence quickens at the study of the rules and theories set up by the Dutch, and he seeks for spots in nature where he may exercise these principles, but remains chill at the sight of sky and water, trees and mountains. It is not mere love of nature that has guided his brush, but a refined calculation of pictorial effect; and as he never went beyond this endeavour after rounded expression, as it was understood by the Dutch, though he certainly set German landscape free from a romantic subjection to style like Schirmer's, he never led it to immediate personal observation of nature. Not the fragrance of nature is it that escapes from his pictures, but the odour of oil and varnish; and as the means he made use of to attain

ACHENBACH: "A WATERFALL."

his effects never alter, the result is frequently conventional and methodic.

But this does not alter the fact that, when the development of German landscape-painting is in question, the name of Andreas Achenbach will be always heard in connection with it. He united technical qualities of the higher order with the capacity of impressing the public, and therefore he completed the work that the Danes had begun. He was the reformer who gave evidence that it was not alone by cliffs and baronial castles and murmuring oaks that sentiment was to be awakened; he hated everything unhealthy, mawkish, and vague, and by showing the claws of the lion of realism in the very heart of the romantic period, he came to have the significance of a hero in German landscape-painting. He forced demure Lower German landscape to surrender to him its charms; he revealed the fascination of Dutch canal scenes, with their quaint architecture and their characteristic human figures; he went to the stormy, raging North Sea, and opposed the giant forces of boisterous, unfettered nature to the tame pictures of the school of Schirmer.

ACHENBACH: A SEASCAPE.

Achenbach's earliest North Sea pictures were exhibited at the very time when Heine's North Sea series made its appearance, and they soon ousted the wrecks of the French painter Gudin, which, up to that time, had dominated the picture market. For the first time in the nineteenth century sea-pieces were so painted that the water really seemed a fluent, agitated element, the waves of which did not look as if they had been made of lead, and the froth and foam of white wadding. The things which he was specially felicitous in painting were Rhine-land villages with red-tiled roofs, Dutch canals with yellow sandbanks and running waves breaking at the wooden buttresses of the harbour, Norwegian scenes with stubborn cliffs and dark pines, wild torrents and roaring waterfalls. He did not paint them better than Everdingen and Ruysdael had done, but he painted them better than any of his contemporaries had it in their power to do.

As Gurlitt is connected with the present by Achenbach, Morgenstern is connected with it by *Eduard Schleich*. The Munich picture rendering a mood took the place of Rottmann's

Albert helio.]

E. SCHLEICH: "A LANDSCAPE IN SPRING."

architectural pictures. Instead of the fair forms of the earth's surface, artists began to study the play of sunlight on the plain and amid the flight of the clouds, and instead of the build of the landscape they turned to notice its atmospheric mood. Through Morgenstern Schleich was specially directed to Ruysdael and Goyen. In Ruysdael he was captivated by that profound seriousness and that sombre observation of nature which corresponded to something in his own humour; in Goyen by the pictorial harmony of sunlight, air, water, and earth. Schleich has visited France, Belgium, Hungary, and Italy, yet it is only by exception that he has painted anything but what the most immediate vicinity of Munich might offer. He chose the plainest spot in nature—a newly tilled field, a reedy pond, a stretch of brown moorland, a pair of cottages amid trees; and under the guidance of Goyen he observed the changes of the sky with great care—the retreat of thunderclouds, the sun shrouded by thin veils of haze, the tremulous moonlight, or the hovering of the morning and evening mists. The Isar district

and the mossy Dachauer soil were his favourite places of sojourn. He had a special preference for rain and moonlight and the mood of autumn, in rendering which he toned brown and grey hues to fine Dutch harmonies. His keynote was predominantly serious and elegiac, but he also loved scenes in which there was a restless and violent change of light. Over a wide plateau the sunlight spreads its radiance, whilst from the side an army of dense thunderclouds, clenched for a storm, draws on, casting dark shadows. Upon a monotonous plain, broken by solitary clumps of trees, the warm summer rain comes dripping down. Trees and shrubs throw light shadows, and the plain glistens in the beams of the sun. Or else there is a wide expanse of moor. Darkling the clouds advance, the rushes bend before the wind, and narrow strips of moonlight glitter amid the slender reeds. By such works Schleich became the head of the Munich school of landscape without having ever directed the study of pupils. Through him and through Achenbach capacity for the fresh observation of the life of nature was given to German painters.

Undoubtedly amongst the younger group of artists there was a great difference in regard to choice of subject. The modern rendering of mood has only had its origin in Germany; it could not finally develop itself there. Just as figure-painting, after making so vigorous a beginning with Bürkel, turned to *genre* painting in the hands of Enhuber and Knaus, until it returned to its old course in Leibl, landscape also went through the apprentice period of interesting subject, until it once more recognized the poetry of simpleness. The course of civilization itself led it into these lines. When Morgenstern painted his first pictures the post-chaise still rattled from village to village, but now the whistle of the railway engine screams shrill as the first signal of a new age throughout Europe. Up to that time the possibility of travelling had been greatly circumscribed by the difficulties of traffic. But facilitated arrangements of traffic brought with them such a desire for travel as had never been before. In literature the revolution displayed itself by the rise of the novel of travel as a new branch of fiction. Hackländer sent many volumes of touring sketches into the market,

ALEXANDER CALAME.

Theodor Mügge made Norway, Sweden, and Denmark the scene of his tales. But, above all, America was the land of the blue flower. After all Germany had been set upon the war-trail with Cooper's Indians, it had Charles Sealsfield to describe the grotesque mountain land of Mexico, the magic of the prairie, and the landscapes of Susquehannah and the Mississippi, and read Gerstäcker's, Balduin Möllhausen's, and Otto Ruppius' Transatlantic sketches with unwearying excitement. The painters who found their greatest delight in seeing the world with the eyes of a tourist also became cosmopolitan.

In Geneva *Alexander Calame* brought Germany to the knowledge of what is to be seen in Switzerland. Calame was, indeed, a dry, unpoetic landscapist. He began as a young tradesman by making little coloured views of Switzerland which foreigners were glad to bring away with them as travelling memorials in place of photographs, which did not yet exist. Even his later pictures can only lay claim to the merit of such "mementoes of Switzerland." His colour is insipid and monotonous, his atmosphere heavy, his technique laborious. By painting he understood the illumination of drawings, and his drawing was that of an engraver. An excellent drawing-master, he possessed an unusual mastery of perspective. On the other hand, all warmth and inward life are wanting in his works. Sentiment has been replaced by correct manipulation, and in the deep blue mirror of his Alpine lakes as in the luminous red of his Alpine summits, there is always to be seen the illuminator who has first drawn the contours with a neat pencil and pedantic correctness. His pictures are

grandiose scenes of nature felt in a petty way—in science too it is often the smallest spirit that seeks the greatest heroes. "The Ruins of Pæstum," like "The Thunderstorm on the Handeck" and "The Range of Monte-Rosa at Sunrise," merely attain an external, scenical effect which is not improved by crude and unnatural contrasts of light. And as, in later years, when orders accumulated, he fell a victim to an astounding fertility, many of his works make the impression of a dexterous calligrapher incessantly repeating the same ornamental letters. "*Un Calame, deux Calame, trois Calame—que de calamités*," ran the phrase every year in the Paris Salon.

But if France remained cool he found the more numerous admirers in Germany. At once in 1835, when he exhibited his first picture in Berlin, a view of the Lake of Geneva, his appearance was hailed with the warmest sympathy. The dexterity, the rounded form, the finish of his pictures, were exactly what gave pleasure, and the distinctness of his drawing made its impression. His lithographical studies of trees and his landscapes for copying attained the importance of canonical value, and for whole decades remained in use as a medium of instruction in drawing. Amongst German painters *Carl Ludwig*, *Otto von Kameke*, and *Count Stanislaus Kalkreuth* were specially incited by Calame to turn to the sublimity of Alpine nature. Desolate wastes of cliffs, still, clear blue lakes, wild, plunging torrents, and mountain summits covered with glaciers and glowing to rose-colour in the reflection of the setting sun are the elements of their pictures as of those of the Genevan master.

After Achenbach there came a whole series of artists from the North who began to depict the mountains of their native Norway under the strong colour effects of the Northern sun. The majestic formations of the fjords, the emerald green walls of rock, the cloven valleys, the terrible forest wildernesses, and the mountains of Norway dazzlingly illuminated and reflecting themselves like glittering jewels in the quiet waters of sapphire blue lakes, were interesting enough to afford nourishment for more than one landscapist.

Knud Baade, who worked from 1842 in Munich, after a lengthy

sojourn at the Copenhagen Academy and with Dahl in Dresden, delighted in moonlight scenes, gloomy fir-forests, and midnight suns. The sea rises in waves mountain high and tosses mighty vessels like withered leaves or dashes foaming against the cliffs of the shore. Fantastic clouds chase each other across the sky, and the wan moonlight rocks unsteadily upon the waves. More seldom he paints the sea lit up afar by the moon, or the fjord with its meadows and silver birches; and in such plain pictures he makes a far more attractive effect than in those which are wild and ambitious, for his diffident, petty execution is, as a rule, but little suited to restless, and, as it were, dramatic scenes of nature.

Having come to Düsseldorf in 1841, *Hans Gude* became the Calame of the North. Achenbach taught him to approach the phenomena of nature boldly and realistically, and not to be afraid of a rich and soft scale of colour. Schirmer, the representative of Italian still landscape, guided him to the acquisition of a certain large harmony and sense for style in the structure of his pictures, to beauty of line and effective disposition of great masses of light and shade. This quiet, sure-footed, and robust realism, which had, at the same time, a gift of style, became the chief characteristic of his Northern landscapes, in which, however, the mutable and fleeting moods of nature were all the more neglected. Here are Norwegian mountain landscapes with lakes, rivers, and waterfalls, then pictures of the shore under the most varied phases of light, or grand cliff scenery with a sombre sky and a sea in commotion. Hans Gude, living from 1864 in Carlsruhe, and from 1880 in Berlin, is one of those painters whom one esteems, but for whom it is not possible to feel great enthusiasm—one of those conscientious workers who from their very solidity run the risk of becoming tedious. His landscapes are good gallery pictures, soberly and prosaically correct, and never irritating, though, at the same time, they seldom kindle any warm feeling.

Like Gude, *Niels Björnson Möller* devoted himself to pictures of the shore and the sea. Undisturbed by men in his sequestered retreat, *August Capellen* gave way to the melan-

choly charms of the Norwegian forest. He represented the tremulous clarity of the air above the cliffs, old, bursting tree-trunks and green water plants, sleepy ponds, and far prospects bounded by blue mountains; but he would make an effect of greater originality had he thought less of Schirmer's noble line and compositions arranged in the grand style. *Morten-Müller* became the specialist of the fir-forest. The indigenous woods where the valleys stretch towards the high mountain region offered him motives, which he worked up in large and excessively scenical pictures. His strong point was the contrast between sunlight playing on the mountain heads and mysterious darkness reigning in the forest depths, and his pictures have many admirers on account of "their elegiac melancholy, their minor key of touching sadness." The Norwegian spring changing the earth into one carpet of moorland, broken by marshes, found its delineator in *Erik Bodom*. *Ludwig Munthe* became the painter of wintry landscape in thaw, when the snow is riddled with holes and a dirty brown crust of earth peeps from the dazzling mantle. A desolate field, a pair of crippled trees stretching their naked branches to the dark-grey sky, a swarm of crows and a drenched road marked with the tracks of wheels, and a tawny yellow patch of light gleaming through the cloud-bank and reflected in the wayside puddles, such are the elements out of which one of Munthe's landscapes is composed. Through *Eilert Adelsten Normann* representations of the fjords received currency in the picture market. His speciality was the delineation of the steep and beetling rocky fastnesses of Lofodden with their various reflections of light and colour, the midnight sun glaring over the deep clear sea, the contrast between the blue-black masses of the mountains and the gleaming fields of snow.

Others, such as *Ludwig Willroider*, *Louis Douzette*, and *Hermann Eschke*, set themselves to observe the German heath and the German forest from similar points of view; the one painted great masses of mountain and giant trees, the other the setting sun, and the third the sea. *Oswald Achenbach*, *Albert Flamm*, and *Ascan Lutteroth* set out once more on the pilgrimage to the

South, where, in contrast to their predecessors, they studied no longer the classic lines of nature in Italy, but the splendour of varied effects of colour in the neighbourhood of Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples. The most enterprising turned their backs on Europe altogether, and began to paint the primæval forests of South America, to which Alexander Humboldt had drawn attention, the azure and scarlet wonders of the tropics, and the gleam and sparkle of the icy world at the ultimate limits of the Polar regions. *Ferdinand Bellermann* was honoured as a new Columbus when in 1842 he returned home with his sketches, botanically accurate as they were, of the marvels of the virgin forest. *Eduard Hildebrandt*, who in 1843 had already gone through the Canary Islands, Italy, Sicily, North Africa, Egypt, Nubia, Sahara, and the Northern ocean of ice, at the mandate of Friedrich Wilhelm IV. in 1862 undertook a voyage round the world "to learn from personal view the phenomena that the sea, the air, and the solid earth bring forth beneath the most various skies." *Eugen Bracht* traversed Egypt, Syria, and Palestine, and returned with a multitude of studies from the sombre and majestic landscape of the desert, and from that world of ruins and mountains in the East, and, in his native country, developed them into as many pictures.

It is the merit of all these masters to have continually widened the circuit of subject-matter, and gradually disclosed the whole world; and if their works cannot be reckoned as the products of a delicate landscape-painting, this is a result of the same taste which prescribed anecdotic and narrative subjects to the *genre* picture of those years. The landscape-painters conquered the earth, but, above all, those parts of it which were geographically remarkable. This they did in the interest of the public. They went with a Baedeker in their pocket into every quarter of the globe, brought with them all the carmine necessary for sunsets, and set up their easels at every place marked with an asterisk by Baedeker. And in these fair regions they noted everything that was to be seen with the said Baedeker's assistance. Through satisfying the interest of the tourist by a rendering, faithful to a hair's breadth, of topographically

instructive points, they could best reckon on the sale of their productions.

At the same time their pictures betray that, during this generation, historical painting was throned on a summit whence it could dictate the æsthetic catechism. The historical picture represented a humanity that carried about with it the consciousness of its outward presence, draped itself in front of the glass, and made an artificial study of every gesture and every expression of emotion. *Genre* painting followed, and rendered the true spirit of life, illustrating it histrionically, but without surprising it in its unconstrained working. And so trees, mountains, and clouds also were forced to lay aside the innocence of unconscious being, wrapping themselves in the cloak of affectation. Simple reality in its quiet, delicate beauty, the homely "mood" of nature, touching the forms of landscape with the play of light and air, had nothing to tell an age overstrained by the heroics of history and the grimaces of *genre* painting. A more powerful stimulus was necessary. So the landscapists also were forced to seek nature where she was histrionic and came forth in blustering magnificence; they were forced to send off brilliant pyrotechnics to fire out sun, moon, and stars in order to be heard, or, more literally, seen.

Instruction or theatrical effect—the aims of historical painting—had also to be those of the landscape-painter. And as railroads are cosmopolitan arrangements, he was in a position to satisfy both demands with promptitude. As historical painters in the chase of striking subjects directed their gaze to the farthest historical horizon, and the *genre* painters sought to take their public captive principally through what was alien and strange, through Orientals and Italians, the landscape-painters, too, found their highest aim in the widest possible expansion of the geographical horizon. "Have these good people not been born anywhere in particular?" asked Courbet, when he contemplated the German landscapes in the Munich Exhibition of 1869. What would first strike the inhabitant of a Northern country in foreign lands was made the theme of the majority of the pictures. But as the historical painting, in illustrating all the great

dramatic scenes from the Trojan War to the French Revolution, yielded at one time to a pædagogical doctrinaire tendency and at another to theatrical impassionedness, so landscape-painting on its cosmopolitan excursions became partly a dry synopsis of famous regions, only justifiable as a memento of travel, partly a tricked-out piece of effect, which, like everything obtrusive, soon lost its charm. The pictures of the first description, which chiefly borrowed their motives from Alpine nature, so imposing in its impressiveness of form—grand masses of rock, glaciers, snow-fields, and abrupt precipices—only needed to have the fidelity of a portrait. Where that was given, the public, guided by the instinct for what is majestic and beautiful in nature, stood before them quite content, while Alpine travellers instructed the laity that the deep blue snow of the picture was no exaggeration, but a phenomenon of the mountain world which had been rightly seized. In all these cases there can be no possible doubt about geographical position, but there is seldom any need to make inquiries after the artist. The interest which they excite is purely of a topographical order; otherwise they bear the stamp of ordinary prose, of the aridity and unattractiveness which always creeps in as a consequence of pure objectivity. The works of the second description, which depict exotic regions, striking by the strangeness of various phenomena of light and the splendour and glow of colour, are generally irritating by their professional effort to display "mood." The old masters revealed "mood" without intending to do so, because they approached nature piously and with a wealth of feeling. The new masters make a purely external effect, because they strain after a "mood" in their painting without feeling it; and though art does not exclude the choice of exotic subjects, it is not healthy when a tendency of this sort becomes universal. Really superior art will, from principle, never seek the charm of what is strange and distant, since it possesses the magical gift of bestowing the deepest interest on what lies nearest to it. In addition to which such effects are as hard to seize as the moment of most intense excitement in the historical picture. As an historical painter, Delacroix could render it, and Turner as

a landscape-painter, but geniuses like Delacroix and Turner are not born every day. As these phenomena were painted at the time in Germany, the right "mood" was not excited by them, but merely a frigid curiosity. Almost all landscapes of these years make an effect merely through their subject; they are entertaining, astonishing, instructive, but the poetry of nature has not yet been aroused. It could only reveal itself when the preponderance of interest in mere subject was no longer allowed. As the figure-painters at last disdained through narrative and "points" to win the applause of those who had no sensitiveness for art, so the landscape-painters were obliged to cease from giving geographical instruction by the representation of nature as beloved by tourists, and to give up forcing a "mood" into their pictures by a false mood. The necessary degree of artistic absorption could only go hand in hand with a revolt against purely objective interest of motive, and with a strenuous effort at the representation of familiar nature in the intimate charm of its moods of light and atmosphere. It was necessary for refinement of taste to follow on the expression of subject-matter; and this impulse had to bring artists back to the path struck by Dahl, Morgenstern, and Gurlitt. To unite the simple, moving, and tender observation of those older artists with richer and more complex methods of expression was the task given to the next generation in France, where *paysage intime*, the most refined and delicate issue of the century, grew to maturity in the very years when German landscape-painting roamed through the world with the joy of an explorer.

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CHAPTER XXV

THE BEGINNINGS OF "PAYSAGE INTIME"

Classical landscape-painting in France: Hubert Robert, Henri Valenciennes, Victor Bertin, Xavier Bidault, Michallon, Jules Cogniet, Watelet, Théodore Aligny, Edouard Bertin, Paul Flandrin, Achille Benouville, J. Bellel.—Romanticism and the resort to national scenery: Victor Hugo, Georges Michel, the Ruysdael of Montmartre, Charles de la Berge, Camille Roqueplan, Camille Flers, Louis Cabat, Paul Huet.—The English the first to free themselves from composition and the tone of galleries: Turner.—John Crome, the English Hobbema, and the Norwich school: Cotman, Crome junior, Stark, Vincent.—The water-colour artists: John Robert Cozens, Girtin, Edridge, Prout, Samuel Owen, Luke Clennel, Howitt, Robert Hills.—The influence of aquarelles on the English conception of colour.—John Constable and open-air painting.—David Cox, William Müller, Peter de Wint, Creswick, Peter Graham, Henry Dawson, John Linnell.—Richard Parkes Bonington as the link between England and France.

HOW it was that the secrets of *paysage intime* were reserved for our own century—and this assuredly by no mere accident—can only be delineated in true colours when some one writes a special history of landscape-painting, a book which at the present time would be the most seasonable in the literature of art. Wereschagin once declared that in the province of landscape the works of the old masters seem like the exercises of pupils in comparison with the performances of modern art; and certain it is that the nineteenth century, if it is inferior to previous ages in everything else, may, at any rate, offer them an equivalent in landscape. It was only city life that could produce this passionately heightened love of nature. It was only in the century of close rooms and over-population, neurosis

Paris; Baschet.]

HUBERT ROBERT: "RUINS AND MONUMENTS."

and holiday colonies, that landscape-painting could attain to this fulness, purity, and sanctity. It was only our age of hurry and work that made possible a relation between nature and the human soul, which really has something of what the Earth Spirit vouchsafed to Faust: "to gaze into her heart as into the bosom of a friend."

In France also, the tendency which since the eighteenth century had made itself felt in waves rising ever higher, had been for a short time abruptly interrupted by Classicism. Of the pre-revolutionary landscapists *Hubert Robert* was the only one who survived into the new era. His details of nature and his rococo savour were pardoned to him for the sake of his classic ruins. At first there was not one of the newer artists who was impelled to enter this province. A generation which had become ascetic, and which dreamed only of rude, manly virtue expressed through the plastic and purified forms of the human body, had lost all sense for the charms of landscape. And when the first landscapes appeared once more, after several

years, they were, as in Germany, solemn stage-tragedy scenes, abstract "lofty" regions such as Poussin ostensibly painted. Only in Poussin a great feeling for nature held together the conventional composition, in spite of all his straining after style; whereas nothing but frigid rhetoric and sterile formalism reigns in the works of these newer painters, works which were created at second-hand. The type of the beautiful which had been borrowed from the antique was worked into garden and forest with a laboured effort at style, as it had been worked into the human form and the flow of drapery. A *Prix de Rome* was founded for historical landscapes.

Henri Valenciennes was the Lenôtre of this Classicism, the admired teacher of several generations. The beginner in landscape-painting modelled himself upon Valenciennes as the figure-painter upon Guérin. His *Traité élémentaire de perspective pratique*, in which he formulated the principles of landscape, contains his personal views as well as the æsthetics of the age. Although, as he premises, he "is convinced that there is in reality only one kind of painting, historical painting, it is true that an able historical painter ought not entirely to neglect landscape." Rembrandt, of course, and the old Dutch painters were without any sort of ideal, and only worked for people without soul or intelligence. How far does a landscape with cows and sheep stand below one with the funeral of Phocion, or a rainy day by Ruysdael below a picture of the Deluge by Poussin! Hardly does Claude Lorrain find grace in the eyes of Valenciennes. "He has painted with a pretty fidelity to nature the morning and evening light. But just for that very reason his pictures make no appeal to the intelligence. He has no tree where a Dryad could dwell, no spring in which nymphs could splash the water. Gods, demigods, nymphs, satyrs, even heroes are too sublime for these regions; shepherds could dwell there at best." Claude, indeed, loved Italy, but knew the old writers all too little, and they are the groundwork for landscape-painters. As David said to his pupil Gros, "Look through your Plutarch," Valenciennes advised his own pupils to study Theocritus, Virgil, and Ovid: only from these

authors might be learnt what were the regions suitable for gods and heroes.

> "Vos exemplaria græca
> Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."

If, for example, the landscapist would paint Morning, let him portray the moment when Aurora rises laughing from the arms of her aged spouse, when the hours are yoking four fiery steeds to the car of the sun-god, or Ulysses kneels imploring before Nausicaa. For Noon the myth of Icarus or of Phaëton might be turned to account. Evening may be represented by painting Phœbus hastening his course as he nears the horizon in flaming desire to cast himself into the arms of Thetis. Having once got his themes from the old poets, the landscape-painter must know the laws of perspective to execute his picture, he must be familiar with Poussin's rules of composition, and occasionally he ought even to study nature. Then he needs a weeping willow for an elegy, a rock for the death of Phaëton, and an oak for the dance of the nymphs. To find such motives he should make journeys to the famed old lands of civilization; best of all on the road which art has traversed itself—first to Asia Minor, then to Greece, and then to Italy.

These æsthetics produced *Victor Bertin* and *Xavier Bidault*, admired by their contemporaries for "richness of composition and a splendid selection of sites." Their methodical commonplaces, their waves and valleys and temples, bear the same relation to nature as the talking machine of Raimundus Lullus does to philosophy. The scholastic landscape-painter triumphed; a school it was which nourished itself on empty formulas, and so died of anæmia. *Bidault*, who in his youth made very good studies, is, with his stippled leaves and polished stems and grey skies looking sometimes like lead and sometimes like water, the peculiar essence of a tiresome Classicism; and he is the same Bidault who, as president of the hanging committee, for years rejected the landscapes of Théodore Rousseau from the Salon. It is only the figure of *Michallon*, who died young, that still survives from this group. He, too, belongs to the school of

Valenciennes, through his frigid, meagre, and pedantically correct style; but he is distinguished from the rest, for he endeavoured to acquire a certain truth to nature in the drawing of plants, and was accounted a bold innovator at the time. He did not paint "the plant in itself," but burs, thistles, dandelions, everything after its kind, and through this botanical exactness he acquired in the beginning of the century a fame which it is now hard to understand. In the persons of *Jules Cogniet* and *Watelet* the gates of the school were rather more widely opened to admit reality. Having long populated their classic valleys with bloodless, dancing nymphs and figurants of divine race, they abandoned historical for picturesque landscape, and "dared" to represent scenes from the environs of Paris, castles and windmills. But as they clung even here to the classical principles of composition, it is only nature brushed and combed, trimmed and coerced by rules, that is reflected in their painting. Even in 1822, when Delacroix exhibited his "Dante's Bark," the ineffable Watelet shone in his full splendour. Amongst his pictures there was a view of Bar-sur-Seine, which the catalogue appropriately designated not simply as a *vue*, but as a *vue ajustée*. Till his last breath Watelet was convinced that nature did not understand her own business, and was always in need of a painter to revise her errors and correct them.

Beside this group who adapted French localities for classical landscapes there arose in the meantime another group, and they proceeded in the opposite direction. Their highest aim was to go on pilgrimage to sacred Italy, the classic land, which, with their literary training and their one-sided æsthetics, they invariably thought more beautiful and more worthy of veneration than any other. But they tried to break with Valenciennes' arbitrary rules of composition, and to seize the great lines of Italian landscape with fidelity to fact. In going back from Valenciennes to Claude they endeavoured to pour new life into a style of landscape-painting which was its own justification, compromised as it had been by the Classic school. They made a very heretical appearance in the eyes of the strictly orthodox pupils of Valenciennes. They were called the Gothic school,

which was as much as to say Romanticists, and the names of *Théodore Aligny* and *Edouard Bertin* were for years mentioned with that of Corot in critiques. They brought home very pretty drawings from Greece, Italy, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, and Bertin did this especially. Aligny is even not without importance as a painter. He aimed at width of horizon and simplicity of line more zealously than the traditional school had done. He is, indeed, a man of sombre, austere, and earnest talent, and the solemn rhythm of his pictures would have more effect if the colour were not so dry, and if a fixed and monotonous light were not uniformly shed over everything in place of a vibrating atmosphere

Alexandre Desgoffe, *Paul Flandrin*, *Benouville*, *Bellel*, and others drew from the same sources with similar conviction and varying talent. Paul Flandrin, in particular, was in his youth a good painter in the manner of 1690. His composition is noble and his execution certain, recalling Poussin. Ingres, his master, said of him, "If I were not Ingres I would be Flandrin." It was only later that the singular charm of Claude Lorrain and the Roman majesty of Poussin were transformed under the brush of Flandrin into arid still-life, into landscapes of paste-board and wadding.

But not from this quarter could the health of a school which had become anæmic be in any way restored. French landscape had to draw a new power of vitality from the French soil itself. It was saved when its eyes were opened to the charms of home, and Romanticism brought this revelation. In the Salon notices, from 1822 onwards, the complaints of critics are repeated with increasing violence—complaints that, instead of fair regions, noble character, and monumental lines, nothing but "malarious lakes, desolate wastes, and terrible cliffs" should be painted, which, in the language of Classicism, means that French landscape-painting had taken firm hold of the soil in France. The day when Racine was declared by the young Romanticists to be a maker of fine phrases put an end to the whole school of David and to Classical landscape at the same time. It fell into oblivion, as, sooner or later, every

artistic movement which does not rest on the nature and personality of the artist inevitably must. The young revolutionaries no longer believed that an alliance with mythological subjects and "grand composition" could compensate air and light. They were tired of pompous, empty, and distant scenery. They only thought of nature, and that amid which they lived seemed the less to forego its charms, the more Italy became suspicious, as the home of all these ugly, unpleasant, and academical pictures. That was the birthday of French landscape. At the very time when Delacroix renewed the *répertoire* of grand painting, enriching art with a world of feeling which was not merely edited, a parallel movement began in landscape. "Dante's Bark" was painted in 1822, "The Massacre of Chios" in 1824. Almost at the same hour a tornado swept through the branches of the old French oaks, and bent the rustling corn; the sky was covered with clouds, and the waters, which had been hard-bound for so long, became liquid again, and flowed murmuring in their miry bed. The little paper temples, built on classic heights, toppled down, and there rose lowly rustic cottages, from the flues of which the smoke mounted wavering to the sky. Nature awoke from her wintry sleep, and the spring of modern landscape-painting broke with its sadness and its smiles.

This is where the development of French art diverges from that of German. After it had stood under the influence of Poussin, the German long continued to have a suspicious preference for scenery that was devoid of soul, for beautiful views, as the phrase is, and it penetrated much later into the spirit of familiar nature. But as early as the twenties this spirit had revealed itself to the French. It was only in the province of poetry that they went through the period of enthusiasm for exotic nature—and even there not to the same extent as Germany. Only in Chateaubriand's *Atala* are there to be found pompously pictorial descriptions of strange landscapes which have been in no degree inwardly felt. Chiefly it was the virgin forests of North America that afforded material for splendid pictures, which he describes in grandiloquent and soaring

prose. A nature which is impressive and splendid serves as the scenery of these dramas of human life. But with Lamartine the reaction was accomplished. He is the first amongst the poets of France who conceived landscape with an inward emotion, and brought it into harmony with his moods of soul. His poetry was made fervent and glorified by love for his home, for his own province, for South Burgundy. Even in the region of art a poet was the first initiator.

L'Art.] [*Méaulle sc.*

VICTOR HUGO: "RUINS OF A MEDIÆVAL CASTLE ON THE RHINE."

Victor Hugo, the father of Romanticism in literature, cannot be passed over in the history of landscape-painting. Since 1891, when that remarkable exhibition of painter-poets was opened in Paris—an exhibition in which Théophile Gautier, Prosper Merimée, the two de Goncourts, and others were represented by more or less important works—the world learnt what a gifted draughtsman, what a powerful dramatist in landscape, was this great Romanticist. Even in the reminiscences of nature—spirited and suggestive of colour as they are—which he drew with a rapid hand in the margin of his manuscripts, the fiery glow of Romanticism breaks out. The things of which he speaks in the text appear in black shadows and ghostly light. Old castles stand surrounded by clouds of smoke or the blinding glare of fire, moonrise makes phantom silhouettes of the trees, waves lashed by the storm dash together as they spout over vessels;

Paris: Baschet.] MICHEL: "A WINDMILL."

and there are gloomy seas and dark unearthly shores, fairy palaces, proud citadels, and cathedrals of fabled story. Whenever one of his finished drawings is bequeathed to the Louvre, Hugo is certain to receive a place in the history of art as one of the champions of Romanticism.

The movement was so universal amongst the painters that it is difficult at the present time to perceive the special part that each individual played in the great drama. This is especially true of *Georges Michel*, a genius long misunderstood, a painter first made known in wider circles by the World Exhibition of 1889, and known to the narrower circle of art-lovers only since his death in 1843. At that time a dealer had bought at an auction the works left behind by a half-famished painter—pictures with no signature, and only to be identified because they collectively treated motives from the surroundings of Paris. A large, wide horizon, a hill, a windmill, a cloudy

sky, were his subjects, and all pointed to an artist schooled by the Dutch. Curiosity was on the alert, inquiry was made, and it was found that the painter was named Georges Michel, and had been born in 1763; that at twelve years of age he had shirked school to go drawing, had run away with a laundress at fifteen, was already the father of five children when he was twenty, had married again at sixty-five, and had worked hard to his eightieth year. Old men remembered that they had seen early works of his in the Salon. It was said that Michel had produced a great deal immediately after the Revolution, but exceedingly tedious pictures, which differed in no respect from those of the other Classicists; for instance, from Demarne and Swebach, garnished with figures. It was only after 1814 that he disappeared from the Salon; not, as has been now discovered, because he had no more pictures to exhibit, but because he was rejected as a revolutionary. During his later years Michel had been most variously employed: for one thing, he had been a restorer of pictures.

In this calling many Dutch pictures had passed through his hands, and they suggested to him the unseasonable idea of looking more closely into nature in the neighbourhood than he had done in his youth—nature not as she was in Italy, but in the environs of the city. While Valenciennes and his pupils made so many objections to painting what lay under their eyes, Georges Michel remained in the country, and was the first to light on the idea of placing himself in the midst of nature, and not above her; no longer to arrange and adapt, but to approach her by painting her with directness. If any one spoke of travelling to Italy, he answered: "The man who cannot find enough to paint during his whole life in a circuit of four miles is in reality no artist. Did the Dutch ever run from one place to another? And yet they are good painters, and not merely that, but the most powerful, bold, and ideal artists." Every day he made a study in the precincts of Paris, without any idea that he would count in these times among the forerunners of modern art. He shares the glory of having discovered Montmartre with Alphonse Karr, Gerard de Nerval,

and Monselet. After his death such studies were found in the shops of all the second-hand dealers of the Northern Boulevard; they were invariably without a frame, as they had never seemed worth framing, and, when they were very dear, they were to be had for forty francs. Connoisseurs appreciated his wide horizons, stormy skies, and ably sketched sea-shores. For, in spite of his poverty, Michel had now and then deserted Montmartre and found means to visit Normandy. Painfully precise in the beginning, while he worked with Swebach and Demarne, he had gradually become large and bold, and employed all means in giving expression to what he felt. He was a dreamer, who brought into his studies a unison of lights, and, now and then, beams of sun which would have delighted Albert Cuyp. A genuine offspring of the old Dutch masters—of the grand and broad masters, not of those who worked with a fine brush—already he was aiming at *l'expression par l'ensemble*, and since the Paris Universal Exhibition he has been fittingly honoured as the forerunner of Théodore Rousseau. His pictures, as it seems, were early received in various studios, and there they had considerable effect in setting artists thinking. But as he ceased to date his pictures after 1814, it is, nevertheless, difficult to be more precise in determining the private influence which this Ruysdael of Montmartre exerted on men of the younger generation.

One after the other they began to declare the Italian pilgrimage to be unnecessary. They buried themselves as hermits in the villages around the capital. The undulating strip of country, rich in wood and water, which borders on the heights of Saint-Cloud and Ville d'Avray, is the cradle of French landscape-painting. In grasping nature they proceeded by the most various ways, whilst they drew everything scrupulously and exactly which an observing eye may discern, or wedded their own temperament with the moods of nature.

That remarkable artist *Charles de la Berge* seems like a forerunner of the English Pre-Raphaelite school. He declared the ideal of art to consist in painting everything according to nature, and overlooking nothing; in carrying drawing to the

Paris : Baschet.]

DE LA BERGE: LANDSCAPE.

most minute point, and yet preserving the impression of unison and harmony in the picture. Which is as easy to say as it is difficult to perform. His brief life was passed in this struggle. His pictures are miracles of patience: to see that it is only necessary to know the "Sunset" of 1839, in the Louvre. There is something touching in the way this passionate worker had branches and the bark of trees brought to his room, even when he lay on his death-bed, to study the contortions of wood and the interweaving of fibres with all the zeal of a naturalist. The efforts of de la Berge have something of the religious devotion with which Jan van Eyck or Altdorfer gazed at nature. But he died too young to effect any result. He copied the smallest particulars of objects with the uttermost care, and in the reproduction even of the smallest aimed at a mathematical precision, neutralizing his qualities of colour, which were otherwise of serious value, by such hair-splitting detail.

Camille Roqueplan, the many-sided pupil of Gros, made his first appearance as a landscape-painter with a sunset in 1822. He opposed the genuine windmills of the old Dutch masters to

Paris : Baschet.]

CABAT: "LE JARDIN BEAUJON."

those everlasting windmills of Watelet, with their leaden water and their meagre landscape. In his pictures a green plain, intersected by canals, stretches round ; a fresh and luminous grey sky arches above. That undaunted traveller *Camille Flers*, who had been an actor and ballet-dancer in Brazil before his appearance as a painter, represented the rich pastures of Normandy with truth, but was diffident in the presence of nature where she is grand. His pupil, *Louis Cabat*, was hailed with special enthusiasm by the young generation on account of his firm, harmonious style. His pictures showed that he had been a zealous student of the great Dutch artists, and that it was his pride to handle his brush in their manner, expressing as much as possible without injuring pictorial effect. He is on many sides in touch with Charles de la Berge. Later he even took courage to see Italy with fresh eyes, and simply to render his impressions there without regard for the rules and theories of the Classicists. But the risk was too great. He became once more an admirer of imposing landscape, an adherent of Poussin, and as such he is almost exclusively known to us of a younger generation.

Paul Huet was altogether a Romanticist. In de la Berge there is the greatest objectivity possible, in Huet there is

L'Art.] [*L. Dumont sc.*

PAUL HUET.

impassioned expression. His heart told him that the hour was come for giving passion utterance; he wanted to render the energy of nature, the intensity of her life, with the whole might of vivid colouring. In his pictures there is something of Byronic poetry; the conception is rich and powerful, the symphony of colour passionately dramatic. In every one of his landscapes there breathes the human soul with its unrest, its hopelessness, and its doubts. Huet was the child of an epoch, which at one moment exulted to the skies and at another sorrowed to death in the most violent contrast; and he has proclaimed this temper of the age with all the freedom and power that are at all possible, where it is only earth and sky, clouds and trees, that are the medium of expression. Most of his works, like Romanticism in general, have an earnest, passionate, and sombre character; nothing of the ceremonial pompousness peculiar to Classical landscapes. He has a passion for boisterous storms and waters foaming over, clouds with the lightning flashing through them, and the struggle of humanity against the raging elements. In this effort to express as much as possible, he often makes his pictures too theatrical in effect. In one of his principal works, the "View of Rouen," painted in 1833, the breadth of execution almost verges on emptiness and panoramic view. Huet was in the habit of heaping many objects together in his landscapes. He delighted in expressive landscapes in the sense in which, at that time, people delighted in expressive heads. This one-sidedness hindered his success. When he appeared in the twenties his pictures were thought bizarre and melancholy. And later, when he achieved greater simplicity, he was treated by the critics merely with the respect

Paris: Baschet.]

HUET: "THE INUNDATIONS AT SAINT-CLOUD."

that was paid to the Old Guard, for now a pleiad of much larger stars beamed in the sky.

But it is the merit of Michel and Huet that they showed the way. Rousseau and his followers left them far behind, as Columbus threw into oblivion all who had discovered America before him, or Gutenberg all who had previously printed books. The step on which these initiators had stood was more or less that of Andreas Achenbach and Blechen. They are good and able painters, but they had still got the Flemish and Dutch masters too much in their memory. The reminiscences of Ruysdael and Hobbema and the studies of gallery pictures grown dim with age are quite visible. They still coloured objects brown, and made spring as mournful as winter, and morning as gloomy as evening; they had yet no sense that morning means the awakening of life, the youth of the sun, the springtide of the day. They still composed their pictures and finished and rounded them off for pictorial effect. The next necessary step was no longer to look at Ruysdael and Cuyp, but at nature—to lay more emphasis on sincerity of impression, and therefore

the less upon pictorial finish and rounded expression—to paint nature, not in the style of galleries, but in its freshness and bloom. And the impulse to this last step, which brought French landscape-painting to its highest perfection, was given by England.

The most highly gifted work produced in this province between the years 1800 and 1830 is of English origin. At the time when landscape-painting was in France and Germany confined in a strait-waistcoat by Classicism, the English went quietly forward in the path trodden by Gainsborough in the eighteenth century. In these years England produced an artist who stands apart from all others as a peculiar and inimitable phenomenon in the history of landscape-painting, and at the same time it produced a school of landscape which not only fertilized France, but founded generally the modern conception of colour.

That phenomenon is *Joseph Mallord William Turner*, the great pyrotechnist, one of the most individual and intellectual landscape-painters of all time. What a singular personality! And how vexatious he is to all who merely care about correctness in art! Such persons divide the life of Turner into two halves, one in which he was reasonable and one in which he was a fool. They grant him a certain talent during the first fifteen years of his activity, but from the moment when he is complete master of his instrument, from the moment when the painter begins in glowing enthusiasm to embody his personal ideal, they would banish him from the kingdom of art, and lock him up in a madhouse. When in the forties the Munich Pinakothek was offered a picture by Turner, glowing with colour, people, accustomed to the contours of Cornelius, knew no better than to laugh at it superciliously. It is said that in his last days he had sent a landscape to an exhibition. The committee, not able to discover which was the top or which the bottom, had hung it upside-down. Later, when Turner came into the exhibition and the mistake was about to be rectified, he said: "No, let it alone; it really makes a better effect as it is." One frequently reads that Turner suffered from a disease of the eyes, and as late as 1872 Liebreich wrote an article printed in

Paris: Baschet.]

J. M. W. TURNER.

Macmillan, which gave a medical explanation of the alleged morbid formation of the great landscape-painter's eyes. Only thus could the German account for his pictures, which are impressionist, although they were painted about the middle of the century. The golden dreams of Turner were held to be eccentricities of vision, since no one was capable of following this painter of momentary impressions in his majesty of sentiment, and the impressiveness and poetry of his method of expression.

In reality Turner was the same from the beginning. He circled round the fire like a moth, and craved, like Goethe, for more light; he wanted to achieve the impossible and paint the sun. To attain his object nothing was too difficult for him. He restrained himself for a long time; placed himself amongst the followers of the painter of light *par excellence*; studied, analyzed, and copied Claude Lorrain; completely adopted his style, and painted pictures which threw Claude into eclipse by their magnificence and luminous power of colour. The painting of "Dido building Carthage" is perhaps the most characteristic of this phase of his art. One feels that the masses of architecture are merely there for the sake of the painter; the tree in the foreground has only been planted in this particular way so that the background may recede into farther distance. The colour is splendid, though still heavy. By the union of the principles of classic drawing with an entirely modern feeling for atmosphere something chaotic and confused is frequently introduced into the compositions of these years. But at the hour when it was

L'Art.] [L. Evans sc

TURNER: "DIDO BUILDING CARTHAGE."

said to him, "You are the real Claude Lorrain," he answered, "Now I am going to leave school and begin to be Turner." Henceforth he no longer needs Claude's framework of trees to throw the light beaming into the corners of his pictures. At first he busied himself with the atmospheric phenomena of the land of mist. Then when the everlasting grey became too splenetic for him, he repaired to the relaxing, luxuriant sensuousness of Southern seas, and sought the full embodiment of his dreams of light in the land of the sun. It is impossible in words to give a representation of the essence of Turner; even copies merely excite false conceptions. "Rockets shot up, shocks of cannon thundered, balls of light mounted, crackers meandered through the air and burst, wheels hissed, each one separately, then in pairs, then altogether, and ever more turbulently one after the other and together." Thus has Goethe described a display of fireworks in *The Elective Affinities*, and this passage perhaps conveys most readily the impression of Turner's pictures. To collect into a small space the greatest possible quantity of light, he makes the perspective wide and

L'Art.] [*E. Evans sc.*

TURNER: "LANDSCAPE, WITH THE SUN RISING IN A MIST."

deep and the sky boundless, and uses the sea to reflect the brilliancy. He wanted to be able to render the liquid, shining depths of the sky without employing the earth as an object of comparison, and these studies which have merely the sky as their object are perhaps his most astonishing works. Everywhere, to the border of the picture, there is light. And he has painted all the gradations of light from the silvery morning twilight to the golden splendour of the evening red. Hissing and with explosions, volcanoes spit out their lava, which sets the trembling air aglow, and the flaring colours of which blind the eyes. The glowing ball of the sun stands behind the mist, and transforms the whole ether into fine golden vapour. Vessels are sailing in the sun-stricken mist; in reality one cannot venture on more than a swift glance into blinding masses of light, but the impression remained in the painter's memory. He painted what he saw, and knew how to make his effect convincing. And at the same time his composition became ever freer and easier, the work of his brush ever more fragrant and

Braun photo.]
TURNER: "THE DEATH OF NELSON. OCTOBER 21ST, 1805."

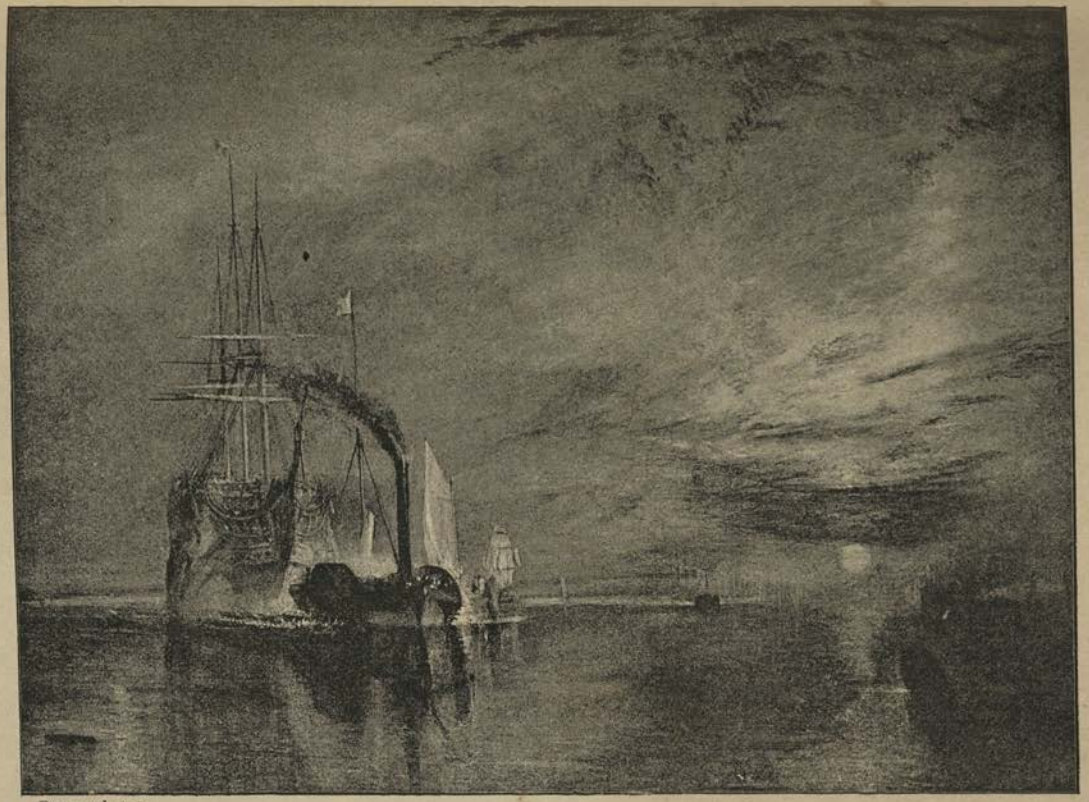
unfettered, the colouring and total sentiment of the picture ever more imaginative and like those of a fairy tale. His world is a land of sun, where the reality of things vanishes, and the light shed between the eye and the objects of vision is the only thing that lives. At one time he took to painting human energy struggling with the phenomena of nature, as in "Storm at Sea," "Fire at Sea," and "Rain, Steam, and Speed;" at another he painted poetic revels of colour born altogether from the imagination, like the "Sun of Venice." He is the greatest creator in colour, the boldest poet amongst the landscape-painters of all time! In him England's painting has put forth its greatest might, just as in Byron and Shelley, those two great powers, the English imagination unrolled its standard of war most proudly and brilliantly. There is only one Turner, and Ruskin is his prophet.

As a man, too, he was one of those originals who only flourish in the land of sourness. He was not the fastidious *gourmé* that might have been expected from his pictures, but

Braun photo.]

TURNER: "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. ITALY."

an awkward, prosaic, citizenlike being. He had a sturdy, thick-set figure, with broad shoulders and tough muscles, and was more like a captain in the merchant service than a disciple of Apollo. He was sparing to the point of miserliness, unformed by any kind of culture, ignorant even of the laws of orthography, silent and inaccessible. Like most of the great landscape-painters of the century, he was city-bred. In a gloomy house standing back in a foggy little alley of Old London, in the immediate vicinity of dingy, monotonous lodging-houses, he was born, the son of a barber, on April 23rd, 1775. His career was that of a model youth. At fifteen he exhibited in the Royal Academy; when he was eighteen engravings were already being made after his drawings. At twenty he was known, and at twenty-seven he became a member of the Academy. His first earnings he gained by the neat and exact preparation of little views of English castles and country places—drawings which, at the time, took the place of photographs, and for which he received half-a-crown apiece and his supper. Thus he went over a great part of England, and upon one of his excursions he is said to have had a love-affair *à la* Lucy of Lammermoor, and to have so taken it to heart that he resolved to remain a bachelor for the



Braun photo.]

TURNER: "THE 'FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE' TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH."

Braun photo.]
TURNER: "FROSTY MORNING: 'THE RIGID HOAR FROST MELTS BEFORE HIS BEAM.'"

rest of his life. In 1808 he became at the Academy Professor of Perspective, on which subject he delivered himself, it is said, of the most confused utterances. His father had now to give up the barber's business and come to live with him, and he employed him in sawing, planing, and nailing together boards, which, when painted yellow, he used as frames for his pictures. The same miserly economy kept him from ever having a comfortable studio. He lived in a miserable lodging where he received nobody, had his meals at a restaurant of the most primitive order, brought his dinner wrapped up in paper when he went on excursions, and was exceedingly thankful if any one added to it a glass of wine. His diligence was fabulous. Every morning he rose on the stroke of six, locked his door, and worked with the same dreadful regularity day after day. His end was as unpoetic as his life. After being several times a father without ever having had a wife, he passed his last years with an old housekeeper, who kept him strictly under the yoke. If he was away from the house for long together, he pretended that he was travelling to Venice for the sake of his work, until at last the honest housekeeper learnt, from a letter which he

Braun photo.]

TURNER: "CROSSING THE BROOK."

had put in his overcoat pocket and forgotten, that the object of all these journeys was never Venice at all, but Chelsea. There she found him in an attic which he had taken for another mistress, and where he was living under the name of Booth. In this little garret, almost more miserable than the room in the back-standing house where he was born, the painter of light ended his days; and, to connect an atom of poetry with so sad a death, Ruskin adds that the window looked towards the sunset, and the dying eyes of the painter received the last rays of the sun which he had so often celebrated in glowing hymns. He left countless works behind him at his death, several thousands of pounds, and an immortal fame. This thought of glory after death occupied him from his youth. Only thus is it possible to understand why he led the life of a poor student until his end, why he did things which bordered on trickery in the sale of his *Liber Studiorum*, and kept for himself all those works by which he could have made a fortune. He left them—taken altogether, three hundred and sixty-two oil-paintings and nineteen thousand drawings—to the nation, and £20,000 to the Royal Academy, and merely stipulated that the two best pictures should be hung in the National Gallery between two Claude Lorrains. Another thousand pounds were apportioned for the erection of a monument in St. Paul's.

There, in that temple of fame, he lies buried near Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great ancestor of English painting, and he remains a phenomenon without forerunners and without descendants.

For it does not need to be said that Turner, with his marked individuality, could have no influence on the further development of English painting. The dramatic fervour of Romanticism was here expressed just as little as Classicism. It was only the poets who fled into the wilderness of nature, and sang the splendour and the mysteries of the mountains, the lightning and the storm, the might of the elements. In painting there is no counterpart to Scott's descriptions of the Highlands or Wordsworth's rhapsodies upon the English lakes, or to the tendency of landscape-painting which was represented in Germany by Lessing and Blechen. Wordsworth is majestic and sublime, and English painting lovely and full of intimate emotion. It knows neither ancient Alpine castles nor the sunsets of Greece. Turner, as a solitary exception, represented nature stately, terrible, stormy, glorious, mighty, grand, and sublime; all the others, like Gainsborough, loved simplicity, modest grace, and virginal quietude. England has nothing romantic. At the very time when Lessing painted his landscapes, Ludwig Tieck experienced a bitter disappointment, when he trod the soil where Shakespeare wrote the witch scenes in *Macbeth*. A sombre, melancholy, primæval maze was what he had expected, and there lay before him a soft, luxuriant, and cultivated country. What distinguishes English landscape is a singular luxuriance, a power of vegetation almost an unctuousness. On a bright day to drive through the country upon a coach makes a singular impression on the eye. As far as the view extends to the four quarters of heaven, an endless green carpet is spread over gentle valleys and undulating hills; cereals, vegetables, clover, hops, and glorious meadows with high rich grasses stretch forth; here and there stand a group of mighty oaks flinging their shadows wide, and around are pastures hemmed in by hedges, where splendid cattle lie, chewing the cud. The moist atmosphere surrounds the trees and plants

like a shining vapour. There is nothing more charming in the world, and nothing more delicate than these tones of colour; one might stand for hours looking at the clouds of satin, the fine aerial bloom, and the soft transparent gauze which catches the sunbeams in its silver net, softens them, and sends them smiling and toying to the earth. On both sides of the carriage the fields extend, one more beautiful than the other, in constant succession, interwoven with broad patches of buttercups, daisies, and meadowsweet. A strange magic, a loveliness so exquisite that it is well-nigh painful, escapes from this inexhaustible vegetation. The drops sparkle on the leaves like pearls, the arched tree-tops murmur in the gentle breeze. Luxuriantly they thrive in these airy glades, where they are ever rejuvenated and bedewed by the moist air of the sea. And the sky seems to have been made to enliven the colours of the land. At the least sunbeam, the earth smiles with a delicious charm, and the bells of flowers unfold in rich, liquid colour. The English look at nature as she is in their country, with the tender love of the man nurtured in cities, and yet with the cool observation of the man of business. The merchant, enveloped the whole day long in the smoke of the city, breathes the more freely of an evening when the steam-engine brings him out into green places. With a sharp practical glance he judges the waving grain, and speculates on the chances of harvest. And this spirit of attentive, familiar observation of nature, which is in no sense romantic, reigns also in the works of the English landscape-painters. They did not think of becoming cosmopolitan like their German comrades, and of presenting remarkable points, the more exotic the better, for the instruction of the public. Like Gainsborough, they relied upon the intimate charm of places which they knew and loved. And as a centre Norwich first took the place of Suffolk, which Gainsborough had glorified.

John Crome, known as Old Crome, the founder of the powerful Norwich school of landscape, is a healthy and forcible master. Born poor, in a provincial town a hundred miles from London, in 1769, and at first an errand-runner for a doctor, whose

L'Art.] [*Chauvel sc.*

OLD CROME: "A VIEW NEAR NORWICH."

medicines he delivered to the patients, and then an apprentice to a sign-painter, he lived completely cut off from contemporary England. Norwich was his native town and his life-long home. He did not know the name of Turner, nor anything of Wilson, and perhaps never heard the name of Gainsborough. Thus his pictures are neither influenced by the contemporary nor by the preceding English art. Whatever he became he owed to himself and to the Dutch. Early married, and blessed with a numerous family, he tried to gain his bread by drawing-lessons given in the great country-houses in the neighbourhood, and in this way had the opportunity of seeing many Dutch pictures. In later life he came to know Paris at a time when all the treasures of the world were collected in the Louvre, and this enthusiasm for the Dutch found fresh nourishment. Even on his death-bed he spoke of Hobbema. "Hobbema," he said, "my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you!" Hobbema is his ancestor, the art of Holland his model.

His pictures were collectively "exact" views of places which he loved, and neither composed landscapes nor paintings of "beautiful regions." Crome painted frankly everything which Norfolk, his own county, had to offer him—weather-beaten oaks, old woods, fishers' huts, lonely pools, wastes of heath. The way he painted trees is extraordinary. Each has its own physiognomy, and looks like a living thing, like some gloomy Northern

personality. Oaks were his peculiar speciality, and in later years they only found a similarly great interpreter in Théodore Rousseau. At the same time his pictures of the simplest scenes have a remarkable largeness of conception, and a subtilty of colour recalling the old masters and reached by no other painter in that age. An uncompromising realist, he drew his portraits of nature with almost pedantic pains, but preserved their relation of colour throughout. And as a delicate adept in colouring he finally harmonized everything in the manner of the Dutch to a juicy brown tone, which gives his beautiful wood and field pictures a discreet and refined beauty, a beauty in keeping with the art of galleries.

Crome took a long time before he made a way for himself. His whole life long he sold his works merely at moderate prices: for no picture did he ever receive more than fifty pounds. Even his end was unassuming. He had begun as a manual worker, and he died in 1821 as a humble townsman whose only place of recreation was the tavern, and who passed his leisure in the society of sailors, shopkeepers, and artisans. Yet the principles of his art survived him. In 1805 he had founded in Norwich, far from all Academies, a society of artists, who gave annual exhibitions and had a common studio, which each used at fixed hours. *Cotman*, whose speciality was ash-trees, *the younger Crome*, *Stark*, and *Vincent* are the leading representatives of the vigorous school of Norwich; and by them the name of this town became as well-known as an art-centre in Europe as Delft and Haarlem had been in former times.

Their relation to the Dutch was similar to that of Georges Michel in France, or that of Achenbach in Germany. They painted what they saw, rounded it with a view to pictorial effect, and harmonized the whole in a delicate brown tone. They felt more attracted by the form of objects than by their colour; the latter was, in the manner of the Dutch, merely an epidermis delicately toned down. The next step of the English painters was that they became the first to get the better of this Dutch phase, and to found that peculiarly modern landscape-painting which no longer sets out from the absolutely concrete reality of

objects, but from the *milieu*, from the atmospheric effect; which values in a picture less what is ready-made and perfectly rounded in drawing than the freshly seized impression of nature.

Hardly ten years have gone by since "open-air painting" was introduced into Germany. At present things are no longer painted as they are in themselves, but as they appear in their atmospheric environment. Artists care no longer for landscapes which float in a neutral brown sauce; they represent objects flooded with light and air. People no longer wish for brown trees and meadows, for the eye has perceived that trees and meadows are green. The world is no longer satisfied with the indeterminate light of the studio and the conventional tone of the picture-gallery; it requires some indication of the hour of the day, since it is felt that the light of morning is different from the light of noon. And it is the English who made these discoveries, which have lent to modern landscape-painting its most delicate and fragrant charm.

The very mist of England, the damp and the heaviness of the atmosphere, necessarily forced English landscape-painters, earlier than those of other nations, to the observation of the play of light and air. In a country where the sky is without cloud, in a pure, dry, and sparkling air, nothing is seen except lines. Shadow is wanting, and without shadow light has no value. For that reason the old classical masters of Italy were merely draughtsmen; they knew how to prize the value of sunshine no more than a millionaire the value of a penny. But the English understood the charm even of the most scanty ray of light which forces its way like a wedge through a wall of clouds. The entire appearance of nature, in their country, where a damp mist spreads its pearly grey veil over the horizon even upon calm and beautiful summer days, guided them to see the vehicle of some mood of landscape in the subtilest elements of light and air. The technique of water-colour painting which, at that very time, received such a powerful impetus, encouraged them to give expression to what they saw freshly and simply even in their oil-paintings, and to do so without regard for the scale of colour employed by the old masters.

John Robert Cozens, "the greatest genius who ever painted a landscape," had been the first to occupy himself with water-colour painting as understood in the modern sense. *Tom Girtin* had experimented with new methods. *Henry Edridge* and *Samuel Prout* had come forward with their picturesque ruins, *Copley Fielding* and *Samuel Owen* with sea-pieces, *Luke Clennel* and *Thomas Heaphy* with graceful portrayals of country life, *Howitt* and *Robert Hills* with their animal pictures. From 1805 there existed a Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and this extensive pursuit of water-colour painting could not fail to have an influence upon oil-painting also. The technique of water-colour accustomed English taste to that brightness of tone which at first seemed so bizarre to the Germans, habituated as they were to the prevalence of brown. Instead of dark, brownish green tones, the water-colour painters produced bright tones. Direct study of nature, and the completion of a picture in the presence of nature and in the open air, guided their attention to light and atmosphere more quickly than that of the oil-painters. An easier technique, giving more scope for improvisation, of itself suggested the idea that rounded finish with a view to pictorial effect was not the final aim of art, but that it was of the most immediate importance to catch the first freshness of impression, that flower so prone to wither and so hard to pluck.

The first who applied these principles to oil-painting was *John Constable*, one of the greatest pioneers in his own province and one of the most powerful individualities of the century.

East Bergholt, the pretty little village where Constable's cradle stood, is fourteen miles distant from Sudbury, the birthplace of Gainsborough. Here he was born on June 11th, 1776, at the very time when Gainsborough settled in London. His father was a miller, a well-to-do man, who had three windmills in Bergholt. The other famous miller's son in the history of art is Rembrandt. At first a superior career was chosen for him; it was intended that he should become a clergyman. But he felt more at home in the mill than in the schoolroom, and became a miller like his fathers before

London: Sampson Low.]

JOHN CONSTABLE.

him. Observation of the changes of the sky is an essential part of a miller's calling, and this occupation of his youth seems to have been not without influence on the future artist; no one before him had observed the sky with the same attention.

A certain Dunthorne, an eccentric personage to whom the boy often came, gave him—always in the open air—his first instruction; and another of his patrons, Sir George Beaumont, criticized what he painted as an æsthetically trained connoisseur. When Constable showed him a study, he asked, "Where do you mean to place your brown tree?" For the first law in his æsthetics was this: a good painting must have the colour of a good fiddle; it must be brown. Sojourn in London was without influence on Constable. He was twenty-three years of age, a handsome young fellow with dark eyes and a fine expressive countenance, when, in 1799, he wrote to his teacher Dunthorne: "I am this morning admitted a student at the Royal Academy; the figure which I drew for admittance was the Torso. I am now comfortably settled in Cecil Street, Strand, No. 23." He was known to the London girls as "the handsome young miller of Bergholt.". He undertook the most varied things, copied pictures of Reynolds, and painted an altar-piece, "Christ blessing Little Children," which was admired by no one except his mother. In addition he studied Ruysdael, whose works made a great impression on him, in the National Gallery. In 1802 he appears for the first time in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy, as the exhibitor of a landscape, and from this time to the year of his death, 1837, he was annually represented there, contributing altogether one hundred and four pictures. In the earliest—windmills and village parties—every detail is carefully executed; every branch is painted on the

CONSTABLE: "A VIEW NEAR SALISBURY."

trees, and every tile on the houses; but as yet one can breathe no air in these pictures and see no sunshine.

But he writes, in 1803, a very important letter to his old friend Dunthorne. "For the last two years," he says, "I have been running after pictures, and seeking the truth at second-hand. I have not endeavoured to represent nature with the same elevation of mind with which I set out, but have rather tried to make my performance look like the work of other men. I am come to a determination to make no idle visits this summer, nor to give up my time to commonplace people. I shall return to Bergholt, where I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me. There is little or nothing in the exhibition worth looking up to. *There is room enough for a natural painter.*" He left London accordingly, and worked, in 1804, the whole summer "quite alone among the oaks and solitudes of Helmingham Park. I have taken quiet possession of the parsonage, finding it empty. A woman comes from the farmhouse, where I eat, and makes my bed, and I am left at liberty to wander

L'Art.] [*C. E. Wilson sc.*

CONSTABLE: "DEDHAM MILL, ESSEX."

where I please during the day." And having now returned to the country he became himself again. "Painting," he writes, "is with me but another word for feeling; and I associate 'my careless boyhood' with all that lies upon the banks of the Stour; those scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful." He had passed his whole youth amid the lovely valleys and luxuriant meadows of Bergholt, where the flocks were at pasture and the beetles hummed; he had wandered about the soft banks of the Stour, in the green woods of Suffolk, amongst old country-houses and churches, farms and picturesque cottages. This landscape which he had loved as a boy he also painted. He was the painter of cultivated English landscape, the portrayer of country life, of canals and boats, of windmills and manor-houses. He had a liking for all simple nature which reveals everywhere the traces of human activity—for arable fields and villages, orchards and cornfields. A strip of meadow, a water-gate with a few briars, a clump of branching, fibrous trees, were enough to fill him with ideas and feelings. Gainsborough had already painted the like; but Constable denotes an advance

L'Art.] [*John Park sc.*

CONSTABLE: "THE CORNFIELD."

beyond Gainsborough as beyond Crome. Intimate in feeling as Gainsborough undoubtedly was, he had a tendency to beautify the objects of nature; he selected and gave them a delicacy of arrangement and a grace of line which in reality they have not got. Constable was the first to renounce every species of adaptation and arbitrary arrangement in composition. His boldness in the rendering of personal impressions raises him above Crome. Crome makes his effect principally by his accuracy: he represented what he saw; Constable showed how he saw the thing. While the former, following Hobbema, has an air reminiscent of galleries and old masters, Constable saw the world with his own eyes, and was the first entirely independent modern landscape-painter. In his young days he had made copies after Claude, Rubens, Reynolds, Ruysdael, Teniers, and Wilson, which might have been mistaken for the originals, but later he had learnt much from Girtin's water-colour paintings. From that time he felt that he was strong enough to trust his own eyes. He threw to the winds all that had hitherto been considered as the chief element of beauty, and gave up the rounding of his pictures for pictorial effect; cut trees right through the middle to get into his picture just what interested him and no more.

He set himself right in the midst of verdure; the nightingales sang, the leaves murmured, the meadows grew green, and the

L'Art.] [*John Park sc.*

CONSTABLE: "THE ROMANTIC HOUSE."

clouds gleamed. In the fifteenth-century art there were the graceful spring trees of Perugino; in the seventeenth, the bright spring days of those two Flemings Jan Silberecht and Lucas Uden; in the nineteenth, Constable became the first painter of spring. If Sir George Beaumont now asked him where he meant to put his brown tree, he answered: "Nowhere, because I don't paint brown trees any more." He saw that foliage is green in summer, and—painted it so; he saw that summer rain and morning dew makes the verdure more than usually intense, and—he painted what he saw. He noticed that green leaves sparkle, gleam, and glitter in the sun—and painted them accordingly; he saw that the light, when it falls upon bright-looking walls, dazzles like snow in the sunshine—and painted it accordingly. There was a good deal of jeering at the time about "Constable's snow," and yet it was not merely all succeeding English artists who continued to put their faith in this painting of light, but the masters of Barbizon too, and Manet afterwards.

The problem of painting light and air, which the older school had left unsolved, was taken up by him first in its complete extent. Crome had shown great reserve in approaching the atmospheric elements. Constable was the first landscape-painter who really saw effects of light and air and learnt to paint them. His endeavour was to embody the impression of a mood of

[*Law sc.*

CONSTABLE: "THE GLEBE FARM."

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light with feeling, without lingering on the reproduction of those details which are only perceptible to an analytical eye. Whereas in the old Dutch masters the chief weight is laid on the effect of the drawing of objects, here it rests upon light, no matter upon what it plays. Thus Constable freed landscape-painting from the architectonic laws of composition. They were no longer needed when the principle was once affirmed that the atmospheric mood gave greater value to the picture than subject. He not only studied the earth and foliage in their various tones according as they were determined by the atmosphere, but observed the sky, the air, and the forms of cloud with the conscientiousness of a student of natural philosophy. The comments which he wrote upon them are as subtile as those in Ruskin's celebrated treatise on the clouds. A landscape, according to him, is only beautiful in proportion as light and shadow make it so; in other words, he was the first to understand that the "mood" of a landscape, by which it appeals to the human spirit, depends less on its lines and on

objects in themselves than on the light and shadow in which it is bathed, and he was the first painter who had the secret of painting these subtile gradations of atmosphere. In his pictures the wind is heard murmuring in the trees, the breeze is felt as it blows over the corn, the sunlight is seen glancing on the leaves and playing on the clear mirror of the waters. Thus Constable for the first time painted nature in all its freshness. His principle of artistic creation is entirely opposed to that which was followed by the Pre-Raphaelites at a later date. Whilst the latter tried to reconstruct a picture of nature by a faithful, painstaking execution of all details—a process by which the expression of the whole usually suffers—Constable's pictures are broadly and impressively painted, often of rude and brutal force, at times solemn, at times elegant, but always cogent, fresh, and possessing a unity of their own.

Paris : Baschet.]
CONSTABLE: "THE COTTAGE."

A genius in advance of its age is only first recognized in its full significance when following generations have come abreast with it. And that Constable was made to feel. In 1837 he died in poverty at Hampstead, in the modest "country retreat" where he spent the greatest part of his life. He said that his painting recalled no one and was neither polished nor pretty, and asked: "How can I hope to be popular? I work only for the future." And that belonged to him.

Braun photo.]
CONSTABLE: "THE VALLEY FARM."

Constable's powerful individuality has brought forth enduring fruit, and helped English landscape-painting to attain that noble prime which it enjoyed during the forties and fifties.

With his rich, brilliant, bold, and finely coloured painting *David Cox* stands out as perhaps the greatest of Constable's successors. Like Constable, he was a peasant, and observed nature with the simplicity of one who was country-bred. He was born in 1783, the son of a blacksmith, in a humble spot near Birmingham, and, after a brief sojourn in London, migrated with his family to Hereford, and later to Harborne, also in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. The strip of country which he saw from his house was almost exclusively his field of study. He knew that a painter can pass his life in the same corner of the earth, and that the scene of nature spread before him will never be exhausted. "Farewell, pictures, farewell," he is reported to have said, when he took his last walk, on the day before his death, round the walls of Harborne. He has treated of the manner in which he understood his art in his *Treatise on Landscape-Painting*, written in 1814. His ideal was to see the most cogent effect in nature and leave everything out which did not harmonize with its character; and in Cox's pictures it is possible to trace the steps by which he drew nearer to this ideal the more natural he became. The magic of his brush was

Portfolio.] [*S. Myers sc.*

DAVID COX: "BOLTON ABBEY."

never more captivating than in the works of his last years, when, fallen victim to a disease of the eye, he could no longer see distinctly and only rendered an impression of the whole scene.

Cox is a great and bold master. The townsman when he first comes into the country, after being imprisoned for months together in a wilderness of brick and mortar, does not begin at once to count the trees, leaves, and the stones lying on the ground. He draws a long breath and exclaims, "What balm!" Cox, too, has not painted details in the manner of the Pre-Raphaelites. He represented the soft wind sweeping over the English meadows, the fresh purity of the air, the storms that agitate the landscape of Wales. A delicate silver-grey is spread over most of his pictures, and his method of expression is powerful and nervous. By preference he has celebrated, both in oil-paintings and in boldly handled water-colours, the boundless deeps of the sky in its thousand variations of light, now deep blue in broad noon and now eerily gloomy and disturbed. The fame of being the greatest of English water-colour painters is his beyond dispute, yet if he had painted in oils from his youth

MÜLLER: "THE RUINS OF TLOSS."

upwards, he would probably have become the most important English landscapist. His small pictures are pure and delicate in colour, and fresh and breezy in atmospheric effect. It is only in large pictures that power is at times denied him. In his later years he first learnt oil-painting, and in this a less important artist, though a very great painter, *William Müller*, who died young, stood as leader at his side.

He was one of the most dexterous amongst the dexterous, beside Turner the greatest adept of English painting. Had he been simpler and quieter he might be called a genius of the first order. But he has sometimes a touch of what is theatrical; it does not always break out, but it does so occasionally. He has an inclination for pageantry, and nothing of that self-sufficiency and quiet tenderness with which Constable and Cox devoted themselves to the soil of home. He was at pains to give a trace of largeness and sublimity to modest and unpretentious English landscape, to give to the most familiar subject a tinge of preciosity. His pictures are grandiose in form, and show an admirable lightness of hand, but light and air are wanting in them, the local colour of England and its atmosphere. As a foreigner—he was the son of a Danzig scholar, who had migrated to Bristol—Müller has not seen English landscape with Constable's native sentiment. He was not content with an English cornfield or an English village; the familiar homeliness of the country in its work-a-day garb excited no emotion in him.

Portfolio.] [*C. O. Murray sc.*

MÜLLER: "THE AMPHITHEATRE AT XANTHUS."

Something in Müller's imagination, which caused him to love decided colours and sudden contrasts rather than delicate gradations, attracted him to Southern nature. His natural place was in the East, which had not at that time been made the vogue. Here, like Decamps and Marilhat, he found those rather vivid than delicate effects which appealed to his eye. He was twice in the South—the first time in Athens and Egypt in 1838, and once again in Smyrna, Rhodes, and Lycia in 1843-44. In the year during which he had yet to live he collected those Oriental pictures which form his legacy, containing the best that he did. Certain of them, such as "The Amphitheatre at Xanthus," are painted with marvellous *verve*; they are not the work of a day, but of an hour. All these mountain castles upon abrupt cliffs, these views of the Acropolis and of Egypt, are real masterpieces of broad painting, their colour clear and their light admirable. Not one of the many Frenchmen who were in the South at this time has represented its sunshine and its brilliant atmosphere with such flattering, voluptuous tones.

Peter de Wint, who was far more true and simple, was, like Constable and Cox, entirely wedded to his own birthplace. At

any rate, his sojourn in France lasted only for a short time, and left no traces in his art. From youth to age he was the painter of England in its work-a-day garb—of the low hills of Surrey, of the plains of Lincolnshire, or of the dark canals of the Thames, which he specially portrayed in unsurpassable water-colour paintings. His ancestor in art is Philips de Koning, the pupil of Rembrandt, the master of Dutch plains and wide horizons.

After Cox and de Wint came *Creswick*, more laborious, more patient, more studious of detail, furnished perhaps with a sharper eye for the green tones of nature, though with less feeling for atmosphere. It cannot be said that he advanced art, but merely that he added a regard for light and sunshine, unknown to the period before 1820, to the study of Hobbema and Waterloo. With those who would not have painted as they did but for Constable, *Peter Graham* and *Dawson* may be likewise ranked; and these artists peculiarly devoted themselves to the study of sky and water. Henry Dawson painted the most paltry and unpromising places—a reach of the Thames close to London, or a quarter in the smoky precincts of Dover or Greenwich—but he painted them with a power such as only Constable possessed. In particular he is unequalled in his masterly painting of clouds. Constable had seldom done this in the same way. He delighted in an agitated sky, in clouds driven before the wind and losing their form in indeterminate contours; in nature he saw merely reflections of his own restless spirit, striving after colour and movement. Dawson painted those clouds which stand firm in the sky like piles of building—cloud-cathedrals, as Ruskin has called them. There are pictures of his consisting of almost nothing but great clouds. But that wide space, the earth, which our eyes regard as their own peculiar domain, is wanting. Colours and forms are nowhere to be seen, but only clouds and undulating yellowish mist in which objects vanish like pallid spectres. *John Linnell* carried the traditions of this great era on to the new period: at first revelling in golden light, in sunsets and rosy clouds of dusk, and at a later time, in the manner of the Pre-Raphaelites, bent on the precise execution of bodily form.

The young master, who died at twenty-seven, *Richard Parkes*

L'Art.] [*Gaucherel sc.*

BONINGTON: "THE WINDMILL OF SAINT-JOUIN."

Bonington, unites these English classic masters with the French. An Englishman by birth and origin, but trained as a painter in France, where he had gone when fifteen years of age, he seems from many points of view one of the most gracious products of the Romantic movement in France, though at the same time he has qualities over which only the English had command at that period, and not the French. He entered Gros' studio in France, which was then the favourite meeting-place of all the younger men of revolutionary tendencies, but repeated journeys to London did not allow him to forget Constable. In Normandy and Picardy he painted his first landscapes, following them up with a series of Venetian sea-pieces and little historical scenes. Then consumption seized him and took but a brief time in striking him down. On September 23rd, 1828, he died in London, whither he had gone to consult a somnambulist. In consequence of his early death his talent never ripened, but he was a simple, natural, pure, and congenial artist for all that. "I knew him well and loved him much. His English composure, which nothing could disturb,

Portfolio.]
BONINGTON: "A CATHEDRAL."

robbed him of none of the qualities which make life pleasant. When I first came across him I was myself very young, and was making studies in the Louvre. It was about 1816 or 1817. He was in the act of copying a Flemish landscape—a tall youth who had grown rapidly. He had already an astonishing dexterity in water-colours, which were then an English novelty. Some which I saw later at a dealer's were charming, both in colour and composition. Other modern artists are perhaps more powerful and more accurate than Bonington, but no one in this modern school, perhaps no earlier artist, possessed the ease of execution which makes his works, in a certain sense, diamonds by which the eye is pleased and fascinated, quite independently of the subject and the particular representation of nature. And the same is true of the costume pictures which he painted later. Even here I could never grow weary of marvelling at his sense of effect, and his great ease of execution. Not that he was quickly satisfied; on the contrary, he often began over again perfectly finished pieces which seemed wonderful to us. But his dexterity was so great, that in a moment he produced with his brush new effects, which were as charming as the first." With these words his friend and comrade, the great Eugène Delacroix, drew the portrait of Bonington. Bonington was at once the most natural and the most delicate in that Romantic school in which he was one of the first to make an appearance. He had a fine eye for the charm of nature, saw grace and beauty in her everywhere, and

represented the spring and the sunshine in bright and clear tones. No Frenchman before him has so painted the play of light on gleaming costumes and succulent meadow grasses. Even his lithographs from Paris and the provinces are masterpieces of spirited, impressionist observation—qualities which he owed, not to Gros, but to Constable. He was the first to communicate the knowledge of the great English classic painters to the youth of France, and in Barbizon and Ville d'Avray they span yet further the threads which connect Constable with the present.

CHAPTER XXVI

LANDSCAPE FROM 1830

Constable in the Louvre and his influence on the creators of the French paysage intime.—*Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Jules Dupré, Diaz, Daubigny, and their followers.—Chintreuil, Jean Desbrosses, Achard, Français, Harpignies, Emile Breton, and others.—Animal painting: Carle Vernet, Géricault, R. Brascassat, Troyon, Rosa Bonheur, Jadin, Eugène Lambert, Palizzi, Auguste Lauçon, Charles Jacque.*

THAT same Salon of 1822 in which Delacroix exhibited his "Dante's Bark" brought to Frenchmen a knowledge of the powerful movement which had taken place on the opposite side of the Channel. English water-colour painting was brilliantly represented by Bonington, who sent his "View of Lillebonne" and his "View of Havre." Copley Fielding, Robson, and John Varley also contributed works; and these easy, spirited productions, with their skies washed in broadly and their bright, clear tones, were like a revelation to the young French artists of the period. The horizon was felt to be growing clear. In 1824, at the time when Delacroix's "Massacre of Chios" appeared, the sun actually rose, bringing a flood of light. The English had learnt the way to France, and took the Louvre by storm. John Constable was represented by three pictures, and Bonington, Copley Fielding, Harding, Samuel Prout, and Varley were also accorded a place. This exhibition gave the deathblow to Classical landscape-painting. Michallon had died young in 1822; and men like Bidault and Watelet could do nothing against such a battalion of colourists. Constable alone passed sentence upon them of eternal con-

demnation. Familiar neither with Georges Michel nor with the great Dutch painters, the French had not remarked that a landscape has need of a sky expressive of the spirit of the hour and the character of the season. Even what was done by Michel seemed a kind of diffident calligraphy when set beside the fresh strand-pieces of Bonington, the creations of the water-colour artists, bathed as they were in light, and the bold pictures of the Bergholt master, with their bright green and their cloudy horizon. The French landscape-painters, who had been so timid until then, recognized that their painting had been a convention, despite all their striving after truth to nature.

Constable had been the first to free himself from every stereotyped rule, and he was an influence in France. The younger generation were in ecstasies over this intense green, the agitated clouds, this effervescent power inspiring everything with life. Though as yet but little esteemed even in England, Constable received the gold medal in Paris, and from that time took a fancy to Parisian exhibitions, and still in 1827 exhibited in the Louvre by the side of Bonington, who had but one year more in which to give admirable lessons by his bright plains and clear shining skies. At the same time Bonington's friend and compatriot William Reynolds, then likewise domiciled in Paris, contributed some of his powerful and often delicate landscape studies, the tender grey notes of which are like anticipations of Corot. This influence of the English upon the creators of *paysage intime* has long been an acknowledged fact, since Delacroix himself, in his article *Questions sur le Beau* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1854, has affirmed it frankly.

The very next years announced what a ferment Constable had stirred in the more restless spirits. The period from 1827 to 1830 showed the birth-throes of French landscape-painting. In 1831 it was born. In this year, for ever marked in the annals of French, and indeed of European art, there appeared together in the Salon, for the first time, all those young artists who are now honoured as the greatest in the century: all, or almost all, were children of Paris, the sons of small townsmen

L'Art.]
THÉODORE ROUSSEAU.

or of humble artisans; all were born in the old quarter of the city or in its suburbs, in the midst of a desolate wilderness of houses, and destined for that very reason to be great landscape-painters. For it is not through chance that *paysage intime* immediately passed from London, the city of smoke, to Paris, the second great modern capital, and reached Germany from thence only at a much later time.

"Do you remember the time," asks Bürger-Thoré of Théodore Rousseau in the dedicatory letter to his *Salon* of 1844, "do you still recall the years when we sat on the window-ledges of our attics in the Rue de Taitbout, and let our feet dangle at the edge of the roof, contemplating the chaos of houses and chimneys, which you with a twinkle in your eye compared to mountains, trees, and outlines of the earth? You were not able to go to the Alps, into the cheerful country, and so you created picturesque landscapes for yourself out of these horrible skeletons of wall. Do you still recall the little tree in Rothschild's garden, which we caught sight of between two roofs? It was the one green thing that we could see; every fresh shoot of the little poplar wakened our interest in spring, and in autumn we counted the falling leaves."

From this mood sprang modern landscape-painting, with its delicate reserve in subject, and its vigorously heightened love of nature. Up to the middle of the century nature was too commonplace and ordinary for the Germans; and it was therefore hard for them to establish a spiritual relationship with her. Landscape-painting recognized its function in appealing to the understanding by the execution of points of geographical interest, or exciting a frigid curiosity by brilliant fireworks.

Braun photo.]
ROUSSEAU: "OAKS IN THE LANDES. HUTS."

But these children of the city, who with a heartfelt sympathy counted the budding and falling leaves of a single tree descried from their little attic window; these dreamers, who in their imagination constructed beautiful landscapes from the moss-crusted gutters of the roof and the chimneys and chimney-smoke, were sufficiently schooled, when they came into the country, to feel the breath of the great mother of all, even where it was but faintly exhaled. Where a man's heart is full he does not think about geographical information, and no roll of tom-toms is needed by one whose eyes are opened. Their spirit was sensitive, and their imagination sufficiently alert to catch with ecstasy, even from the most delicate and reserved notes, the harmony of that heavenly concert which nature executes on any of its earthly instruments, at every moment and in all places.

Thus they had none of them any further need for extensive pilgrimage; to seek impulse for work they had not far to go. Croissy, Bougival, Saint-Cloud, and Marly were their Arcadia. Their farthest journeys were to the banks of the Oise, the woods of L'Isle Adam, Auvergne, Normandy, and Brittany. But they cared most of all to stay in the forest of Fontainebleau, which—by one of those curious chances that so often recur in history—played for a second time a highly important part in

Magazine of Art.] [*C. Carter sc.*

ROUSSEAU: "THE PLAIN OF COURANCES IN GATINAIS."

the development of French art. A hundred years before it was the brilliant centre of the French Renaissance, the resort of those Italian artists who found in the palace there a second Vatican, and in Francis I. another Leo X. In the nineteenth century, too, the Renaissance of French painting was achieved in Fontainebleau, only it had nothing to do with a school of mannered figure-painters, but with a group of the most delicate landscape artists. From a sense of one's duty to art one studies in the palace the elegant goddesses of Primaticcio, the laughing bacchantes of Cellini, and all the golden, festal splendour of the Cinquecento; but the heart is not touched till one stands outside in the forest on the soil where Rousseau and Corot and Millet and Diaz painted. How much may be felt and thought when one saunters of a dreamy evening, lost in one's own meditations, across the heath of the *plateau de la Belle Croix* and through the arching oaks of *Bas Bréau* to Barbizon, the Mecca of modern art, where the secrets of *paysage intime* were revealed to the Parisian landscape-painters

Magazine of Art.] [*C. Carter sc.*

ROUSSEAU: "THE VILLAGE OF BECQUIGNY IN PICARDY."

by the nymph of Fontainebleau! There was a time when men built their Gothic cathedrals soaring into the sky, after the model of the majestic palaces of the trees. The dim and sacred mist of incense hovered about the lofty pointed arches, and through painted windows the broken daylight shone, inspiring awe; the fair picture of a saint beckoned from above the altar, touched by the gleam of lamps and candles; gilded carvings glimmered strangely, and overwhelming strains from the fugues of Bach reverberated in the peal of the organ throughout the consecrated space. But now the Gothic cathedrals are transformed once more into palaces of trees. The towering oaks are the buttresses, the tracery of branches the choir-screen, the clouds the incense, the wind sighing through the boughs the peal of the organ, and the sun the altar-piece. Man is once more a fire-worshipper, as in his childhood; the church has become the world, and the world has become the church.

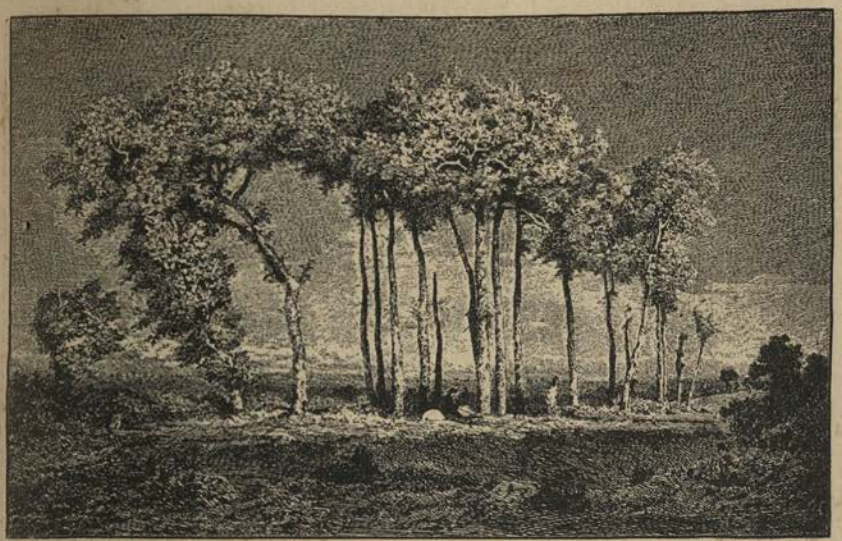
How the spirit soars at the trill of a blackbird beneath the leafy and shady roof of mighty primæval oaks! One feels as though one had been transplanted into a vanished Saturnian

L'Art.] [*T. Chauvel sc.*

ROUSSEAU: "THE JEAN DE PARIS, IN THE EVENING, AFTER THE STORM (FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU)."

age, when men lived a joyous, unchequered life in holy unison with nature. For this park is still primæval, in spite of all the carriage-roads by which it is now traversed, in spite of all the guides who lounge upon the granite blocks of the hollows of Opremont. Yellowish green ferns varying in tint cover the soil like a carpet. The woods are broken by great wastes of rock. Perhaps there is no spot in the world where such splendid beeches and huge, majestic oaks stretch their gnarled branches to the sky—in one place spreading forth in luxuriant glory, and in another singed by lightning and bitten by the wintry cold. It is just such scenes of ravage that make the grandest, the wildest, and the most sombre pictures. The might of the great forces of nature, striking down the heads of oaks like thistles, is felt nowhere in the same degree.

Barbizon itself is a small village three miles to the north of Fontainebleau, and, according to old tradition, founded by



Paris: Baschet.] [*T. Chauvel sc.*

ROUSSEAU: "EVENING."

(By permission of the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, the owner of the picture.)

robbers who formerly dwelt in the forest. On both sides of the road connecting it with the charming little villages of Dammarie and Chailly there stretch long rows of chestnut, apple, and acacia trees. There are barely a hundred houses in the place. Most of them are twined with wild vine, shut in by thick hedges of hawthorn, and have a garden in front, where roses bloom amid cabbages and cauliflowers. At nine o'clock in the evening all Barbizon is asleep, but before four in the morning it awakes once more for work in the fields.

Historians of after-years will occupy themselves in endeavouring to discover when the first immigration of Parisian painters occurred in this place. It is reported that one of David's pupils painted in the forest of Fontainebleau and lived in Barbizon. The only inn was at that time a barn, which the former tailor of the place, a man of the name of Ganne, turned into an inn in 1823. Here, after 1830, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Brascassat, and many others alighted when they came to follow their studies in Barbizon from the spring to the autumn. Of an evening they clambered up to their miserable bedroom, and

Braun photo.]

ROUSSEAU: "THE END OF THE FOREST AT FONTAINEBLEAU. SUNSET."

fastened to the head of the bed with drawing-pins the studies made in the course of the day. It was only later that Père Copain, an old peasant, who had begun life as a shepherd with three francs a month, was struck with the seasonable idea of buying in a few acres and building upon them small houses to let to painters. By this enterprise the man became rich, and gradually grew to be a capitalist, lending money to all who, in spite of their standing as celebrated Parisian artists, did not enjoy the blessings of fortune. But the general place of assembly was still the old barn employed in Ganne's establishment, and in the course of years its walls were covered with large charcoal drawings, studies, and pictures. Here, in a patriarchal, easy-going, homely fashion, artists gathered together with their wives and children of an evening. Festivities also were held in the place, in particular that ball when Ganne's daughter, a godchild of Madame Rousseau, celebrated her wedding. Rousseau and Millet were the decorators of the room; the entire space of

Paris : Baschet.]

ROUSSEAU : "THE POOL."

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the barn served as ball-room, the walls being adorned with ivy. Corot, always full of fun and high spirits, led the polonaise, which moved through a labyrinth of bottles placed on the floor.

They painted in the forest. But they did not take the trouble to carry the instruments of their art home again. They kept breakfast, canvas, and brushes in holes in the rocks. Never before, probably, have men so lost themselves in nature. At every hour of the day, in the cool light of morning, at sunny noon, in the golden dusk, even in the twilight of blue moonlight nights, they were out in the field and the forest, learning to surprise everlasting nature at every moment of her mysterious life. The forest was their studio, and revealed to them all its secrets.

The result of this life *en plein air* became at once the same as it had been with Constable. Earlier artists worked with the conception and the technique of Waterloo, Ruysdael, and Everdingen, and believed themselves incapable of doing anything

L'Art.] [*Chauvel sc.*

ROUSSEAU: "A POND, FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU."

without gnarled, heroic oaks. Even Michel was hard-bound in the gallery style of the Dutch, and for Decamps atmosphere was still a thing unknown or non-existent. He placed a harsh light, opaque as plaster, against a background as black as coal. Even the colours of Delacroix were merely tones of the palette; he wanted to create preconceived decorative harmonies, and not simply to interpret reality. Following the English, the masters of Fontainebleau made the discovery of air and light. They did not paint the world, like the other Romanticists, in exuberantly various hues recalling the old masters: they saw it *entouré d'air*, and tempered by the tones of the atmosphere. And since their time the harmony of light and air with those things with which they are the life has become the great problem of painting. Through this art grew young again, and works of art received the breathing life, the fresh bloom, and the delicate harmony which are to be found

Braun photo.]

ROUSSEAU: "GRAND-CHÊNE FARM."

everywhere in nature itself and which are only reached with much difficulty by any artificial method of tuning into accord. After Constable they were the first who recognized that the beauty of a landscape does not lie in objects themselves, but in the lights that are cast upon them. Of course there is also an articulation of forms in nature. When Boecklin paints a grove with tall and solemn trees in the evening, when he forms to himself a vision of the mysterious haunts of his "Fire-worshippers," there is scarcely any need of colour. The outline alone is so majestically stern that it makes man feel his littleness utterly, and summons him to devotional thoughts. But the subtile essence by which nature appeals either joyously or sorrowfully to the spirit depends still more on the light or gloom in which she is bathed; and this mood is not marked by an inquisitive eye:

the introspective gaze, the imagination itself, secretes it in nature. And here a second point is touched.

The peculiarity of all these masters, who on their first appearance were often despised as realists or naturalists, consists precisely in this: they never represented—at least in the works of their later period in which they thoroughly expressed themselves—they never represented actual nature in the manner of photography, but freely painted their own moods from memory, just as Goethe when he stood in the little house in the Kikelhahn near Ilmenau, instead of elaborating a prosaic description of the Kikelhahn, wrote the verses *Ueber allen Wipfeln ist Ruh.* In this poem of Goethe one does not learn how the summits looked, and there is no allusion to the play of light, and yet the forest, dimly illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, is presented clearly to the inward eye. Any poet before his time would have made a broad and epical description, and produced a picture by the addition of details; but here the very music of the words creates a picture of rest and quietude. The works of the Fontainebleau artists are Goethe-like poems of nature in pigments. They are as far removed from the æsthetic aridness of the older landscape of composition, pieced together from studies, as from the flat, prosaic fidelity to nature of that "entirely null and void, spuriously realistic painting of the so-called guardians of woods and waters." They were neither concerned to master nature and compose a picture from her according to conventional rules, nor pedantically to draw the portrait of any given region. They did not think of topographical accuracy, or of preparing a map of their country. A landscape was not for them a piece of scenery, but a condition of soul. They represent the victory of lyricism over dry though inflated prose. Impressed by some vision of nature, they warm to their work and produce pictures that could not have been anticipated. And thus they fathomed art to its profoundest depths. Their works were fragrant poems sprung from moods of spirit which had risen in them during a walk in the forest. Perhaps only Titian, Rubens, and Watteau had previously looked upon nature with the same eyes. And as in the case of these artists, so also

in that of the Fontainebleau painters, it was necessary that a genuine realistic art, a long period of the most immediate study of nature, should have to be gone through before they reached this height.

In the presence of nature one saturates one's self with truth; and after returning to the studio one squeezes the sponge, as Jules Dupré expressed it. Only after they had satiated themselves with the knowledge of truth, only after nature with all her individual phenomena had been interwoven with their inmost being, could they, without effort, and without the purpose of representing determined objects, paint from personal sentiment, and give expression to their humour, in the mere gratification of impulse. Thence comes their wide difference from each other. Painters who work according to fixed rules resemble one another, and those who aim at a distinct copy of nature resemble one another no less. But each one of the Fontainebleau painters, according to his character and his mood for the time being, received different impressions from the same spot in nature, and at the same moment of time. Each found a landscape and a moment which appealed to his sentiment more perceptibly than any other. One delighted in spring and dewy morning, another in a cold, clear day, another in the threatening majesty of storm, another in the sparkling effects of sportive sunbeams, and another in evening after sundown, when colours have faded and forms are dim. Each one obeyed his peculiar temperament, and adapted his technique to the altogether personal expression of his way of seeing and feeling. Each one is entirely himself, each one an original mind, each picture a spiritual revelation, and often one of touching simplicity and greatness: *homo additus naturæ.* And having dedicated themselves, more than all their predecessors, to personality creating in and for itself, they have become the founders of the new creed in art.

That strong and firmly rooted master *Théodore Rousseau* was the epic poet, the plastic artist of the pleiades. "*Le chêne des roches*" was one of his masterpieces, and he stands himself amid the art of his time like an oak embedded in rocks. His

Braun photo.]

ROUSSEAU: "THE FENS IN THE LANDES."

father was a tailor who lived in the Rue Neuve-Saint Eustache, Nr. 4 *au quatrième.* As a boy he is said to have specially devoted himself to mathematics, and to have aimed at becoming a student at the polytechnical institution. Thus the dangerous, doctrinaire tendency, which beset him in his last years, of making art more of a science than is really practicable, and of referring everything to some law, lay even in his boyish tastes. He grew up in the studio of the Classicist Lethière, and looked on whilst the latter painted both his large Louvre pictures, "The Death of Brutus" and "The Death of Virginia." He even thought himself of competing for the *Prix de Rome.* But the composition of his "historical landscape" was not a success. Then he took his paint-boxes, left Lethière's studio, and wandered over to Montmartre. Even his first little picture, "The Telegraph Tower" of 1826, announced the aim which he was tentatively endeavouring to reach.

At the very time when Watelet's metallic waterfalls and zinc trees were being drawn up in line, when the pupils of Bertin hunted the Calydonian boar, or drowned Zenobia in the waves of the Araxes, Rousseau, set free from the ambition of winning

Braun photo.]

ROUSSEAU: "A RECOLLECTION OF VIDELLE."

the *Prix de Rome*, was painting humble plains within the precincts of Paris, with little brooks in the neighbourhood which had nothing that deserved the name of waves.

His first excursion to Fontainebleau occurred in the year 1833, and in 1834 he painted his first masterpiece, the "Côtés de Grandville," that picture, replete with deep and powerful feeling for nature, which seems the great triumphant title-page of all his work. A firm resolve to accept reality as it is, and a remarkable eye for the local character of landscape and for the structure and anatomy of the earth—all qualities revealing the Rousseau of later years—were here to be seen in their full impressiveness and straightforward actuality. He received for this work a medal of the third class. At the same time his works were excluded from making any further appearance in the Salon for many years to come. Concession might be made to a beginner; but the master seemed dangerous to the academicians. Two pictures, "Cows descending in the Upper Jura" and "The Chestnut Avenue," which he had destined for the Salon of 1835, were rejected by the hanging committee, and

during twelve years his works were met by a similar fate, although the leading critical intellects of Paris, Thoré, Gustave Planché, and Théophile Gautier, broke their lances in his behalf. Amongst the rejected of the present century, Théodore Rousseau is probably the most famous. At that period he was selling his pictures for five and ten louis-d'or. It was only after the February Revolution of 1848, when the Academic Committee had fallen with the *bourgeois* King, that the doors of the Salon were opened to him again, and, in the meanwhile, his pictures had made their way quietly and by their unassisted merit. In the sequestered solitude of Barbizon he had matured into an artistic individuality of the highest calibre, and become a painter to whom the history of art must accord a place by the side of Ruysdael, Hobbema, and Constable.

He painted everything in Barbizon—the plains and the hills, the river and the forest, all the seasons of the year and all the hours of the day. The succession of his moods is as inexhaustible as boundless nature herself. Skies gilded by the setting sun, phases of dewy morning, plains basking in light, woods in the russet-yellow foliage of autumn: these are the subjects of Théodore Rousseau—an endless procession of poetic effects, expressed at first by the mere instinct of emotion and later with a mathematical precision which is often a little strained, though always irresistibly forcible. Marvellous are his autumn landscapes with their ruddy foliage of beech; majestic are those pictures in which he expressed the profound sentiment of solitude as it passes over you in the inviolate tangle of the forest, inviting the spirit to commune with itself; but especially characteristic of Rousseau are those plains with huge isolated trees, over which the mere light of common day rests almost coldly and dispassionately.

It is an artistic or psychological anomaly that in this romantic generation a man could be born in whom there was nothing of the Romanticist. Théodore Rousseau was an experimentalist, a great worker, a restless and seeking spirit, ever tormented and unsatisfied with itself, a nature wholly without sentimentality and impassionedless, the very opposite of

his predecessor Huet. Huet made nature the mirror of the passions, the melancholy and the tragic suffering which agitate the human spirit with their rage. Whilst he celebrated the irresistible powers and blind forces, the elemental genii which rule the skies and the waters, he wanted to waken an impression of terror and desolation in the spirit of the beholder. He piled together masses of rock, lent dramatic passion to the clouds, and revelled with delight in the sharpest contrasts. Rousseau's pervasive characteristic is absolute plainness and actuality. Such a simplicity of shadow had never existed before. Since the Renaissance artists had systematically heightened the intensity of shadows for the sake of effect. Rousseau relied on the true and simple doctrine that may be formulated in the phrase: the more light there is the fainter and more transparent are the shadows, not the darker, as Decamps and Huet painted them. Or, to speak more generally, in nature the intensity of shadows stands in an inverse relation to the intensity of the light.

Rousseau does not force on the spectator any preconceived mood of his own, but leaves him before a picture with all the freedom and capacity for personal feeling which he would have received from the spectacle of nature herself. The painter does not address him directly, but lets nature have free play, just as a medium merely acts as the vehicle of a spirit. So personal in execution and so absolutely impersonal in conception are Rousseau's pictures. Huet translated his moods by the assistance of nature; Rousseau is an incomparable witness, confining himself strictly to the event, and giving his report of it in brief, virile speech, in lapidary style. Huet puts one out of humour, because it is his own humour which he is determined to force. Rousseau seldom fails of effect, because he renders the effect which has struck him faithfully and without marginal notes. Only in the convincing power of representation, and never in the forcing of a calculated mood, does the "mood" of his landscape lie. Or, to take an illustration from the province of portrait-painting, when Lenbach paints Prince Bismarck, it is Lenbach's Bismarck; as an intellectual painter, he has given

L'Art.] [*Bocourt sc.*

CAMILLE COROT.

an entirely subjective rendering of Bismarck, and compels the spectator so to see him. Holbein, when he painted Henry VIII., proceeded in the opposite way: for him characterization depended on his revealing his own character as little as possible; he completely subordinated himself to his subject, surrendered himself, and religiously painted all that he saw, leaving it to others to carry away from the picture what they pleased. And Théodore Rousseau, too, was possessed by the spirit of such an old German portrait-painter. He set his whole force of purpose to the task of letting nature manifest herself, free from any preconceived interpretation. His pictures are absolutely without effective point, but there is so much power and deep truth, so much simplicity, boldness, and sincerity in his manner of seeing and painting nature, and of feeling her intense and forceful life, that they have become great works of art by this alone, like the portraits of Holbein. More impressive tones, loftier imagination, more moving tenderness, and more intoxicating harmonies are at the command of other masters, but few had truer or more profound articulation, and not one has been so sincere as Théodore Rousseau. Rousseau saw into the inmost being of nature, as Holbein into Henry VIII., and the impression he received, the emotion he felt, is a thing which he communicates broadly, boldly, and entirely. He is a portrait-painter, who knows his model through and through; moreover he is a connoisseur of the old masters who knows what it is to make a picture.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*E. Guérard sc.*

COROT: "THE BRIDGE OF THE ANGELS AT ROME."

Every production of Rousseau is a deliberate and well-considered work, a cannon-shot, and no mere dropping fusilade of small arms; not a light *feuilleton*, but an earnest treatise of strong character. Though a powerful colourist, he works by the simplest means, and has at bottom the feeling of a draughtsman; which is principally the reason why, at the present day, when one looks at Rousseau's pictures, one thinks rather of Hobbema than of Billotte and Claude Monet.

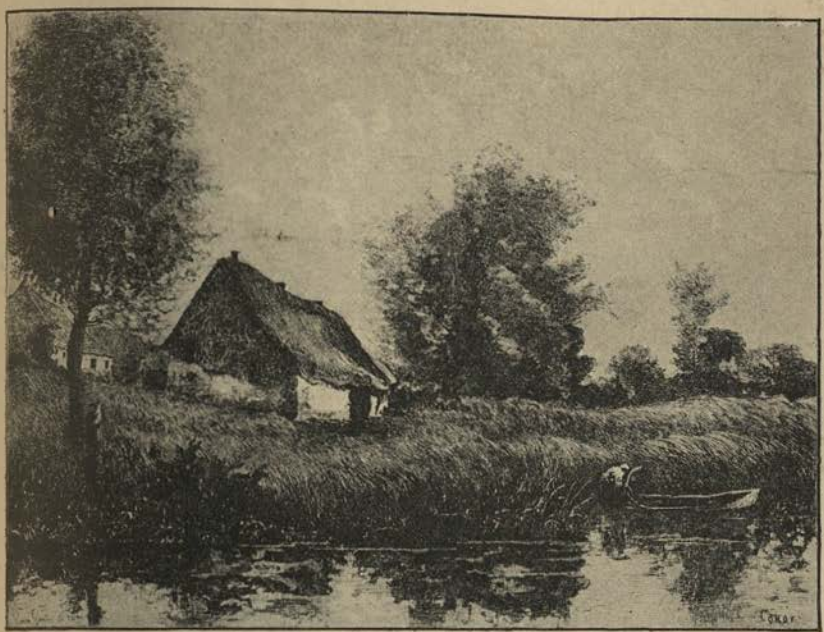
His absolute mastery over drawing even induced him in his last years to abandon painting altogether. He designated it contemptuously as falsehood, because it smeared over the truth, the anatomy of nature.

In Rousseau there was even more the genius of a sculptor than of a portrait-painter. His spirit, positive, exact, like that of a mathematician, and far more equipped with artistic precision than pictorial qualities, delighted in everything sharply defined, plastic, and full of repose: moss-grown stones, oaks of the growth of centuries, marshes and standing water, rude granite blocks of the forest of Fontainebleau, and trees bedded in the rocks of the glens of Opremont. In a quite peculiar sense was the oak his favourite tree—the mighty, wide-branching, primæval oak which occupies the centre of one of

Harper's Magazine.] COROT AT WORK.

his masterpieces, "A Pond," and spreads its great, gnarled boughs to the cloudy sky in almost every one of his pictures. It is only Rembrandt's three oaks that stand in like manner, firm and broad of stem, as though they were living personalities of the North, in a lonely field beneath the hissing rain. To ensure the absolute vitality of organisms was for Rousseau the object of unintermittent toil.

Plants, trees, and rocks were not forms summarily observed and clumped together in an arbitrary fashion; for him they were beings gifted with a soul, breathing creatures, each one of which had its physiognomy, its individuality, its part to play, and its distinction of being in the great harmony of universal nature. "By the harmony of air and light with that of which they are the life and the illumination I will make you hear the trees moaning beneath the North wind and the birds calling to their young." To achieve that aim he thought that he could not do too much. As Dürer worked seven times on the same scenes of the Passion until he had found the simplest and most speaking expression, so Rousseau treated the same motives ten and twenty times. Restless are his efforts to discover different phases of the same subject, to approach his model from the



[*T. Chauvel sc.*

COROT: "THE THATCHED COTTAGE."

most various points of view, and to do justice to it on every side. He begins an interrupted picture again and again, and adds something to it to heighten the expression, as Leonardo died with the consciousness that there was something yet to be done to his "Joconda." Sometimes a laboured effect is brought into his works by this method, but in other ways he has gained in this struggle with reality a power of exposition, a capacity of expression, a force of appeal, and such a remarkable insight for rightness of effect that every one of his good pictures could be hung without detriment in a gallery of old masters; the nineteenth century did not see many arise who could bear such a proximity in every respect. His landscapes are as full of sap as creation itself; they reveal a forcible condensation of nature. The only words which can be used to describe him are strength, health, and energy. "It ought to be: in the beginning was the Power."

From his youth upwards Théodore Rousseau was a masculine

Braun photo.]

COROT: "A FIELD AT SAINTE-CATHÉRINE-LEZ-ARRAS.

spirit; even as a stripling he was a man above all juvenile follies—one might almost say, a philosopher without ideals. In literature Turgenief's conception of nature might be most readily compared with that of Rousseau. In Turgenief's *Diary of a Sportsman*, written in 1852, everything is so fresh and full of sap that one could imagine it was not so much the work of a human pen as a direct revelation from the forest and the steppes. Though men are elsewhere habituated to see their joys and sorrows reflected in nature, the sentiment of his own personality falls from Turgenief when he contemplates the eternal spectacle of the elements. He plunges into nature and loses the consciousness of his own being in hers; and he becomes a part of what he contemplates. For him the majesty of nature lies in her treating everything, from the worm to the human being, with impassiveness. Man receives neither love nor hatred at her hands; she neither rejoices in the good that he does nor complains of sin and crime, but looks beyond him with her deep, earnest eyes because he is an object

Braun photo.]

COROT: A LANDSCAPE.

of complete indifference to her. "The last of thy brothers might vanish off the face of the earth and not a needle of the pine-branches would tremble." Nature has something icy, apathetic, terrible, and the fear which she can inspire through this indifference of hers ceases only when we begin to understand the relationship in which we are to our surroundings, when we begin to comprehend that man and animal, tree and flower, bird and fish, owe their existence to this one Mother. So Turgenief came to the same point as Spinoza.

And Rousseau did the same. The nature of Théodore Rousseau was devoid of all excitable enthusiasm. Thus the world he painted became something austere, earnest, and inaccessible beneath his hands. He lived in it alone, fleeing from his fellows, and for this reason human figures are seldom to be found in his pictures. He loved to paint nature on cold, grey, impassive days, when the trees cast great shadows and forms stand out forcibly against the sky. He is not the painter of morning and evening twilight. There is no awakening and no

dawn, no charm in these landscapes and no youth. Children would not laugh here, nor lovers venture to caress. In these trees the birds would build no nests, nor their fledgelings twitter. His oaks stand as if they had so stood from eternity.

> "Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
> Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

Like Turgenief, Rousseau ended in Pantheism.

He familiarized himself more and more with the endless variety of plants and trees, of the earth and the sky at the differing hours of the day: he made his forms even more precise. He wished to paint the organic life of inanimate nature—the life which heaves unconsciously everywhere, sighing in the air, streaming from the bosom of the earth, and vibrating in the tiniest blade of grass as positively as it palpitates through the branches of the old oaks. These trees and herbs are not human, but they are characterized by their peculiar features, just as though they were men. The poplars grow like pyramids, and have green and silvered leaves, the oaks dark foliage and gnarled far-reaching boughs. The oaks stand fixed and immovable against the storm, whilst the slender poplars bend pliantly before it. This curious distinction in all the forms of nature, each one of which fulfils a course of existence like that of man, was a problem which pursued Rousseau throughout his life as a vast riddle. Observe his trees: they are not dead things; the sap of life mounts imperceptibly through their strong trunks to the smallest branches and shoots, which spread from the extremity of the boughs like clawing fingers. The soil works and alters; every plant reveals the inner structure of the organism which produced it. And this striving even became a curse to him in his last period. Nature became for him an organism which he studied as an anatomist studies a corpse, an organism all the members of which act one upon the other, according to logical laws, like the wheels of a machine; and for the proper operation of this machine therefore the smallest plants seemed as necessary as the mightiest oaks, the gravel as important as the most tremendous rock.

Convinced that there was nothing in nature either indifferent or without its purpose, and that everything had a justification for its existence and played a part in the movement of universal life, he believed also that in everything, however small it might be, there was a special pictorial significance; and he toiled to discover this, to make it evident, and often forgot the while that art must make sacrifices, if it is to move and charm. In his boundless veneration for the logical organism of nature he held, as a kind of categorical imperative, that it was right to give the same importance to the infinitely little as to the infinitely great. The notion was chimerical, and it wrecked him. In his last period the only things that will preserve their artistic reputation are his marvellously powerful drawings. No one ever had such a feeling for values, and thus he knew how to give his drawings —quite apart from their pithy weight of stroke—an effect of light which was forcibly striking. Just as admirable were the water-colours produced under the influence of Japanese picture-books. The pictures of petty detail which belong to these years have only an historical interest, and that merely because it is instructive to see how a great genius can deceive himself. One of his last works, the view of Mont Blanc, with the boundless horizon and the countless carefully and scrupulously delineated planes of ground, has neither pictorial beauty nor majesty. In the presence of this bizarre work one can feel astonishment at the artist's endurance and force of will, but the impression received from it is not great. He wanted to win the secret of its being from every undulation of the ground, from every blade of grass and from every leaf; he was anxiously bent upon what he called *planimétrie*, upon the importance of horizontal planes, and he accentuated detail and accessory work beyond measure. His pantheistic faith in nature brought Théodore Rousseau to his fall. Those who did not know him spoke of his childish stippling and of the decline of his talent. Those who did know him saw in this stippling the issue of the same endeavours which poor Charles de la Berge had made before him, and of the principles on which the landscape of the English Preraphaelites was being based about this time. If one looks at his works and then reads

Braun photo.]
COROT: "THE CHÂTEAU DE BEAUNE."

his life, one almost comes to have for him a kind of religious veneration. There is something of the martyr in this insatiable observer, whose life was one battle, and who followed the study of the earth's construction and the anatomy of branches like a religious service.

At first he had to struggle during ten years for bread and recognition. It seems hardly credible that his landscapes, even after 1848, when they had obtained entry into the Salon, were a source of irritation there for years, simply because they were green. The public was so accustomed to brown trees and brown grass, that every other colour in the landscape was an offence against decency, and before a green picture the Philistine immediately cried out, "Spinage!" "*Allez, c'était dur d'ouvrir la brèche*," said he, in his later years. And at last, at the World Exhibition of 1855, when he had made it clear to Europe who Théodore Rousseau was, the evening of his life was saddened by pain and illness. He had married a poor, unfortunate creature, a wild child of the forest, the only feminine being that he had found time to love during his toilsome life. After a few years of marriage she was seized by madness, and whilst he tended her Rousseau himself became the victim of an affection of the brain, which darkened his last years. A parrot screamed, and his demented wife danced and trilled, when Théodore Rousseau lay dying in 1867. He rests "*dans le*

plain calme de la nature" in the village churchyard at Chailly, near Barbizon, buried in front of his much-loved forest. Millet erected the headstone — a simple cross upon an unhewn block of sandstone, with a tablet of brass on which are inscribed the words:

THEODORE ROUSSEAU PEINTRE.

Braun photo.]
COROT: "THE LION PARK AT PONT-MARLY."

"*Rousseau c'est un aïgle. Quant à moi, je ne suis qu'une alouette qui pousse de petites chansons dans mes nuages gris.*" With these words *Camille Corot* has indicated the distinction between Rousseau and himself. They denote the two opposite poles of modern landscape. What attracted the plastic artists, Rousseau, Ruysdael, and Hobbema—the relief of objects, the power of contours, the solidity of forms—was not Corot's concern. Whilst Rousseau never spoke about colour with his pupils, but as *ceterum censeo* invariably repeated, "*Enfin, la forme est la première chose à observer*," Corot himself admitted that drawing was not his strong point. When he tried to paint rocks he was but moderately effective, and all his efforts at drawing the human figure were seldom crowned with real success, although in his last years he returned to the task with continuous zeal. Apart from such peculiar exceptions as that wonderful picture "The Toilet," his figures are always the weakest parts of his landscapes, and only make a good effect when in the background

Braun photo.]

COROT: "THE DANCE OF THE NYMPHS."

they reveal their delicate outlines, half lost in rosy haze. He was not much more felicitous with his animals, and in particular there often appear in his pictures great heavy cows, which are badly planted on their feet, and which one wishes that he had left out. Amongst trees he did not care to paint the oak, the favourite tree with all artists who have a passion for form, nor the chestnut, nor the elm, but preferred to summon amid the delicate play of sunbeams the aspen, the poplar, the alder, the birch with its white, slender stem and its pale, tremulous leaves, and the willow with its light foliage. In Rousseau a tree is a proud, toughly knotted personality, a noble, self-conscious creation; in Corot it is a soft tremulous being rocking in the fragrant air, in which it whispers and murmurs of love and joy. His favourite season was not the autumn, when the turning leaves, hard as steel, stand out with firm lines, quiet and motionless, against the clear sky, but the early spring, when the farthest twigs upon the boughs deck themselves with little leaves of tender

Braun photo.]

COROT: "THE VILLAGE OF SIN, NEAR DOUAY."

green, which vibrate and quiver with the least breath of air. He had, moreover, a perfectly wonderful secret of rendering the effect of the tiny blades of grass and the flowers which grow upon the meadows in June; he delighted in the verge of any bank where tall bushes bend to the water, and he loved water itself in indetermined clearness and in the shifting glance of light, leaving it here in shadow and touching it there with brightness; the sky in the depths beneath wedded to the bright border of the pool or the vanishing outlines of the bank, and the clouds passing across the firmament, and here and there embracing a light shining fragment of the blue. He loved morning before sunrise, when the white mists hover over pools like a light veil of gauze, and gradually disperse at the first burst of the sun; but he had a passion for evening which was almost greater: he loved the soft vapours which gather in the gloom, thickening until they become pale grey velvet mantles, as peace and rest descend upon the earth with the drawing on of night.

Braun photo.]
COROT: "AN ITALIAN WOMAN."

In contradistinction from Rousseau his speciality was everything soft and wavering, everything that has neither determined form nor sharp lines, and that, by not appealing too clearly to the eye, is the more conducive to vaporous reveries. It is not the spirit of a sculptor that lives in Corot, but that of a poet, or, still better, the spirit of a musician, since music is the least plastic of the arts. It is not surprising to read in his biography that, like Watteau, he had almost a greater passion for music than for painting, and that when he painted he had always an old song or an opera aria upon his lips, that when he spoke of his pictures he had a taste for drawing comparisons from music, and that he had a season-ticket at the *Conservatoire*, never missed a concert, and played upon the violin himself. Indeed there is something of the tender note of this instrument in his pictures, which make such a sweetly solemn appeal through their delicious silver tone. Beside Rousseau the plastic artist Père Corot is an idyllic painter of melting grace, beside Rousseau the realist he seems a dreamy musician, beside Rousseau the virile spirit earnestly making experiments in art he appears like a bashful schoolgirl in love. Rousseau approached nature in broad daylight, with screws and levers, as a cool-headed man

of science; Corot caressed and flattered her, sung her wooing love-songs till she descended to meet him in the twilight hours, and whispered to him, her beloved, the secrets which Rousseau was unable to wring from her by violence.

Braun photo.]
COROT: "SPRING. A GIRL GATHERING FLOWERS."

Corot was sixteen years senior to Rousseau. He still belonged to the eighteenth century, to the time when under the dictatorship of David Paris transformed herself into imperial Rome. David, Gérard, Guérin, and Prudhon, artists so different in talent, were the painters whose works met his first eager glances, and no particular acuteness is needed to recognize in the Nymphs and Cupids with which Corot in after-years, especially in the evening of his life, dotted his fragrant landscapes, the direct issue of Prudhon's charming goddesses, the reminiscences of his youth nourished on the antique. He, too, was a child of old Paris, with its narrow streets and corners. His father was a hairdresser in the Rue du Bac, number 37, and had made the acquaintance of a girl who lived at number 1 in the same street, close to the Pont Royal, and was shop-girl at a milliner's. He carried on his barber's shop until 1778, when Camille, the future painter, was two years old. Then Madame Corot herself undertook the

Braun photo.]

COROT: "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE."

millinery establishment in which she had once worked. There might be read on the front of the narrow little house, number 1 of the Rue du Bac, *Madame Corot, Marchande de Modes.* M. Corot, a polite and very correct little man, raised the business to great prosperity. The Tuileries were opposite, and under Napoleon I. Corot became Court "modiste." As such he must have attained a certain celebrity, as even the theatre took his name in vain. A piece which was then frequently played at the Comédie Française contains the passage: "I have just come from Corot, but could not speak to him; he was locked up in his private room occupied in composing a new spring hat."

Camille went to the high school in Rouen, and was then destined, according to the wish of his father, to adopt some serious calling "by which money was to be made." He began his career with a yard-measure in a linen-draper's establishment, ran through

Braun photo.]

COROT: "A RUSTIC CONCERT."

the suburbs of Paris with a book of patterns under his arm selling cloth—*Couleur olive*—and in his absence of mind made the clumsiest mistakes. After eight years of opposition his father consented to his becoming a painter. "You will have a yearly allowance of twelve hundred francs," said old Corot, "and if you can live on that you may do as you please." At the Pont Royal, behind his father's house, he painted his first picture, amid the tittering of the little dressmaker's apprentices who looked on with curiosity from the window, but one of whom Mademoiselle Rose, remained his dear friend through life. This was in 1823, and twenty years went by before he returned to French soil in the pictures that he painted. Victor Bertin became his teacher; in other words, Classicism, style, and coldness. He sought diligently to do as others; he drew studies, composed historical landscapes, and painted as he saw the academicians painting around him. To conclude his orthodox course of training it only remained for him to make

Braun photo.]

COROT: "AN IDYL. CHILDREN DANCING A ROUND."

the pilgrimage to Italy, where Claude Lorrain had once painted and Poussin had invented the historical landscape. In 1825—when he was twenty-eight—he set out with Bertin and Aligny, remained long in Rome, and came to Naples. The Classicists, whose circle he entered with submissive veneration, welcomed him for his cheerful, even temper and the pretty songs which he sang with his fine tenor voice. Early every morning he went into the Campagna, with a colour-box under his arm and a sentimental ditty on his lips, and there he drew the ruins with an architectural severity, just like Poussin. In 1827, after a sojourn of two years and a half in Italy, he was able to make an appearance in the Salon with his carefully balanced landscapes. In 1835 and 1843 he stayed again in Italy, and only after this third pilgrimage were his eyes opened to the charms of French landscape.

One can pass rapidly over this first section of Corot's work. His pictures of this period are not without merit, but to speak of them with justice they should be compared with contemporary classical productions. Then one finds in them broad and sure drawing, and can recognize a powerful hand and notice an astonishing increase of ability. Even on his second sojourn in

Italy, he painted no longer as an ethnographical student and no longer wasted his powers on detail. But it is in the pictures of his last twenty years that Corot first becomes the Theocritus of the nineteenth century. The second Corot has spoilt one's enjoyment for the first. But who would care to pick a quarrel with him on that score! Beside his later pictures how hard are those studies from Rome, which the dying painter left to the Louvre, and which, as his maiden efforts, he regarded with great tenderness all through his life. How little they have of the delicate, harmonious light of his later works! The great historical landscape with Homer in it, where light and shadow are placed so trenchantly beside each other, the landscape "Aricia," "Saint Jerome in the Desert," the picture of the young girl sitting reading beside a mountain stream, "The Beggar" with that team in mad career which Decamps could not have painted with greater virtuosity—they are all good pictures by the side of those of his contemporaries, but in comparison with real Corots they are like the exercises of a pupil, in their hard, dry painting, their black, coarse tones, and their chalky wall of atmosphere. There is neither breeze nor transparency nor life in the air; the trees are motionless, and look as if they were heavily cased in iron.

Corot was approaching his fortieth year, an age at which men generally alter no more, when the great revolution of French landscape-painting was accomplished under the influence of the English and of Rousseau. Trained in academical traditions, he might have remained steadfast in his own province. To follow the young school he had completely to learn his art again, and alter his method of treatment with the choice of subjects, and this casting of his slough demanded another fifteen years. When he passed from Italian to French landscape, after his return from his third journey to Rome in 1843, his pictures were still hard and heavy. He had already felt the influence of Bonington and Constable, by the side of whose works his first exhibited picture had hung in 1827. But he still wanted the organ for rendering light and air, and his painting had neither softness nor light. Even in the choice of subject he was still

L'Art.] [*Gsell sc.*

JULES DUPRÉ.

undecided, returning more than once to the historical landscape and working on it with unequal success. His masterpiece of 1843, "The Baptism of Christ," in the Church of Saint Nicolas du Chardonnet in Paris, is no more than a delicate imitation of the old masters. The "Christ upon the Mount of Olives" of 1844 in the Museum of Langres is the first picture which seems like a convert's confession of faith. In the centre of the picture, before a low hill, Christ kneels upon the ground praying; His disciples are around Him, and to the right, vanishing in the shadows, the olive trees stretch their gnarled branches over the darkened way. A dark blue sky, in which a star is flickering, broods tremulously over the landscape. One might pass the Christ over unobserved; but for the title He would be hard to recognize. But the star shining far away, the transparent clearness of the night sky, the light clouds, and the mysterious shadows gliding swiftly over the ground, these have no more to do with the false and already announce the true Corot. From this time he found the way on which he went forward resolute and emancipated.

For five-and-twenty years it was permitted to him to labour in perfect ripeness, freedom, and artistic independence. One thinks of Corot as though he had been a child until he was fifty and then first entered upon his adolescence. Up to 1846 he took from his father the yearly allowance of twelve hundred francs given him as a student, and in that year, when he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, M. Corot doubled the sum for the future, observing, "Well, Camille seems to have talent after all." About the same time his friends remarked that he went about Barbizon one day more meditatively than usual. "My dear fellow," said he to one of them, "I am inconsolable. Till now I had a complete collection of Corots, and it has been

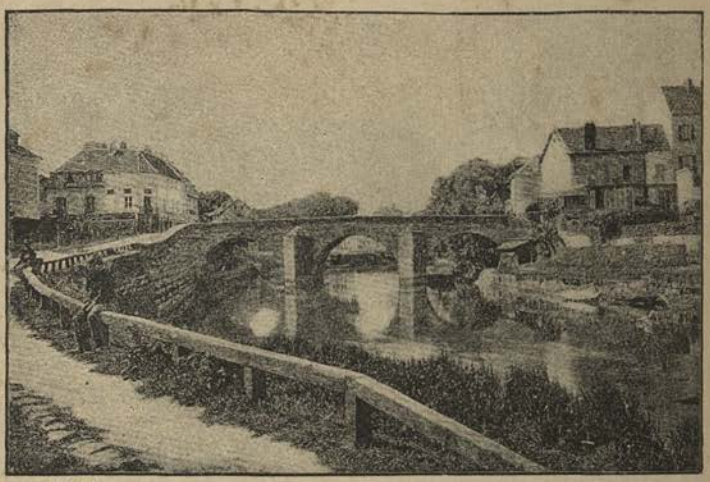
broken to-day, for I have sold one for the first time." And even at seventy-four he said: "How swiftly one's life passes, and how much must one exert one's self to do anything good!" The history of art has few examples to offer of so long a spring. Corot had the privilege of never growing old; his life was an eternal revival. The works which made him Corot are the youthful works of an old man, the matured creations of a grey-headed artist, who—like Titian—remained for ever young; and for their artistic appreciation it is not without importance to remember this.

L'Art.] [*E. Hugard del.*

JULES DUPRÉ'S HOUSE AT L'ISLE ADAM.

Of all the Fontainebleau painters Corot was the least a realist: he was the least bound to the earth, and he was never bent upon any exact rendering of a part of nature. No doubt he worked much in the open air, but he worked far more in his studio; he painted many scenes as they lay before him, but more often those which he only saw in his own mind. He is reported to have said on his death-bed: "Last night I saw in a dream a landscape with a sky all rosy. It was charming, and still stands before me quite distinctly; it will be marvellous to paint." How many landscapes may he not have thus dreamed, and painted from the recollected vision!

For a young man this would be a very dangerous method. For Corot it was the only one which allowed him to remain Corot, because in this way no unnecessary detail disturbed the pure, poetic reverie. He had spent his whole life in a dallying courtship with nature, ever renewed. As a child he looked down from his attic window upon the wavering mists of the Seine; as a schoolboy in Rouen he wandered lost in his own fancies along the borders of the great river; when he had grown older he went every year with his sister to a little country-house in



L'Art.]

THE BRIDGE AT L'ISLE ADAM.

Ville d'Avray, which his father had bought for him in 1817. Here he stood at the open window, in the depth of the night, when every one was asleep, absorbed in looking at the sky and listening to the plash of waters and the rustling of leaves. Here he stayed quite alone. No sound disturbed his reveries, and unconsciously he drank in the soft, moist air and the delicate vapour rising from the neighbouring river. Everything was harmoniously reflected in his quick and eager spirit, and his eyes beheld the individual trait of nature floating in the universal life. He began not merely to see nature, but to feel her presence, like that of a beloved woman, to receive her very breath and to hear the pulse of her heart.

One knows the marvellous letter in which he describes the day of a landscape-painter to Jules Dupré: "*On se lève de bonne heure, à trois heures du matin, avant le soleil; on va s'asseoir au pied d'un arbre, on regarde et on attend. On ne voit pas grand'chose d'abord. La nature ressemble à une toile blanchâtre où s'esquissent à peine les profils de quelques masses: tout est embaumé, tout frisonne au souffle fraîchi de l'aube. Bing! le soleil s'éclaircit . . . le soleil n'a pas encore déchiré la gaze derrière laquelle se cachent la prairie, le vallon, les collines de*

Paris: Baschet.]

DUPRÉ: "THE ENVIRONS OF SOUTHAMPTON."

(By permission of M. Jules Beer, the owner of the picture.)

l'horizon. . . . Les vapeurs nocturnes rampent encore commes des flocons argentés sur les herbes d'un vert transi. Bing! . . . Bing! . . . un premier rayon de soleil . . . un second rayon de soleil. . . . Les petites fleurettes semblent s'éveiller joyeuses. . . . Elles ont toutes leur goutte de rosée qui tremble . . . les feuilles frileuses s'agitent au souffle du matin . . . dans la feuillée, les oiseaux invisibles chantent. . . . Il semble que ce sont les fleurs qui font la prière. Les Amours à ailes de papillons s'ébattent sur la prairie et font onduler les hautes herbes. . . . On ne voit rien . . . tout y est. Le paysage est tout entier derrière la gaze transparente du brouillard, qui, au reste . . . monte . . . monte . . . aspiré par le soleil . . . et laisse, en se levant, voir la rivière lamée d'argent, les prés, les arbres, les maisonettes, le lointain fuyant. . . . On distingue enfin tout ce que l'on divinait d'abord."

At the end there is an ode to evening which is perhaps to be reckoned amongst the most delicate pages of French lyrics: "*La nature s'assoupit . . . cependant l'air frais du soir soupire dans les feuilles . . . la rosée emperle le velours des gazons. . . . Les nymphes fuient . . . se cachent . . . et désirent être vues. . . . Bing!*

Paris : Baschet.]

DUPRÉ : "SUNSET."

(By permission of M. Jules Beer, the owner of the picture.)

une étoile du ciel qui pique une tête dans l'étang. . . . Charmante étoile, dont le frémissement de l'eau augmente le scintillement, tu me regardes . . . tu me souris en clignant de l'œil. . . . Bing! une seconde étoile apparaît dans l'eau ; un second œil s'ouvre. Soyez les bienvenues, fraîches et charmantes étoiles. . . . Bing! Bing! Bing! trois, six, vingt étoiles. . . . Toutes les étoiles du ciel se sont donné rendez-vous dans cet heureux étang. . . . Tout s'assombrit encore. . . . L'étang seul scintille. . . . C'est un fourmillement d'étoiles. . . . L'illusion se produit. . . . Le soleil étant couché, le soleil intérieur de l'âme, le soleil de l'art se lève. . . . Bon! voilà mon tableau fait."

Any one who has never read anything about Corot except these lines may know him through them alone. Even that little word "Bing" comprises and elucidates his art by its clear, silvery resonance. The words vibrate like the strings of a violin that have been gently touched, and they want Mozart's music as an accompaniment. I do not know any one who has described all the feminine tenderness of nature, the dishevelled leaves of the birches, the heaving bosom of the air, the fresh

L'Art.] [*T. Chauvel sc.*

DUPRÉ: "THE PUNT."

virginity of morning, the weary, sensuous charm of evening, with such seductive tenderness and such highly strung feeling, so voluptuously and yet so coyly.

To these impressions of Rouen, Ville d'Avray, and Barbizon were added finally those of Paris. For Corot was born in Paris, and, often as he left it, he always came back; he passed the greatest part of his life there, and there it was, perhaps, that in his last period he created his most poetic works. In these years he had no more need of actual landscapes; he needed only a sky, and they rose before him. Every evening after sundown he left his studio just at the time when the dusk fell veiling everything. He raised his eyes to the sky, the only part of nature which remained visible. And how often does this twilight sky of Paris recur in Corot's pictures! At the end of his life he could really give himself over to a dream. The drawings and countless studies of his youth bear witness to the care, patience, and exactitude of his preparation. They gave him in after-years, when he was sure of his hand, the right to simplify, because he

L'Art.] [*T. Chauvel sc.*

DUPRÉ: "THE POND."

knew everything thoroughly. Thus Boecklin paints his pictures without a model, and thus Corot painted his landscapes. The hardest problems are solved apparently as if he were improvising; and for that very reason the sight of a Corot gives such unspeakable pleasure, such an impression of charming ease. It is only a hand which has used a brush for forty years that can paint thus. All effects are attained with the minimum expenditure of strength and material. The drawing lies as if behind colour that has been blown on to the canvas; it is as if one looked through a thin gauze into the distance. Whoever has studied reality, so many years, with patient and observant eye, as Corot did, whoever has daily satiated his imagination with the impressions of nature, may finally venture on painting, not this or that scenery, but the fragrance, the very essence of things, and render merely his own spirit and his own visions free from all earthly and retarding accessories. There is a temptation to do

L'Art.]

DUPRÉ: "THE HAY-WAIN."

honour to Corot's pictures merely as "the confessions of a beautiful soul."

But Corot was as great and strong as a Hercules. In his blue blouse, with his woollen cap and the inevitable short Corot pipe in his mouth—a pipe which has become historical—one would have taken him for a carter rather than a celebrated painter. At the same time he remained during his whole life—a girl: twenty years senior to all the great landscape-painters of the epoch, he was at once a patriarch in their eyes and their younger comrade. His long white hair surrounded the innocent face of a ruddy country girl, and his kind and pleasant eyes were those of a child listening to a fairy tale. In 1848, during the fighting on the barricades, he asked with childish astonishment: "What is the matter? Are we not satisfied with the Government?" And during the war in 1870, this great hoary-headed child of seventy-four bought a musket, to join in fighting against Germany. Benevolence was the joy of his old age. Every friend who begged for a picture was given one, while for money he

DUPRÉ: "LANDSCAPE. RAIN."

had the indifference of a hermit who has no wants and neither sows nor reaps, but is fed by his Heavenly Father. He ran breathlessly after an acquaintance to whom, contrary to his wont, he had refused five thousand francs: "Forgive me," he said; "I am a miser, but there they are." And when a picture-dealer brought him ten thousand francs he gave him the following direction: "Send them," he said, "to the widow of my friend Millet; only she must believe that you have bought pictures from *him*." His one passion was music, his whole life "an eternal song." Corot was a happy man, and no one more deserved to be happy. In his kind-hearted vivacity and even good spirits he was a favourite with all who came near him and called him familiarly their Papa Corot. Everything in him was healthy and natural; his was a harmonious nature, living and working happily. This harmony is reflected in his art. And he saw the joy in nature which he had in himself.

Everything that was coarse or horrible in nature he avoided, and his own life passed without romance, or any terrible catastrophes. He has no picture where there is a harassed

tree vexed by the storm. Corot's own spirit was touched neither by passions nor by the strokes of fate. There is air in his landscapes, but never storm; streams, but not torrents; waters, but not floods; plains, and not cloven mountains. All is soft and quiet as his own heart, whose peace the storm never troubled.

Paris : Baschet] [*Graux sc.*

DUPRÉ: "THE OLD OAK."

No man ever lived a more orderly, regular, and reasonable life. He was only spendthrift where others were concerned. No evening passed that he did not play a rubber of whist with his mother, who died only a little before him, and was loved by the old man with the devoted tenderness of a child. From an early age he had the confirmed habits which make the day long and prevent waste of time. The eight years which he passed in the linen-drapery establishment of M. Delalain had accustomed him to punctuality. Every morning he rose very early, and at three minutes to eight he was in his studio as punctually as he had been in earlier years at the counter, and went through his daily task without feverish haste or idleness, humming with that quietude which makes the furthest progress.

For that reason he had also an aversion to everything passionate in nature, to everything irregular, sudden, or languid, to the feverish burst of storm as to the relaxing languor of summer heat. He loved all that is quiet, symmetrical, and fresh, peaceful and blithe, everything that is enchanting by its

L'Art.] [*G. Profil del.*

NARCISSE DIAZ.

repose: the bright, tender sky, the woods and meadows tinged with green, the streamlets and the hills, the regular awakening of spring, the soft, quiet hours of evening twilight, the dewy, laughing morning, the delicate mists which form slowly over the surface of still waters, the joy of clear, starry nights, when all voices are silent and every breeze is at rest; and the cheerfulness of his own spirit is reflected in everything.

One might go further, and say that Corot's goodness is mirrored in his pictures. Corot loved humanity and wished it well, and he shrank from no sacrifice in helping his friends. And even so did he love the country, and wished to see it animated, enlivened, and blest by human beings. That is the great distinction between him and Chintreuil, who is otherwise so like him. Chintreuil also painted nature when she quivers smiling beneath the gentle and vivifying glance of spring, but figures are wanting in his pictures. As a timid, fretful, unsociable man, he imagined that nature also felt happiest in solitude. The scenery in which Chintreuil delighted was thick, impenetrable copse, lonely haunts in the tangle of the thicket, from which now and then a startled hind stretches out its head, glancing uneasily. Corot, who could not endure solitude, being always the centre of a cheery social gathering, made nature a sociable being. Men, women, and children give animation to his woods and meadows. And at times he introduces peasants at work in the fields, but how little do they resemble the peasants of Millet! The rustics of the master of Gruchy are as hard and rough as they are actual; the burden of life has bowed their figures and lined their faces prematurely; they are old before their time, and weary every evening. Corot's labourers never grow weary:

L'Art.] [*Chauvel sc.*

DIAZ: "A TREE-TRUNK."

touched lightly in rather than painted, dreamt of rather than seen, they carry on an ethereal existence in the open air, free and contented; they have never suffered, just as Corot himself knew no sufferings. But as a rule human beings were altogether out of place in the happy fields conjured up by his airy fantasy; and then came the moment when Prudhon lived again. The nymphs and bacchantes whom he had met as a youth by the tomb of Virgil visited him in the evening of life in the forest of Fontainebleau, and in the meadows of Ville d'Avray.

In his pictures he dreamed of pillars and altars near which mythical figures moved once more, dryads sleeping by the stream, dancing fauns, *junctæque nymphis gratiæ decentes* in classical raiment. In this sense he was a Classicist all his life. His nymphs, however, are no mere accessories; they have nothing in common with the faded troop of classic beings whose old age in the ruins of forsaken temples was so long tended by the Academy. In Corot they are the natural habitants of a world of harmony and light, the logical complement of his visions of nature: in the same way Beethoven at the close of the Ninth Symphony introduced the human voice. No sooner has he touched in the lines of his landscapes than the nymphs and tritons, the radiant children of the Greek idyllic poets, desert the faded leaves of books to populate Corot's groves, and refresh themselves in the evening shadows of his forests.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Desbrousses sc.*

DIAZ: "THE DESCENT OF THE BOHEMIANS."

For the evening dusk, the hour after sunset, is peculiarly the hour of Corot; his very preference for the harmonious beauty of dying light was the effluence of his own harmonious temperament. When he would, Corot was a colourist of the first order. The World Exhibition of 1889 contained pictures of women by his hand which resembled Feuerbach in their strict and austere beauty of countenance, and which recalled Delacroix in the liquid fulness of tone of their fantastic and variously coloured garb. But, compared with the orgies of colour indulged in by Romanticism, his works are generally characterized by the most delicate reserve in painting. A bright silvery sheet of water and the ivory skin of a nymph are usually the only touches of colour that hover in the pearly grey mist of his pictures. As a man Corot avoided all dramas and strong contrasts; everything abrupt or loud was repellent to his nature. Thus it was that the painter, too, preferred the clear grey hours of evening, in which nature envelops herself as if in a delicate, melting veil of gauze. Here he was able to be entirely Corot, and to paint without contours and almost without colours, and bathe in the soft, dusky atmosphere. He saw lines no longer; everything was breath, fragrance, secrecy, and vibration. "*Ce n'est plus une toile et ce n'est plus un peintre, c'est le bon Dieu et c'est le soir.*" Elysian airs began to breathe, and the faint

echo of the rushing streamlet sounded gently murmuring in the wood; the soft arms of the nymphs clung round him, and from the neighbouring thicket tender, melting melodies chimed forth like Æolian harps:—

"Rege dich, du Schilfgeflüster;
Hauche leise, Rohrgeschwister;
Säuselt, leichte Weidensträuche;
Lispelt, Pappelzitterzweige
Unterbroch'nen Träumen zu."

L'Art.] [*Lalauze sc.*

DIAZ: "AMID THE FOLIAGE."

His end was as harmonious as his life and his art. "*Rien ne trouble sa fin, c'est le soir d'un beau jour.*" His sister, with whom the old bachelor had lived, died in the October of 1874, and Corot could not endure loneliness. On February 23rd, 1875—when he had just completed his seventy-ninth year—he was heard to say as he lay in bed drawing in the air with his fingers: "*Mon Dieu*, how beautiful that is; the most beautiful landscape I have ever seen." When his old housekeeper wanted to bring him his breakfast he said with a smile: "To-day Père Corot will breakfast above." Even his last illness robbed him of none of his cheerfulness, and when his friends brought him in the hour of death the medal struck to commemorate his jubilee as an artist of fifty years standing, he said with tears of joy in his eyes: "It makes one happy to know that one has been so loved; I have had good parents and dear friends. I am thankful to God." With those words

DIAZ: "NO ADMISSION."

he passed away to his true home, the land of spirits—not the paradise of the Church, but the Elysian fields he had dreamt of and painted so often: "*Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit purpureo.*"

When they bore him from his house in the Faubourg-Poissonière and a passer-by asked who was being buried, a fat shopwoman standing at the door of her house answered: "I don't know his name, but he was a good man." Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was played at his funeral, according to his own direction, and as the coffin was being lowered a lark rose exulting to the sky. "The artist will be replaced with difficulty, the man never," said Dupré at Corot's grave. On May 27th, 1880, an unobtrusive monument to his memory was unveiled at the border of the lake at Ville d'Avray, in the midst of the dark forest where he had so often dreamed. He died in the fulness of his fame as an artist, but it was the forty pictures collected in the Centenary Exhibition of 1889 which first made the world fully conscious of what modern art possessed in Corot: a master of immortal masterpieces, the greatest poet and the tenderest soul of the nineteenth century, as Fra Angelico was the tenderest soul of the fifteenth and Watteau the greatest poet of the eighteenth.

Jules Dupré, a melancholy spirit, who was inwardly consumed by a lonely existence spent in passionate work, stands as the

Paris: Baschet.] [*Martial sc.*

DIAZ: "UNDER THE TREES. FONTAINEBLEAU."

Beethoven of modern painting beside Corot, its Mozart. If Théodore Rousseau was the epic poet of the Fontainebleau school, and Corot the idyllic poet, Dupré seems its tragic dramatist. Rousseau's nature is hard, rude, and indifferent to man. For Corot God is the great philanthropist, who wishes to see men happy, and lets the spring come and the warm winds blow only that children may have their pleasure in them. His soul is, as Goethe has it in *Werther*, "as blithe as those of sweet spring mornings." Jules Dupré has neither Rousseau's reality nor Corot's tenderness; his tones are neither imperturbable nor subdued. "*Quant derrière un tronc d'arbre ou derrière une pierre, vous ne trouvez pas un homme, à quoi ça sert-il de faire du paysage.*" In Corot there is a charm as of the light, beating pinions of the *Zauberflöte*; in Dupré the ear is struck by the shattering notes of the *Sinfonie Eroica*. Rousseau looks into the heart of nature with widely dilated pupils and a critical glance. Corot

CHARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.

woos her smiling, caressing, and dallying; Dupré courts her uttering impassioned complaint and with tears in his eyes. In him are heard the mighty fugues of Romanticism. The trees live, the waves laugh and weep, the sky sings and wails, and the sun, like a great conductor, determines the harmony of the concert. Even the two pictures with which he made an appearance in the Salon in 1835, after he had left the Sèvres china manufactory, and become acquainted with Constable during a visit to England—"The Environs of Southampton" and "Pasture-land in the Limousin"—displayed him as an accomplished master. In "The Environs of Southampton" everything moved and moaned. Across an undulating country a dark tempest blusters, like a wild host, hurrying and sweeping forward, gloomy, tearing everything along and scattering everything. It whirls leaves from the slender trees. Clouds big with rain hasten across the horizon as if on a forced march. The whole landscape seems to partake of the flight; the brushwood seems to bow its head like a traveller. In the background a few figures are recognizable: people who have been overtaken by the storm at their work; horses with their manes flying in the wind; and a rider seeking refuge for himself and his beast. A swampy stretch of water ruffles its waves as though it were frowning. Everything is alive and quaking in this majestic solitude, and in the mingled play of confused lights, hurrying clouds, fluttering branches, and trembling grass.

L'Art.] [*Chauvel sc.*

DAUBIGNY: "SPRINGTIME."

"Pasture-land in the Limousin" had the same overpowering energy; it was an admirable picture in 1835, and it is admirable still. The fine old trees stand like huge pillars; the grass, drenched with rain, is of an intense green; nature seems to shudder as if in fever. And through his whole life Dupré retained the lyrical fever of Romanticism. As the last champion of Romanticism he bore the banner of the proud generation of 1830 through well-nigh two generations, and until his death in 1889 stood on the ground where Paul Huet had first placed French landscape; but Huet attained his pictorial effects by combining and by calculation, while Dupré is always a great, true, and convincing poet. Every evening he was seen in L'Isle Adam, where he settled in 1849, wandering alone across the fields, even when a torrent of rain came hissing down upon the ground. One of his pupils declares that once, when they stood at night on the bridge of the Oise during a storm, Dupré broke into a paroxysm of tears at the magnificent spectacle. He was a fanatic rejoicing in storms, one who watched the tragedies of the heaven with quivering emotion, a passionate spirit consumed by his inward force, and, like his literary counterpart Victor Hugo, he sought beauty of landscape only where it was wild and magnificent. He is the painter of nature vexed and harassed, and of the majestic silence that follows the storm. The theme of his pictures is at one time the whirling torture of the yellow leaves, which the wind drives before it

Braun photo.]

DAUBIGNY: "THE SPRING.'

and which sweep eddying confusedly together, tormented and quivering cleave to the furrows in the mad chase, fall into dykes, and cling against the trunks of trees, to find refuge from their persecutor. At another time he paints how the night wind whistles round an old church, and whirls the screaming weather-cock round and round, rattles with an invisible hand against the doors and moans, forces its way through the windows, and, once shut in its stony prison, seeks a way out again, howling and wailing. He paints sea-pieces. There the sea rages and mutters like some hoarse old monster; the colour of the water is dirty and pallid; the howling multitude of the waves storms on like an innumerable army before which every human power gives way. Stones torn loose are scattered with a shrill crash upon the shore. The clouds are dull and ghostly, here resembling the smoke of charcoal, there of a shining whiteness, and swollen as though they must burst. He celebrates the commotion of the sky, nature in her angry majesty, and the most brilliant phenomena of atmospheric life. Rousseau's highest aim was to avoid painting for effect, and Corot only cared for grace of tone; a picture of his consists "of a little grey and a certain *je ne sais quoi*." Jules Dupré is peculiarly the colour-poet of the group, and sounds the most resonant notes in the romantic concert. His light does not beam in gently vibrating silver

Paris: Baschet.]

DAUBIGNY: "A LOCK IN THE OPTEVOZ VALLEY."

tones, but is concentrated in glaring red suns. "*Ah, la lumière, la lumière!*" Beside the flaming hues of evening red he paints the darkest shadows. He revels in contrasts. His favourite key of colour is that of a ghostly sunset, against which a gnarled oak or the dark sail of a tiny vessel rises like a phantom.

Trembling and yet with ardent desire he looks at the tumult of waters, and hears the roll and resonance of the moon-silvered tide. He delights in night, rain, and storm. Corot's gentle rivulets become a rolling and whirling flood in his pictures, a headlong stream carrying all before it. The wind no longer sighs, but blusters across the valley in devastation. The clouds which in Corot are silvery and gentle, like white lambs, are in Dupré black and threatening, like demons of hell. In Corot the soft morning breeze faintly agitates the tender clouds in the sky; in Dupré a damp, cold wind of evening blows a spectral grey mist into the valley, and the hurricane tears asunder thunderclouds.

"Wenn ich fern auf nackter Haide wallte,
Wo aus dämmernder Geklüfte Schooss
Der Titanensang der Ströme schallte
Und die Nacht der Wolken mich umschloss,
Wenn der Sturm mit seinen Wetterwogen
Mir vorüber durch die Berge fuhr
Und des Himmel's Flammen mich umflogen,
Da erscheinst du, Seele der Natur."

[*T. Chauvel sc.*

DAUBIGNY: "SOLITUDE."

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The first of the proud pleiad who did not issue from Paris itself is *Diaz*, who in his youth worked with Dupré in the china manufactory of Sèvres. Of noble Spanish origin—Narciso Virgilio Diaz de la Peña ran his high-sounding name in full—he was born in Bordeaux in 1807, after his parents had taken refuge from the Revolution across the Pyrenees, and in his landscapes, too, perhaps, the Spaniard betrays himself a little. Diaz has in him a little of Fortuny. Beside the great genius wrestling for truth and the virile seriousness of Rousseau, beside the gloomy, powerful landscapes of Dupré with their deep, impassioned poetry, the sparkling and flattering pictures of Diaz seem to be rather light wares. For him nature is a keyboard on which to play capricious fantasies. His pictures have the effect of sparkling diamonds, and one must surrender one's self to this charm without asking its cause; otherwise it evaporates. Diaz has, perhaps, rather too much of the talent of a juggler. It sparkles as in a magic kaleidoscope. "You paint stinging nettles, and I prefer roses," is the characteristic expression which he used to Millet. His painting is piquant and as iridescent as a peacock's

DAUBIGNY: LANDSCAPE (ETCHING).

tail, but in this very iridescence there is often an unspeakable charm. It has the rocket-like brilliancy and the glancing chivalry which were peculiar to the man himself, and made him the best of good company, the *enfant terrible*, the centre of all that was witty and spirited in the circle of Fontainebleau.

He, too, was long acquainted with poverty, as were his great brother-artists Rousseau and Dupré. Shortly after his birth he lost his father. Madame Diaz, left entirely without means, came to Paris, where she supported herself by giving lessons in Spanish and Italian. When he was ten years old the boy stood as an orphan on the pavement of the vast city. A Protestant clergyman in Bellevue then adopted him. And now occurred the misfortune which he was so fond of relating in after-years. In one of his wanderings through the wood he was bitten by a poisonous insect, and from that time he was obliged to hobble through life with a wooden leg, which he called his *pilon*. From his fifteenth year he worked, at first as a lame errand boy, and afterwards as a painter on china, together with Dupré, Raffet, and Cabat, in the manufactory of Sèvres. Before long he was dismissed as incompetent, for one day he took it into his head to decorate a vase entirely after his own taste. Then poverty

Paris : Baschet.]
CHINTREUIL : "MORNING."

began once more. Often when the evening drew on and he was sheltered by the dark, he wandered about the boulevards, opened the doors of carriages which had drawn up at the pavement, and stretched out his hand to beg. "What does it matter?" he said; "one day I shall have carriages and horses, and a golden crutch; my brush will win them for me." He exhibited on speculation at a picture-dealer's, in the hope of gaining a hundred francs, "The Descent of the Bohemians," that picturesque band of men, women, and children, who advance singing, laughing, and shouting by a steep woodland road, to descend on some neighbouring village like a swarm of locusts. A Parisian collector bought it for fifteen hundred francs. Diaz was saved, and he migrated to the forest of Fontainebleau.

This biography explains a great deal in the character of the painter's art. His works are unequal. In his picture "Last Tears," which appeared in the World Exhibition of 1855, and which stands to his landscapes as a huge block of copper to little ingots of gold, he entered a course where he wandered long without particular artistic result. He wanted to be a figure-painter, and with this object he concocted a style of painting by a mixture of various traditions, seeking to unite Prudhon, Correggio, and Leonardo. From the master of Cluny he borrowed the feminine type with a snub nose and long almond-

Braun photo.]

CHINTREUIL: "THICKET WITH DEER."

shaped eyes, treated the hair like da Vinci, and placed over it the *sfumato* of Allegri. His drawing, usually so pictorial in its light sweep, became weak in his effort to be correct, and his colouring grew dull and monotonous by its imitation of the style of the Classicists. But during this period Diaz made a great deal of money, sold his pictures without intermission, and avenged himself, as he had determined to do, upon his former poverty. He, who had begged upon the boulevards, was able to buy weapons and costumes at the highest figure, and build himself a charming house in the Place Pigalle. In all that concerns his artistic position these works, which brought him an income of fifty thousand francs, and, for a long time, the fame of a new Prudhon, are nevertheless without importance. Faltering between the most different influences of the old masters, he did not get beyond a wavering eclecticism, and was too little able to draw to attain results that are worth mentioning. What will survive of him is the landscape-painter. He is said to have been the

L'Art.]

HARPIGNIES: "MOONRISE."

terror of all game, as long as he was the house-mate of Rousseau and Millet in Fontainebleau, and wandered through the woods there with a gun on his arm to get a cheap supper. It is reported, too, that when his pictures were rejected by the Salon in those days, he laughingly made a hole in the canvas with his wooden leg, saying: "What is the use of being rich? I can't have a diamond set in my *pilon*!" In these years, previous to 1855, when he had nothing to do with any picture-dealer, the immortal works of Diaz were executed.

As soon as his name is mentioned, there rise in memory the recesses of a wood, which the autumn has turned red, a wood where the sunbeams play, gilding the trunks of the trees; naked white forms repose amid mysterious lights, or there advance on paths of yellow gold sand gaily draped odalisques, whose rich costume glitters in the rays of the sun. Few have won from the forest like him its beauty of golden sunlight and verdant leaves. Others remained at the entrance of the forest; he was the first who really penetrated to its depths. The branches met over his head like the waves of the sea, the blue heaven vanished, and everything was shrouded.

L'Art.]

CONSTANT TROYON.

The sunbeams fell like the rain of Danaë through the green leaves, and the moss lay like a velvet mantle on the granite piles of rock. He settled down like a hermit in his verdant hollow. The leaves quivered green and red, and covered the ground, sportively gilded by the furtive rays of the evening sun. Nothing was to be seen of the trees, nothing of the outline of their foliage, nothing of the majestic sweep of their boughs, but only the mossy stems touched by the radiance of the sun. The pictures of Diaz are not landscapes, for the land is wanting; they are "tree-scapes," and their poetry lies in the sunbeams which dance playing round them. "Have you seen my last stem?" he would himself inquire of the visitors to his studio.

These woodland recesses were the peculiar speciality of Diaz, and he but seldom abandoned them to paint warm, dreamy pictures of summer. For, like a true child of the South, he only cared to see nature on beautiful days. He knows nothing of spring with its light mist, and still less of the frozen desolation of winter. The summer alone does he know, the summer and the autumn; and the summers of Diaz are an everlasting song, like the springs of Corot. Beautiful nymphs and other beings from the golden age give animation to his emerald meadows and his sheltered woods bathed in the sun: here are little, homely-looking nixies, and there are pretty Cupids and Venuses and Dianas of charming grace. And none of these divinities think about anything or do anything; they are not piquant, like those of Boucher and Fragonard, and they know

L'Art.] [*Boulard fils sc.*

TROYON: "CROSSING THE STREAM."

neither coquetry nor smiles. They are only goddesses of the pallet; their wish is to be nothing but shining spots of colour, and they love nothing except the silvery sunbeams which beam on their naked skin caressingly. If the painter wishes for more vivid colour, they throw around them shining red, blue, yellowish green, or gold-embroidered clothes, and immediately are transformed from nymphs into Oriental women, as in a magic theatre. A fragment of soft silk, gleaming with gold, and a red turban were means sufficient for him to conjure up his charming and fanciful land of Turks. Sometimes even simple mortals—wood-cutters, peasant girls, and gipsies—come into his pictures that the sunbeams may play upon them, while their picturesque rags form piquant spots of colour.

Diaz is a fascinating artist, a great *charmeur*, and a feast to the eyes, and he belongs to the same category as Isabey and Fromentin.

When in the far South, amid the eternal summer of Mentone, he

L'Art.] [*Greux sc.*

TROYON: "THE RETURN TO THE FARM."

closed his dark, shining eyes for ever, at dawn on November 18th, 1876, a breath of sadness went through the tree-tops of the old royal forest of Fontainebleau. The forest had lost its hermit, the busy woodman who penetrated most deeply into its green depths; and it preserves his memory gratefully. Only go, in October, through the copse of Bas Bréau, lose yourself amid the magnificent foliage of these trees of the growth of centuries, that glimmer with a thousand hues like gigantic bouquets, dark green and brown, or golden and purple, and at the sight of this brilliant gleam of autumn tones you can only say, A Diaz!

The youngest of the group, *Daubigny*, came when the battle was over, and plays a slighter *rôle*, since he cannot be reckoned any longer among the discoverers; nevertheless he has a physiognomy of his own, and one of peculiar charm. The others were painters of nature; Daubigny is the painter of the country. If one goes from Munich to Dachau to see the apple-trees blossom and the birches growing green, to breathe in the odour of the cow-house and the fragrance of the hay, to hear the tinkle of cow-bells, the quacking of frogs, and chirp of gnats, one does not say, "I want to see nature," but, "I am going

L'Art.]

TROYON: "COWS GRAZING IN NORMANDY."

into the country." Jean Jacques Rousseau was the worshipper of nature, while Georges Sand, in certain of her novels, has celebrated country life. In this sense Daubigny is less an adorer of nature than a man fond of the country. His pictures give the feeling one has in standing at the window on a country excursion, and looking at the laughing and budding spring. One feels no veneration for the artist, but one would like to be a bird to perch on the boughs of these trees, a lizard to creep amongst this green, a cockchafer to fly humming from tree to tree.

Daubigny, possibly, has not the great and free creative power of the older artists, their magnificent simplicity in treating objects: the feminine element, the susceptibility for natural beauty, preponderates in him, and not the virile, creative power of embodiment which at once discovers in itself a telling force of expression for the image received from nature. He seeks after no poetic emotions, like Dupré; he has not the profound, penetrative eye for nature, like Rousseau; in his charm and amiability he approaches Corot, except that mythological beings

Braun photo.]

TROYON: "OXEN GOING TO THEIR WORK. A MORNING EFFECT."

are no longer at home in his landscapes. They would take no pleasure in this odour of damp grass, the smell of fresh dung, and the dilapidated old skiffs which rock, in Daubigny's pictures, fastened to a swampy bank. Corot, light, delicate, and simple as a boy, sitting on a school-bench all his life, is always veiled and mysterious. Daubigny, heavier and technically better equipped, has more power and less grace; he dreams less and paints more. Corot made the apotheosis of nature: his silvery grey clouds bore him to the Elysian fields, where nothing had the heaviness of earth and everything melted in poetic vapour. Daubigny, borne by no wings of Icarus, seems like Antæus beside him: he is bodily wedded to the earth. Dupré made the earth a mirror of the tears and passions of men. Corot surprised her before the peasant is up of a morning, in the hours when she belongs altogether to the nymphs and the fairies. In Daubigny the earth has once more become the possession of human beings. It is not often that figures move in his pictures. Even Rousseau more often finds a place in

L'Art.]

TROYON: "A COW SCRATCHING HERSELF."

his landscapes for the rustic, but nature in him is hard, unapproachable, and deliberately indifferent to man. She looks down upon him austerely, closing and hardening her heart against him. In Daubigny nature is familiar with man, stands near him, and is kindly and serviceable. The skiffs rocking at the shore betray that fishers are in the neighbourhood; even when they are empty his little houses suggest that their inhabitants are not far off, that they are but at work in the field and may come back at any moment. In Rousseau man is merely an atom of the infinite; here he is the lord of creation. Rousseau makes an effect which is simple and powerful, Dupré one which is impassioned and striking, Corot is divine, Diaz charming, and Daubigny idyllic, intimate, and familiar. He closed a period and enjoyed the fruits of what the others had called into being. One does not admire him—one loves him.

He had passed his youth with his nurse in a little village, surrounded with white-blossoming apple-trees and waving fields

of corn, near L'Isle Adam. Here as a boy he received the impressions which made him a painter of the country, and which were too strong to be obliterated by a sojourn in Italy. The best picture that he painted there showed a flat stretch of land with thistles. A view of the island of St. Louis was the work with which he first appeared in the Salon in 1838.

ROSA BONHEUR

Daubigny is the painter of water, murmuring silver-grey between ashes and oaks, and reflecting the clouds of heaven in its clear mirror. He is the painter of the spring in its fragrance, when the meadows shine in the earliest verdure, and the leaves but newly unfolded stand out against the sky as bright green patches of colour, when the limes blossom and the crops begin to shoot. A field of green corn waving gently beneath budding apple-trees in the breeze of spring, still rivers in which shores and bushy islands are reflected, mills hard by little streams rippling in silvery clearness over shining white pebbles, cackling geese, and washerwomen neatly spreading out their linen, are things which Daubigny has painted with the delicate feeling of a most impressionable lover of nature. At the same time he had the secret of shedding over his pictures the most marvellous tint of delicate, vaporous air; especially in those representations, at once so poetic and so accurate, of evening by the water's edge,

[E. Salmon sc.

ROSA BONHEUR: "PLOUGHING IN NIVERNOIS."

or of bright moonlight nights, when all things are sharply illuminated, and yet softly shrouded with a dream-like exhalation. His favourite light was that of cool evening dusk, after the sun and every trace of the after-glow has vanished from the sky. Valmandois, where he passed his youth, and afterwards the Oise, with its green banks and vineyards and hedged gardens, the most charming and picturesque river in North France, are most frequently rendered in his pictures. Every day, when nature put on her spring garb, he sailed along the banks in a small craft, with his son Charles. His most vigorous works were executed in the cabin of this vessel: spirited sketches of regions delicately veiled in mist and bound with a magical charm of peace, regions with the moon above them, shedding its clear, silver light—refined etchings which assure him a place of honour in the history of modern etching. The painter of the banks of the Oise saw everything with the curiosity and the love of a child, and remained always a naïve artist in spite of all his dexterity.

After these great masters had made the breach, a tribe of landscape-painters set themselves to render, each in his own way, the vigorous power, the tender charm, and the plaintive melancholy of the earth. Some loved dusk and light, the simple reproduction of ordinary places in their ordinary condition; others delighted in the struggle of the elements, the violent

ROSA BONHEUR: "THE HORSE FAIR."

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scudding of clouds, the parting glance of the sun, the sombre hours when nature shrouds her face with the mourning veil of a widow.

Although he never tasted the pleasures of fame, *Antoine Chintreuil* was the most refined of them all—an excessively sensitive spirit, who seized with as much delicacy as daring swiftly transient effects of nature, such as seldom appear: the moment when the sun casts a fleeting radiance in the midst of clouds, or when a shaft of light quivers for an instant through a dense mist; the effect of green fields touched by the first soft beams of the sun, or that of a rainbow spanning a fresh spring landscape. His pupil *Jean Desbrosses* was the painter of hills and valleys. *Achard* followed Rousseau in his pictures of lonely, austere, and mournful regions. *Français* painted familiar corners in the neighbourhood of Paris with grace, although more heavily than Corot, and without the shining light which is poured through the works of that rare genius. The pictures of *Harpignies* are rather dry, and betray a heavy hand. He is rougher than his great antecedents, less seductive and indeed rather staid, but he has a convincing reality, and is loyal and simple. He is valuable as an honest, genial artist, a many-sided and sure-footed man of talent, somewhat inclined to Classicism. *Émile Breton*, the brother of Jules, delighted in the agitation of the elements, wild, out-of-the-way regions, and harsh climate. His execution is broad, his tones forcible, and he has both simplicity and largeness. Apart from his big, gloomy landscapes, *Léonce Chabry* has also painted sea-pieces, with dark waves dashing against the cloven rocks.

The representation of grazing animals plays a great part in the art of almost all of these painters. Some carried the love of animal painting so far that they never painted a landscape without introducing into the foreground their dearly loved herds of cows or flocks of sheep. The key of the landscape, the cheerful and sunny brilliancy of colour or the still melancholy of the evening dusk, is harmoniously repeated in the habits and being of these animals. Thus, too, new paths were opened to animal painting, which had suffered from the yoke of conventionality no less than landscape.

L'Art.] [*Chaigneau sc.*

E. VAN MARCKE: "CATTLE RETURNING TO THE FARM."

Up to the close of the eighteenth century French artists had contented themselves with adapting to French taste the light and superficial art of Nicolaus Berghem. Demarne, one of the last heirs of this Dutch artist, brought, even in the period of the Revolution, a little sunshine, blitheness, and country air amongst the large pictures in the classical manner. The animal painting of the *ancien régime* expired in his arms, and the "noble style" of Classicism obstructed the rise of the new animal painting. The fact that the great Jupiter, father of gods and men, assumed the form of a four-footed creature when he led weak, feminine beings astray, had no doubt given a certain justification to the animal picture during the reign of the school of David. But artists preferred to hold aloof from it, either because animals are hard to idealize in themselves, or because the received antique sculpture of animals was difficult to employ directly in pictures. In landscapes, which gods and heroes alone honoured with their presence, idealized animals would have been altogether out of place. Only animals which are very difficult

Paris: Boussod-Valadon.]

E. VAN MARCKE: "THE TWO FRIENDS."

to draw correctly, such as sphinxes, sirens, and winged horses—beings which the old tragedians were fond of turning to account—are occasionally allowed to exist in the pictures of Bertin and Paul Flandrin. *Carle Vernet*, who composed cavalry charges and hunting scenes, had not talent enough seriously to make a breach, or find disciples in his own peculiar field. *Géricault*, the forerunner of Romanticism, was likewise the first eminent painter of horses; and although his great "Raft of the Medusa" is heavily fettered by the system of Classicism, his jockey pictures and horseraces make an effect which is as fresh, as vivid, and as unforced as if they had been painted yesterday instead of seventy years ago. In dashing animation, *verve*, and temperament Géricault stands alone in these pictures; he is the very opposite of Raymond Brascassat, who was the first specialist of animal pieces with a landscape setting, and was much praised in the thirties on account of his neat and ornamental style of

L'Art.] [*P. Lafond sc.*

CHARLES JACQUE: "A FLOCK OF SHEEP ON THE ROAD."

(By permission of M. Frédéric Jacque, the owner of the copyright.)

treatment. *Brascassat* was the Winterhalter of animal painting, neither Classicist nor Romanticist nor Realist, but the embodiment of mediocrity; a man honestly and sincerely regarding all nature with the eyes of a Philistine. His fame, which has so swiftly faded, was founded by those patrons of art who above all demand that a picture should be the bald, banal reproduction of fact, made with all the accuracy possible.

It was only when the landscape school of Fontainebleau had initiated a new method of vision, feeling, and expression that France produced a new great painter of animals. As Dupré and Rousseau tower over their predecessors Cabat and Flandrin in landscape, so *Constant Troyon* rises above Brascassat in animal painting. In the latter there may be found a scrupulous, pedantic observation in union with a thin, polished, academic, and carefully arranged style of painting; in the former, a large and broad technique in harmony with wild nature, and a directness and force of intuition without a parallel in the

CHARLES JACQUE: "THE RETURN TO THE STABLE" (ETCHING).
(By permission of M. Frédéric Jacque, the owner of the copyright.)

history of art. Brascassat belongs to the same category as Denner, Troyon to that of Frans Hals and Brouwer.

There would be no purpose in saying anything of his labours in the china manufactory of Sèvres, of his industrial works, and of the little classical views with which he made a first appearance in the Salon in 1833, or of the impulse which he received from Roqueplan. He first found his own powers when he made the acquaintance of Théodore Rousseau and Jules Dupré, and migrated with them into the forest of Fontainebleau. At the headquarters of the new school his ideas underwent a revolution. Here, in the first instance as a landscape-painter, he was attracted by the massive forms of cattle, which make such a harmonious effect of colour in the atmosphere and against verdure, and the philosophic quietude of which gives such admirable completion to the dreamy spirit of nature. A journey to Holland and Belgium in 1847, in the course of which he became more familiar with the old animal painters, confirmed him in the resolve of devoting himself exclusively to this province. He was captivated not so much by Paul Potter as by Albert Cuyp, with his rich and powerful

colouring, and his technique which is at once so virile and so easy. But above all Rembrandt became his great ideal, and filled him with wonder. In his first masterpiece of 1849, "The Mill," the influence of the great Dutch artist is clearly recognizable, and from that time up to 1855 it remained dominant. In this year, during a prolonged sojourn in Normandy, he became Troyon, and painted "Oxen going to their Work," that mighty picture in the Louvre, which displays him in the zenith of his creative power. Till then no animal painter had rendered with such combined strength and actuality the long, heavy gait, the philosophical indifference, and the quiet resignation of cattle, the poetry of autumnal light, and the mist of morning rising lightly from the earth and veiling the whole land with grey, silvery hues. The deeply furrowed smoking field makes an undulating ascent, so that one seems to be looking at the horizon over the broad face of the earth. A primitive, Homeric feeling rests over it.

Troyon is perhaps not so correct as Potter, nor so lucid as Albert Cuyp, but he is more forcible and impressive than either. No one has ever seized the poetry of these heavy masses of flesh, with their strong colour and largeness of outline, as he has done. What places him far above the old painters is his fundamental power as a landscapist, a power unequalled except in Rousseau. His landscapes have always the smell of the earth, and they smack of rusticity. At one time he paints the atmosphere, veiling the contours of objects with a light mist recalling Corot, and yet saturated with clear sunshine; at another he sends his heavy, fattened droves in the afternoon across field-paths bright in the sunlight and dark green meadows, or places them beneath a sky where dense thunderclouds are swiftly rolling up. Troyon is no poet, but a born painter, belonging to the irrepressibly forceful family of Jordaens and Courbet, a *maître peintre* of strength and plastic genius, as healthy as he is splendid in colour. His "Cow scratching Herself" and his "Return to the Farm" will always be counted amongst the most forcible animal pictures of all ages.

When he died in 1865, after passing twelve years with a

clouded intellect, *Rosa Bonheur* sought to fill the place which he had left vacant. She had already won the sympathies of the great public, as she united in her pictures all the qualities which were missed in Troyon, and had the art of pleasing where he was repellent. For a long time Troyon's works were held by *amateurs* to be wanting in finish. They did not acknowledge to themselves that "finish" in artistic creations is, after all, only a work of patience, rather industrial than artistic, and at bottom invented for the purpose of enticing half-trained connoisseurs. Rosa Bonheur has this diligence, and is indebted to it for the spread of her fame through all Europe, when Troyon was only known as yet to the few. The position has now been altered. Without doubt it is a pleasure to look at her fresh and sunny maiden picture of 1849, "Ploughing in Nivernois," with its yoke of six oxen, its rich red-brown soil turned up into furrows, and its wide, bright, simple, and laughing landscape beneath the clear blue sky. She has all the qualities which may be appreciated without one's being an epicure of art—great anatomical knowledge, dexterous technique, charming and seductive colouring. And it is an isolated fact in the history of art that a woman has painted pictures so good as the "Hay Harvest in Auvergne" of 1853, with its brutes which are almost lifesize, or the "Horse Fair" of 1855, which is, perhaps, her most brilliant work, and for which she made studies, going in man's clothes for eighteen months, at all the Parisian *manèges*, amongst stable-boys and horse-dealers. Even now from the Château By, between Thomery and Fontainebleau, she carries on an extensive transpontine export, and her pictures are by no means the worst of those which find their way from the Continent to England and America. She is, perhaps, the only feminine celebrity of the century who paints her pictures, instead of working at them like knitting. But Troyon is a strong master who suffers no rival. His landscapes, with their deep verdure, their powerful animals, and their skies traversed by heavy clouds, are the embodiment of power. Rosa Bonheur is an admirable painter with largeness of style and beauty of drawing, whose artistic position is between Troyon and Brascassat.

Troyon's only pupil was *Émile van Marcke*, half a Belgian, who met the elder master in Sèvres, and for a long time worked by his side at Fontainebleau. He united the occupation of a painter with that of a landed proprietor. The cattle which he bred on an extensive scale at his property, Bouttencourt in Normandy, had a celebrity amongst French landowners, as he had the reputation of rearing the best fat cattle. He too had not the impressiveness of Troyon, though he was, none the less, a healthy and forcible master. His animals have no passions, no movement, and no battles. They seem lost in endless contemplation, gravely and sedately chewing the cud. Around them stretch the soft green Norman pastures, and above them arches the wide sky, which at the horizon imperceptibly melts into the sea.

Jadin is a painter of horses and dogs who had once a great success, though to-day he is forgotten, or is in the way of becoming so. He cared most to paint scenical hunting pieces, and is not wanting in life and movement; but he is too impersonal to play a part in the history of painting. Having named him, some mention must likewise be made of *Eugène Lambert*, the painter of cats, and *Palizzi*, who painted goats. Lambert, who was fond of introducing his little heroes as the actors of comical scenes, is by admission the chief amongst all those who were honoured amongst the different nations with the title of "Raphaels of the Cat." Palizzi, an incisive master of almost brutal energy, a true son of the wild Abruzzo hills, delighted, like his compatriots Morelli and Michetti, in the blazing light of noon, brooding over rocky heights, and throwing a dazzle of gold on the dark green copse. *Lançon*, a rather arid painter, though a draughtsman with a broad and masculine stroke, was the greatest descendant of Delacroix in the representation of tigers, lions, bears, and hippopotamuses. An unobtrusive artist, though one of very genial talent, was *Charles Jacque*, the Troyon of sheep. He has been compared with the *rageur* of Bas Bréau, the proud oak which stands alone in a clearing. A man of forcible character, over whom age had no power, he survived until 1894 as the last representative of

the noble school of Barbizon. He has painted sheep in flocks or separately, in the pasture, on the verge of the field-path, or in the fold; and he loved most of all to paint them in the misty hours of evening twilight, at peace and amid peaceful nature. But in spirited etchings he has likewise represented old weather-beaten walls, the bright films of spring, the large outlines of peasant folk, the tender down of young chickens, the light play of the wind upon the sea, murmuring brooks, and quiet haunts of the wood. Like Millet, he had in an eminent degree the gift of simplification, the greatest quality that an artist can have. With three or four strokes he could plant a figure on its feet, give life to an animal, or construct a landscape. He was the most intimate friend of Jean François Millet, and painted part of what Millet painted also.

CHAPTER XXVII

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

His importance and the task left for those who followed him.—Millet's principle Le beau c'est le vrai *had to be transferred from peasant painting to modern life, from Barbizon to Paris.*

WHENCE has *Millet* come?

It was the time when art, still blind to the life around, could find no subjects worthy of it except in the past and in the distance. Then Millet came and overthrew an art vegetating in museums or astray in tropical countries. It was the time when Leopold Robert in Italy tested the noble pose of the school of David upon the peasant, and when the German painters of rustics recognized in the labourer an object for pleasantries and pathetic little scenes. Then Millet stepped forward and painted, with profound simplicity, the people at work in the field, or in their distress, without sentimentality and without beautifying or idealizing them. That great utterance, "I work," the utterance of the nineteenth century, is here spoken aloud for the first time. Rousseau and his fellow-artists were the painters of the country, Millet became the painter of the labourer. He, the great peasant, is the creator of that painting of peasants which is entwined with the deepest roots of intimate landscape. Misunderstood in the beginning, it proclaimed for the first time the new gospel of art, before which the people of all nations bow at the present date. What others did later was merely to advance on the path opened by Millet. And as time passes the figure of this powerful man shines more and more brilliantly. The form of Jean François Millet rises so

powerfully, so imperiously, and so suddenly that one might almost imagine him to have come from Ibsen's third kingdom; for he is without forerunners in art. An attempt has been made to bring him into relation with the social and political movement of ideas in the forties, but certainly this is unjust. Millet was in no sense revolutionary. During his whole life he repudiated the designs which some of the democratic party imputed to him, as well as the conclusions which they drew from his works.

Paris: Quantin.]
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

Millet's life in itself explains his art. Never have heart and hand, a man and his work, tallied with each other as they did in him. He does not belong to those painters who, even when one admires them, give one nevertheless a sense that they could just as easily have produced something different. Let any one consider his works and read the letters published in Sensier's book: the man whom one knows from the letters lives in his works, and these works are the natural illustration of the book in which the man has depicted himself. In the unity of man and artist lies the source of his strength, the secret of his greatness.

Even the circumstances over which he triumphed necessitated his being the painter that he actually was, if he became one at all. He was not born in a city where a child's eyes are everywhere met by works of art—pictures which no doubt early awaken the feeling for art, but which just as easily disturb a free outlook into nature. Moreover he did not spring from one of those families where art is itself practised, or where art is discussed and taste early guided upon definite lines. He was a peasant, whose father and grandfather were peasants before him, and whose brothers were farm-labourers. He was born in

Mag. of Art.] [*C. Carter sc.*

MILLET: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AS A YOUTH.
(*By permission of M. Charles Millet.*)

1814, far away from Paris, in a little Norman village hard by the sea, and there he grew up. The regular and majestic plunge of the waves against the granite rocks of the coast, the solemn murmurs of the ebb and flow of the sea, the moaning of the wind in the apple-trees and the old oaks of his father's garden, were the first sounds which struck upon his ear in Gruchy, near Cherbourg. It has been adduced that his father loved music, and had had success as the leader of the village choir. But though there may have always been a dim capacity for art in the youngster's blood, there was nothing calculated to strengthen it in his education. Millet's sturdy father had no idea of making an artist of his son; the boy saw no artist at work in the neighbourhood; nature and instinct guided him alone.

For a man brought up in a city and trained at an academy all things become hackneyed. Many centuries of artistic usage have dimmed their original freshness; and he finds a ready-made phrase coined for everything. Millet stood before the world like the first man in the day of creation. Everything seemed new to him; he was charmed and astonished, and a wild flood of impressions burst in upon him. He did not come under the influence of any tradition, but approached art like the man in the age of stone who first scratched the outline of a mammoth on a piece of ivory, or like the primæval Greek who, according to the legend, invented painting by making a likeness of his beloved with a charred stick upon a wall. No one encouraged him in his first attempts. No one dreamt that this young man was destined to any life other than that of a peasant. From the time he was fourteen until he was eighteen

[*F. Jacque del. sc.*

THE HOUSE AT GRUCHY IN WHICH MILLET WAS BORN.

(By permission of M. Frédéric Jacque, the owner of the copyright.)

he did every kind of field labour upon his father's land in the same way as his brothers—hoeing, digging, ploughing, mowing, threshing, sowing the seed, and dressing the ground. But he always had his eyes about him; he drew upon a white patch of wall, without guidance, the picture of a tree, an orchard, or a peasant whom he had chanced to meet on a Sunday when going to church. And he drew so correctly that every one recognized the likenesses. A family council was held upon the matter. His father brought one of his son's drawings to a certain M. Mouchel in Cherbourg, a strange personage who had once been a painter and had the reputation of being a connoisseur; and he was to decide whether François "had really enough talent for painting to gain his bread by it." So Millet, the farm-hand, was twenty when he received his first lessons in drawing. He was learning the A B C of art, but humanly speaking he was already Millet. What had roused his talent and induced him to take a stump of charcoal in his hand was not the study of any work of art, but the sight of nature—nature, the great mother of all, who had embraced him, nature with whom and through whom he lived. Through her visions and emotions were quickened in him, and he felt the secret impulse to give them expression.

Of what concerned the manual part of his art he understood nothing, and his two teachers in Cherbourg, Mouchel and Langlois, who were half-barbarians themselves, gave him the less knowledge as only two months later, in 1835, his father

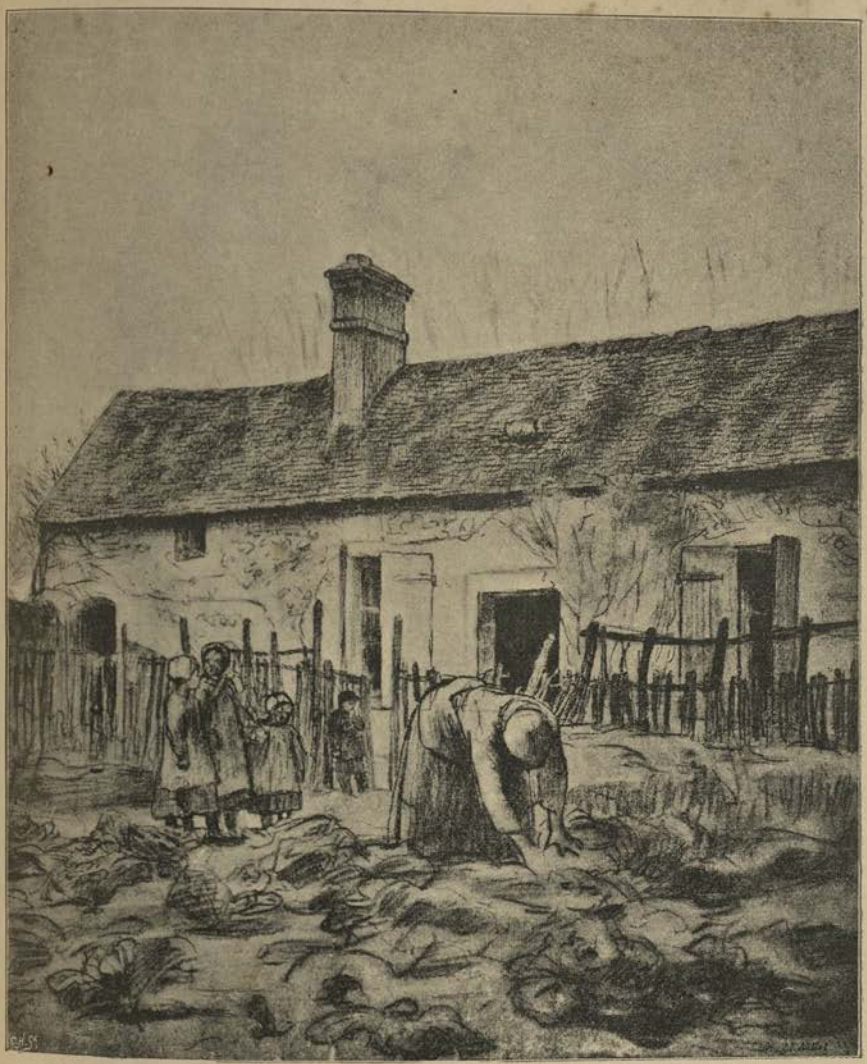
[*F. Jacque del. sc.*

MILLET AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

(*By permission of M. Frédéric Jacque, the owner of the copyright.*)

died, and the young man returned to his own people as a farm-labourer once more. And it was only after an interruption of three years that a subsidy from the community of Cherbourg, which was collected by his teacher Langlois, and a small sum saved by his parents—six hundred francs all told—enabled him to journey up to Paris. He was twenty-three years of age, a broad-chested Hercules in stature, for till that time he had breathed nothing but the pure, sharp sea-air; his handsome face was framed in long, fair locks, which fell wildly about his shoulders. What had this peasant to do in the capital! In Delaroche's school he was called *l'homme des bois*. He had all the awkwardness of a provincial, and the artist was only to be surmised from the fire in the glance of his large dark blue eyes. At first Delaroche took peculiar pains with his new pupil. But to submit to training is to follow the lead of another person. A man like Millet, who knew what he wanted, was no longer to be guided upon set lines. The pictures of Delaroche made no appeal to him. They struck him as being "huge vignettes, theatrical effects without any real sentiment." And Delaroche soon lost patience with the clumsy peasant, whom he—most unfairly—regarded as stiff-necked and obstinate.

Other aims floated before Millet, and he *could* not now learn to produce academical compositions, so, as these were alone demanded in the school of Delaroche, he never cleared himself from a reputation for mediocrity. It was the period of the war between the Classicists and the Romanticists. "An Ingres, a Delacroix!" was the battle-cry that rang through the Parisian



MILLET: THE ARTIST'S HOUSE AT BARBIZON, WITH PORTRAITS OF HIS WIFE AND FOUR OF HIS CHILDREN.

(By permission of M. Charles Millet, the owner of the drawing, which is now published for the first time.)

[*F. Jacque del. sc.*

MILLET'S HOUSE AT BARBIZON.

(*By permission of M. Frédéric Jacque, the owner of the copyright.*)

studios. For Millet neither of these movements had any existence. His memory only clung to the plains of Normandy, and the labourers, shepherds, and fishermen of his home, with whom he mingled in spirit once more. Incessantly he believed himself to hear what he has called "*le cri de la terre*," and neither Romanticists nor Classicists caught anything of this cry of the earth. He lived alone with his own thoughts, associating with none of his fellow-artists, and indeed keeping out of their way. Always prepared for some scornful attempt at witticism, he turned his easel round whenever he was approached, or gruffly cut all criticism short with the remark: "What does my painting matter to you? I don't trouble my head about your bread and grease." Thus it was that Delaroche certainly taught him very little of the technique of painting, though, at the same time, he taught him no mannerism. He did not learn to paint pretty pictures with beautiful poses, flattering colour, and faces inspired with intellect. He left the studio as he had entered it in 1837, painting with an awkward, thick, heavy, and laborious brush, though with the fresh, untroubled vision which he had had in earlier days. He was still the stranger, the incorrigible Norman peasant.

For a time he exerted himself to make concessions to the public. At seven-and-twenty he had married a Cherbourg girl, who died of consumption three years afterwards. Without acquaintances in Paris, and habituated to domestic life from his youth upwards, he married a second time in 1845. He had to earn his bread, to please, to paint what would sell. So he

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "PASTORALE."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

toiled over pretty pictures of nude women, like those which Diaz had painted with such great success—fair shepherdesses and gallant herdsmen, and bathing girls, in the *genre* of Boucher and Fragonard. And he who did this spoke of both of them afterwards as pornographists. But the attempt was vain, for he satisfied neither others nor himself. The peasant of Gruchy could not be piquant, easy, and charming; on the contrary, he remained helpless, awkward, and crude. "Your women bathing come from the cow-house," was the appropriate remark of Diaz in reference to these pictures. When Burger-Thoré, who was the first to take notice of Millet, declared, on the occasion of "The Milkmaid" being exhibited in 1844, that Boucher himself was surpassed in this picture, the critic took a literary licence, because he had a human pity for the poor painter. How little the picture has of the fragrance of the old masters! how laboured it seems! how obvious it is that it was painted without pleasure! Millet was not long at pains to conceal his personality. An "Œdipus" and "The Jewish Captives in Babylon" were his last rhetorical exercises. In 1848 he came forward with a manifesto—"The Winnower," a peasant in movement and bearing, in his whole character and in the work on which

he is employed. Millet returns here to the thoughts and feelings of his youth; for the future he will paint nothing but peasants in all the situations of their rude and simple life. In 1849 he made a great resolve.

Paris: Quantin.]
MILLET: "THE WINNOWER."
(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

The sale of his "Winnower" had brought him five hundred francs, and these five hundred francs gave him courage to defy the world. "Better turn bricklayer than paint against conviction." Charles Jacque, the painter of animals, who lived opposite to him in the Rue Rochechouard, wanted to quit Paris in 1849 on account of the outbreak of cholera. He proposed that Millet should go with him into the country for a short time; he did so, and the peasant's son of former times became once more a peasant, to end his days amongst peasants. "In the middle of the forest of Fontainebleau," said Jacque, "there is a little nest, with a name ending in 'zon'—not far off and cheap—Diaz has been telling me a great deal about it." Millet consented. One fine June day they got into a heavy, rumbling omnibus, with their wives and their five children, and they arrived in Fontainebleau that evening after two hours' journey. "To-morrow we are going in search of our 'zon.'" And the next day they went forward on foot to Barbizon, Millet with

L'Art.] [*Lesigne sc.*

MILLET: "A VINE-DRESSER RESTING."

(*By permission of M. Charles Millet.*)

his two little girls upon his shoulders, and his wife carrying in her arms the youngest child, a boy of five months old, having her skirt drawn over her head as a protection against the rain.

As yet the forest had no walks laid out as it has to-day; it was virgin nature, which had never been disturbed. "*Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, que c'est beau!*" cried Millet, exulting. Once more he stood in the presence of nature, the old love of his youth. The impressions of childhood rushed over him. Born in the country, he had to return to the country to be himself once again. He arrived at Ganne's inn just as the dinner-hour had assembled twenty persons at the table, artists with their wives and children. "New painters! The pipe, the pipe!" was the cry which greeted the fresh arrivals. Diaz rose, and, in spite of his wooden leg, did the honours of the establishment to

[*Jacque sc.*

MILLET: "LABOR."

(By permission of M. Georges Petit, the owner of the copyright.)

the two women with the dignity of a Spanish nobleman, and then turned gravely to Millet and Jacque, saying, "Citizens, you are invited to smoke the pipe of peace." Whenever the colony of Barbizon received an addition this was always taken down from its sacred place above the door. An expressly appointed jury had then to decide from the ascending rings of smoke whether the new-comer was to be reckoned amongst the "Classicists" or the "Colourists." Jacque was with one voice declared to be a "Colourist." As to Millet's relation to the schools, there was a discrepancy of opinion. "*Eh bien*," said Millet, "*si vous êtes embarrassés, placez-moi dans la mienne.*" Whereupon Diaz, as the others would not let this pass, cried: "Be quiet; it is a good retort, and the fellow looks powerful enough to found a school which will bury us all." He was right, even though it was late before his prophecy was fulfilled.

[Jacque sc.

MILLET: "THE SOWER."
(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

Millet was thirty-five when he settled in Barbizon; he had reached the age which Dante calls the middle point of life. He had no further tie with the outward world; he had broken all the bridges behind him, and relied upon himself. He only went back to Paris to arrange his business, and he always did so unwillingly and for as short a time as possible. He lived at Barbizon in the midst of nature and in the midst of his models, and to his last day unreservedly gave himself up to the work which in youth he had felt himself called to fulfil. Neither criticism, mockery, nor contempt could lead him any more astray; even if he had wished it, he would have been incapable of following the paths of official art. "*Mes critiques*," said he as though by way of excuse, "*sont gens instruits et de goût, mais je ne peux me mettre dans leur peau, et comme je n'ai jamais vu de ma vie autre chose que les champs, je tâche de dire comme je peux ce que j'y ai éprouvé quand j'y travaillais.*" When such

[*Damman sc.*

MILLET: "THE GLEANERS."

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a man triumphs, when he succeeds in forcing upon the world his absolutely personal art, it is not Mahomet who has come to the mountain, but the mountain to Mahomet.

Millet's life has been, in consequence, a continuous series of renunciations. It is melancholy to read in Sensier's biography that such a master, even during his Paris days, was forced to turn out copies at twenty francs and portraits at five, and to paint tavern signs or placards for the booths of rope-dancers and horse-dealers, each one of which brought him in a roll of thick sous. When the Revolution of June broke out his capital consisted of thirty francs, which the owner of a small shop had paid him for a sign, and on this he and his family lived for a fortnight. In Barbizon he boarded with a peasant and lived with his family in a tiny room where wheat was stored and where bread was baked twice in the week; then he took a little house at a hundred and sixty francs a year. In winter he sat in a work-room without a fire, in thick straw shoes and with

[*Jacque sc.*

MILLET: "A SHEPHERDESS."

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an old horse-cloth over his shoulders. Living like this he painted "The Sower," that marvellous strophe in his great poem on the earth. By the produce of a vegetable garden he endeavoured to increase his income, lived on credit with grocer and butcher, and, at last, had creditors in every direction—in particular Gobillot, the baker of Chailly, from whom he often hid at his friend Jacque's.

He was forced to accept a loaf from Rousseau for his famishing family, and small sums with which he was subsidized by Diaz. "I have received the hundred francs," he writes in a letter to Sensier, "and they came just at the right time; neither my wife nor I had tasted food for four-and-twenty hours. It is a blessing that the little ones, at any rate, have not been in want."

All his efforts to exhibit in Paris were vain. Even in 1859, "Death and the Woodcutter" was rejected by the Salon. The public laughed, being accustomed to peasants in a comic opera,

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Gaujean sc.*

MILLET: "THE LABOURER GRAFTING A TREE."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

and, at best, his pictures were honoured by a caricature in a humorous paper. Even the most delicate connoisseurs had not the right historical perspective to appreciate the greatness of Millet, so far was it in advance of the age. And all this is so much the sadder, when one thinks of the price which his works fetched at a later period, when one reads that drawings for which he could get with difficulty from twenty to forty francs are the works for which as many thousand are now offered. It was only from the middle of the fifties that he began to sell at the rate of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred francs a picture. Rousseau was the first to offer him a large sum, buying his "Woodcutter" for four thousand francs, on the pretext that an American was the purchaser. Dupré helped him to dispose of "The Gleaners" for two thousand francs. An agreement which the picture-dealer Arthur Stevens,

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

brother of Stevens the painter, concluded with him had to be dissolved six months afterwards, since Millet's time had not yet come. At last in 1863, when he painted four large decorative pictures—"The Four Seasons," which are, by the way, his weakest works—for the dining-room of the architect Feydau, superfluity came in place of need. He was then in a position, like Rousseau and Jacque, to buy himself a little house in Barbizon, close to the road by which the place is entered and opposite Ganne's inn. Wild vine, ivy, and jessamine clambered round it, and two bushes of white roses twisted their branches around the window. It was surrounded by a large garden, in which field-flowers bloomed amongst vegetables and fruit-trees, whilst a border of white roses and elders led to another little house which he used as a studio. Behind was a poultry-yard, and behind that again a thickly grown little shrubbery. Here he lived, simple and upright, with his art and his own belongings,

L'Art.] [*E. Giroux sc.*

MILLET: "THE ANGELUS."

(By permission of M. Georges Petit, the owner of the copyright.)

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "THE WOMAN LEADING HER COW TO GRASS."
(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

as a peasant and a father of a family, like an Old Testament patriarch. His father had had nine children, and he himself had nine. While he painted the little ones played in the garden, the elder daughters worked, and when the younger children made too much noise, Jeanne, who was seven years old, would say with gravity, "*Chut! Papa travaille.*" After the evening meal he danced his youngest boy upon his knee and told Norman tales, or they all went out together into the forest, which the children called *le forêt noir* because it was so wild, gloomy, and magnificent.

Millet's poverty was not quite so great as might be supposed from Sensier's book. Chintreuil, Théodore Rousseau, and many others were acquainted with poverty likewise, and bore it with courage. It may even be said that, all things considered, success came to Millet early. The real misfortune for an artist is to

Paris: Quantin.]

MILLET: "THE SHEPHERD AT THE PEN AT NIGHTFALL."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

have had success, to have been rich, and later to see himself forgotten when he is stricken by poverty. Millet's course was the opposite. From the beginning of the sixties his reputation was no longer in question. At the World Exhibition of 1867 he was showered with all outward honours. He was represented by nine pictures and received the great medal. The whole world knew his name, subsistence was abundantly assured to him, and all the younger class of artists honoured him like a god. In the Salon of 1869 he was on the hanging committee. The picture-dealers, who had passed him by in earlier days, now beset his doors; he lived to see his "Woman with the Lamp," for which he had received a hundred and fifty francs, sold for thirty-eight thousand five hundred at Richard's sale. "*Allons, ils commencent à comprendre que c'est de la peinture serieuse.*" M. de Chennevières commissioned him to take part in the paintings in the Panthéon, and he began the work. But strength was denied him; he was prostrated by a violent fever,

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "THE PLOUGHED FIELD."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

and on January 20th, 1875, at six o'clock in the morning, Millet was dead. He was then sixty.

His funeral, indeed, was celebrated with no great parade, for it took place far from Paris. It was a cold, dull morning, and there was mist and rain. Not many friends had come, only a few painters and critics. At eleven o'clock the procession was set in order. And it moved in the rain quickly over the two *centimètres* from Barbizon to Chailly. Even those who had hastened from various villages, drawn by curiosity, could not half fill the church. But in Paris the announcement of death raised all the greater stir. When forty newspapers were displayed in a picture-dealer's shop on the morning after his demise, all Paris assembled and the excitement was universal. In the critical notices he was named in the same breath with Watteau, Leonardo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The auction which was held soon afterwards in the Hôtel Drouot for the disposal of the sketches

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "A MAN PUTTING ON HIS COAT."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

which he had left behind him brought his family three hundred and twenty-one thousand francs. And, in these days, the very drawings and pastels which were bought for six thousand francs immediately after his death have on the average risen in value to thirty thousand, while the greater number of his pictures rose to a figure beyond the reach of European purchasers and passed across the ocean to the happy land of dollars. Under such circumstances to speak any longer of Millet being misunderstood or to sing hymns of praise upon him as a counterblast to the undervaluation of Millet in the beginning would be knocking at an open door. It is merely necessary to inquire in an entirely objective spirit what position he occupies in the history of modern painting, and what future generations will say of him.

Millet's importance is to some extent ethical; he is not the first who painted peasants, but he is the first who has represented them truthfully, in all their ruggedness, and

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "THE WOOD-GATHERER."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

likewise in their greatness—not for the amusement of others, but as they claim a right to their own existence. The spirit of the rustic is naturally grave and heavy, and the number of his ideas and emotions is small. He has neither wit nor sentimentalism. And when in his leisure moments he sometimes gives way to a broad, noisy merriment, his gaiety often resembles intoxication, and is not infrequently its consequence. His life, which forces him to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, always reminds him of the hard fundamental conditions of existence. He looks at everything in a spirit of calculation and strict economy. Even the earth he stands on wakens in him a mood of seriousness. It is gravely sublime, this nature with its wide horizon and its boundless sky. At certain seasons it wears a friendly smile, especially for those who have escaped for a few hours from town. But for him who always lives in its midst it is not the good, tender mother that the townsman fancies. It has its oppressive heats in summer and its bitter winter frosts; its majesty is austere. And nowhere more austere than in Millet's home,

amid those plains of Normandy, swept by the rude wind, where he spent his youth as a farm-labourer.

From this peasant life, painting before his time had collected merely trivial anecdotes with a conventional optimism. It was through no very adequate conception of man, that peasants, in those earlier pictures, had always to be celebrating marriages, golden weddings, and baptisms, dancing rustic dances, making comic proposals, behaving themselves awkwardly with advocates, or scuffling in the tavern for the amusement of those who frequent exhibitions. They had really won their right to existence by their labour. "The most joyful thing I know," writes Millet in a celebrated letter to Sensier in 1851, "is the peace, the silence, that one enjoys in the woods or on the tilled lands. One sees a poor, heavily laden creature with a bundle of faggots advancing from a narrow path in the fields. The manner in which this figure comes suddenly before one is a momentary reminder of the fundamental condition of human life, toil. On the tilled land around one watches figures hoeing and digging. One sees how this or that one rises and wipes away the sweat with the back of his hand. 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Is that merry, enlivening work, as some people would like to persuade us? And yet it is here that I find the true humanity, the great poetry."

Perhaps in his conception of peasant life Millet has been even a little too serious; perhaps his melancholy spirit has looked too much to the sad side of the peasant's life. For Millet was altogether a man of temperament and feelings. His family life had made him so even as a boy. To see this one needs only to read in Sensier's book of his old grandmother, who was his godmother likewise, to hear how he felt in after-years the news of his father's death and of his mother's, and how he burst into tears because he had not given his last embrace to the departed. Of course a man who was so sad and dreamy especially recognized in rustic life what toil is, and trouble and exhaustion. He had not that easy spirit which *amara lento temperat risu.* The

C. Hentschel repr.] MILLET: "THE WOOD-SAWYERS." [*Hole sc.*

(By permission of Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswells, the owners of the copyright.)

passage beneath the peasant-picture in Holbein's "Dance of Death" might stand as motto for his whole work:—

"À la sueur de ton visage
Tu gagneras ta pauvre vie;
Après travail et long usage
Voici la mort qui te convie."

This grave and sad trait in Millet's character sets him, for example, in abrupt contrast with Corot. Corot had a cheerful temperament, which noticed what was kindly in nature everywhere. His favourite hour was morning, when the sun rises and the lark exults, when the mists are dissipated, and the shining dew lies upon the grass like pearls. His favourite season was spring, bringing with the new leaves life and joy upon the earth. And if he sometimes peopled this laughing world with peasant lads and maidens in place of the joyous creatures of his fancy, they were only those for whom life is a feast rather than a round of hard toil. Compared with so sanguine a man as Corot, Millet is melancholy from crown to toe. Where the former renders the spring he renders the oppressive and enervating sultriness of summer. From experience he knew that hard toil which makes men old before their time, which kills body and spirit, and turns the image of God into an ugly, misshapen, and rheumatic thing; and perhaps he has been one-sided in seeing only this in the life of the peasant. Nevertheless it is inapposite to cite as a parallel to Millet's paintings of the peasant that cruel description of the rustic, made in the time of Louis XIV. by Labruyère: "One sees scattered over the field a sort of wild animals, little men and women, black, withered, and sun-burnt, fastened to the earth which they grub in with invincible stubbornness; they have something resembling articulate language, and when they raise themselves they show a human countenance,—as a matter of fact they are men. At night they retire to their holes, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They save other men the trouble of sowing, ploughing, and gathering in to harvest, and so gain the advantage of not themselves being in want of the bread

that they have sown." Yes, Millet's peasants toil, and they toil hard, but in bowing over the earth at their work they are, in a sense, proudly raised by their whole peasant nature. Millet has made human beings out of the manikins of illustrated humour, and in this lies his ethical greatness.

As his whole life passed without untruth or artificiality, so his whole endeavour as an artist was to keep artificiality and untruth at a distance. After a period of *genre* painting which disposed of things in an arbitrary manner, he opened a way for the new movement with its unconditional devotion to reality. The "historical painters" having conjured up the past with the assistance of old masterpieces, it was the merit of the *genre* painters that, instead of looking back, they began to look around them. Fragments of reality were arranged—in correspondence with the principle of Classical landscape-painting—according to the rules of composition known to history to make *tableaux vivants* crowded with figures; and such pictures related a cheerful or a moving episode of the painter's invention. Millet's virtue is to have set emotion in the place of invention, to have set a part of nature grasped in its totality with spontaneous freshness in the place of compositions pieced together from scattered observation and forcing life into inconsistent relations—to have set painting in the place of history and anecdote. As Rousseau and his fellows discovered the poetry of work-a-day nature, Millet discovered that of ordinary life. It was only this painting which no longer subjected the world to one-sided rules of beauty, but set itself piously to watch for the beauty of things as they were, renouncing all literary episodes, that was able to become the basis of modern art. He does not appear to think that any one is listening to him; he communes with himself alone. He does not care to make his ideas thoroughly distinct and salient by repetitions and antitheses; he renders his emotion, and that is all. And thus painting receives new life from him: his pictures are not compositions that one sees, but emotions that one feels; it is not a painter who speaks through them, but a man. From the first he had the faculty of seeing things simply,

L'Art.] [*G. Greux sc.*

MILLET: "THE SHEPHERDESS AND HER SHEEP."
(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

directly, and naturally; and to exercise himself in this faculty he began with the plainest things: a labourer in the field, resting upon his spade and looking straight before him; a sower amid the furrows, on which flights of birds are settling down; a man taking off his coat in an arable land; a woman stitching in a room; a girl at the window behind a pot of marguerites. He is never weary of drawing land broken up for cultivation, and yet more often he draws huddled flocks of sheep upon a heath, their woolly backs stretching with an undulatory motion, and a shepherd lad or a girl in their midst.

"The Sower" (1850), "The Peasants going to their Work," "The Hay-trussers," "The Reapers," "A Sheep-shearer," "The Labourer grafting a Tree" (1855), "A Shepherd," and "The Gleaners" (1857) are his principal works in the fifties. And what a deep intuition of nature is to be found in "The Gleaners"! They have no impassioned countenances, and their movements aim at no declamatory effect of contrast. They do not seek compassion, but merely do their work. It is this which gives them loftiness and dignity. They are themselves products of nature, plants of which the commonest is not without a certain pure and simple beauty. Look at their hands. They are not hands to be kissed, but to be cordially pressed. They are brave hands, which have done hard work from youth upwards —reddened with frost, chapped by soda, swollen with toil, or burnt by the sun.

L'Art.] [*Teyssonières sc.*

MILLET: "A WOMAN KNITTING."

(*By permission of M. Charles Millet.*)

"The Labourer grafting a Tree" of 1855 is entirely idyllic. In the midst of one of those walled-in spaces which are half courtyard and half garden, separating in villages the barns from the house, there is standing a man, who has cut a tree and is grafting a fresh twig. His wife is looking on, with their youngest child in her arms. Everything around is the sign of order, cleanliness, and content. Their clothes have neither spot nor hole, and wear well under the anxious care of the wife. Here is the old French peasant, true to the soil, and living and dying in the place of his birth: it is a picture of patriarchal simplicity. In 1859 appeared "The Angelus," that work which chimes like a low-toned and far-off peal of bells. "I mean," he said—"I mean the bells to be heard sounding, and only natural truth of expression can produce the effect." Nothing is wanting in these creations, neither simplicity nor truth. The longer they are looked at, the more something is seen in them which goes beyond reality. "The Man with the Mattock," the celebrated picture of 1863, is altogether a work of great style; it recalls antique statues and the figures of Michael Angelo, without in any way resembling them. In his daring veracity Millet despised all the artificial grace and arbitrary beautification which others introduced into rustic life; and while, in turning from it, he rested only on the most conscientious reverence for nature, his profound draughtsmanlike knowledge of the human form

has given a dignity and a large style to the motions of the peasant which no one discovered before his time. There is a simplicity, a harmony, and a largeness in the lines of his pictures such as only the greatest artists have had. He reached it in the same way as Rousseau and Corot reached their style in landscape: absorbed and saturated by reality, he was able, in the moment of creation, to dispense with the model without suffering for it, and to attain truth and condensation without being hindered by petty detail.

L'Art.]

MILLET: "THE WOMAN FEEDING CHICKENS."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

He himself went about in Barbizon like a peasant. And he might have been seen wandering over the woods and fields with an old, red cloak, wooden shoes, and a weather-beaten straw hat. He rose at sunrise, and wandered about the country as his parents had done. He guarded no flocks, drove no cows, and no yokes of oxen or horses; he carried neither mattock nor spade, but rested on his stick; he was equipped only with the faculty of observation and poetic intuition. He went about like the people he met, roamed round the houses, entered the courtyards, looked over the hedges, knew the gleaners and reapers, the girls who took care of the geese, and the shepherds in their big cloaks, as they stood motionless amongst their flocks, resting on a staff. He entered the wash-house, the baking-house, and the dairies where the butter was being churned. He witnessed the birth of a calf or the death of a pig, or leant on the garden wall with his arms crossed on his breast, and looked

into the setting sun, as it threw a rosy veil over field and forest. He heard the chime of vesper bells, watched the people pray and then return home. And he returned also, and read the Bible by lamplight, while his wife sewed and the children slept. When all was quiet he closed the book and began to dream. Once more he saw all that he had come across in the course of the day. He had gone out without canvas or colours; he had merely noted down in passing a few motives in his sketch-book: as a rule he never took his pencil from his pocket, but merely meditated, his mind being compelled to notice all that his eye saw. Then he went through it again in his memory. On the morrow he painted.

His study seems to have been an incessant exercise of the eye to see and to retain the essential, the great lines in nature as in the human body. Advancing upon Daumier's path, he divested figures of all that is merely accidental, and simplified them, to bring the character and ground-note more into relief. This simplification, this marvellous way of expressing forcibly as much as possible with the smallest means, no one has ever understood like Millet. There is nothing superfluous, nothing petty, and everything bears witness to an epic spirit attracted by what is great and heroic. His drawing was never encumbered by what was subsidiary and anecdotic; his mind was fixed on the decisive lines which characterize a movement, and give it rhythm. It was just this feeling for rhythm which his harmonious nature possessed in the very highest degree. He did not give his peasants Grecian noses, and he never lost himself in arid and trivial observation; he simplified and sublimated their outlines, making them the heroes and martyrs of toil. His figures have a majesty of style, an august grandeur; and something almost resembling the antique style of relief goes through his pictures. And it is no doubt characteristic that the only works of art which he had in his studio were plaster casts of the metopes of the Parthenon. He himself was like a man of antique times, both in the simplicity of his life and in his outward appearance—a peasant in wooden shoes who had, set upon his shoulders, the head of the Zeus of Otricoli. And as his biography

reads like an Homeric poem, so his great and simple art sought for what was primitive, aboriginal, and heroic. Note the Michael-Angelesque motions of "The Sower." The peasant, striding on with a firm tread, seems to show by his large movements his consciousness of the grandeur of his daily toil: he is the heroic embodiment of man, swaying the earth, making it fruitful and subservient to his own purposes.

"Il marche dans la plaine immense,
Va, vient, lance la graine au loin,
Rouvre sa main et recommence;
Et je médite, obscur témoin,
Pendant que déployant ses voiles
L'ombre où se mêle une rumeur
Semble élargir jusqu'aux étoiles
Le geste auguste du semeur."

Note the epical quietude of "The Gleaners," the three Fates of poverty, as Gautier called them, the priestly dignity of "The Woodcutter," the almost Indian solemnity of "The Woman leading her Cow to Grass." She stands in her wooden shoes as if on a pedestal, her dress falls into lapidary folds, and a grave and melancholy hebetude is imprinted on her countenance. Millet is the Michael Angelo of peasants. In their large simplicity his pictures make the appeal of religious painting, at once plastic and mystical.

But it is in no sense merely through instinct that Millet has attained this altitude of style. Although the son of a peasant, and himself a peasant and the painter of peasants, he knew thoroughly well what he wanted to do; and this aim of his he has not only formulated practically in his pictures, but has made theoretically clear in his letters and treatises. For Millet was not simply a man who had a turn for dreaming; he had, at the same time, a brooding, philosophic mind, in which the ideas of a thinker were harboured beside the emotions of a poet. In the portrait of himself, given on the title-page of Sensier's book, a portrait in which he has something sickly, something ethereal and tinged with romance, only one side of his nature is expressed. The great medallion of Chappu reveals the other side: the keen, consecutive thinker, to be found in

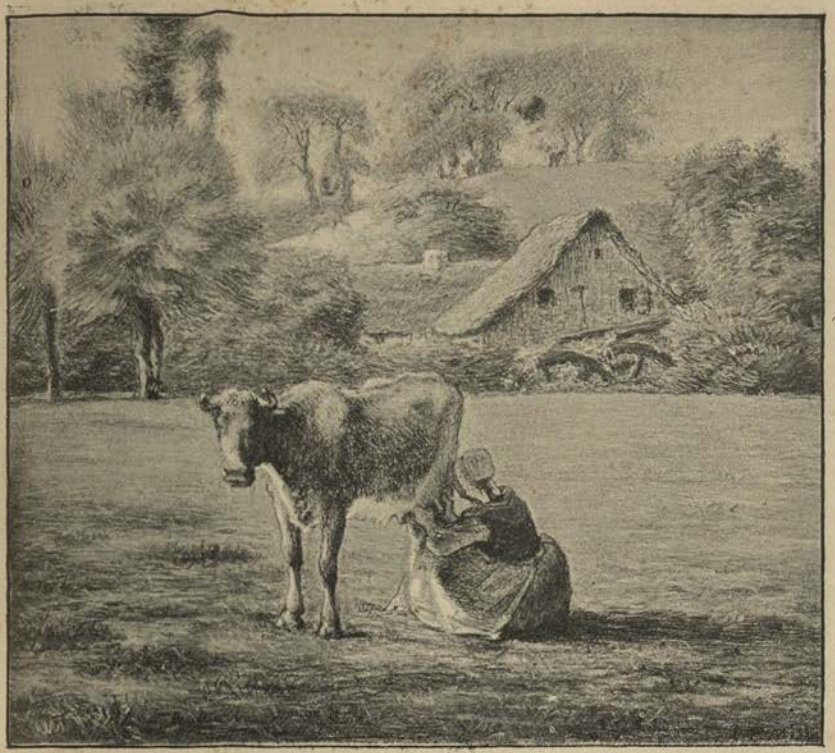
Braun photo.]

MILLET: "MEN SLAUGHTERING PIGS."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

the luminous and remorselessly logical letters. In this respect he is the true representative of his race. In opposition to the *esprit* and graceful levity of the Parisian, a quieter and more healthy human understanding counts as the chief characteristic of the Norman ; and this clear and precise capacity for thought was intensified in Millet by incessant intellectual training.

Even as a child he had received a good education from his uncle, who was an ecclesiastic, and he learnt enough Latin to read the *Georgics* of Virgil and other ancient authors in the original text. He knows them almost by heart, and cites them at every moment in his letters. When he came to Paris he spent long hours in the galleries, not copying this or that portion from a picture, but fathoming works of art to their inmost core with a clear eye. In Cherbourg he devoured the whole of Vasari in the library, and read all he could find about Dürer, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Poussin. Even in Barbizon he remained



Braun photo.]

MILLET: "THE WOMAN MILKING A COW."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

throughout his whole life an eager reader. Shakespeare fills him with admiration; Theocritus and Burns are his favourite poets. "Theocritus makes it evident to me," he says, "that one is never more Greek than when one simply renders one's own impressions, let them come whence they may." When not painting or studying nature he had always a book in his hand, and knew no more cordial pleasure than when a friend increased his little library by the present of a fresh one. Though in his youth he tilled the ground and ploughed, and in later days lived like a peasant, he was better instructed than most painters; he was a philosopher, a scholar. His manner in speaking was leisurely, quiet, persuasive, full of conviction, and

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "SPRING."

(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

impregnated by his own peculiar ideas, which he had thoroughly thought out.

"My dear Millet," wrote a critic, "you must sometimes see good-looking peasants and pretty country girls." To which Millet replied: "No doubt; but beauty does not lie in the face. It lies in the harmony between man and his industry. Your pretty country girls prefer to go up to town; it does not suit them to glean and gather faggots and pump water. Beauty is expression. When I paint a mother I try to render her beautiful by the mere look she gives her child." He goes on to say that what has been once clearly seen is beautiful if it is simply and sincerely interpreted. Everything is beautiful which is in its place, and nothing is beautiful which appears unseasonably. Therefore no emasculation of characters is ever beautiful. Apollo is Apollo and Socrates is Socrates. Mingle them and they both lose, and become a mixture which

Braun photo.]

MILLET: "THE CHURCH AT GRÉVILLE."
(By permission of M. Charles Millet.)

is neither fish nor flesh. This was what brought about the decadence of modern art. "*Au lieu de naturaliser l'art, ils artialisent la nature.*" The Luxembourg Gallery had shown him that he ought not to go to the theatre to create true art. "*Je voudrais que les êtres que je représente aient l'air voués à leur position; et qu'il soit impossible d'imaginer qu'il leur puisse venir à l'idée d'être autre chose que ce qu'ils sont. On est dans un milieu d'un caractère ou d'un autre, mais celui qu'on adopte doit primer. On devrait être habitué à ne recevoir de la nature ses impressions de quelque sorte qu'elles soient et quelque tempérament qu'on ait. Il faut être imprégné et saturé d'elle, et ne penser que ce qu'elle vous fait penser. Il faut croire qu'elle est assez riche pour fournir à tout. Et où puiserait-on, sinon à la source? Pourquoi donc à perpétuité proposer aux gens, comme but suprême à atteindre, ce que de hautes intelligences*

ont découvert en elle. Voilà donc qu'on rendrait les productions de quelques-uns le type et le but de toutes les productions à venir. Les gens de génie sont comme doués de la baguette divinatoire; les uns découvrent que, dans la nature, ici se trouve cela, les autres autre chose ailleurs, selon le temperament de leur flair. Leurs productions vous assurent dans cette idée que celui-là trouve qui est fait pour trouver, mais il est plaisant de voir, quand le trésor est déterré et enlevé, que des gens viennent à perpétuité gratter à cette place-là. Il faut savoir découvrir où il y a des truffes. Un chien qui n'a pas de flair ne peut que faire triste chasse, puisqu'il ne va qu'en voyant chasser celui qui sent la bête et qui naturellement va le premier. . . . Un immense orgueil ou une immense sottise seulement peut faire croire à certains hommes qu'ils sont de force à redresser les prétendus manques de goût et les erreurs de la nature. Les œuvres que nous aimons, ce n'est qu'à cause qu'elles procèdent d'elle. Les autres ne sont que des œuvres pédantes et vides. On peut partir de tous les points pour arriver au sublime, et tout est propre à l'exprimer, si on a une assez haute visée. Alors ce que vous aimez avec le plus d'emportement et de passion devient votre beau à vous et qui s'impose aux autres. Que chacun apporte le sien. L'impression force l'expression. Tout l'arsenal de la nature est à la disposition des hommes. Qui oserait décider qu'une pomme de terre est inférieure à une grenade."

Thus he maintains that when a stunted tree grows upon sterile soil, it is more beautiful in this particular place, because more natural, than a slender tree artificially transplanted. "The beautiful is that which is in keeping. Whether this is to be called realism or idealism I do not know. For me, there is only one manner of painting, and that is to paint with fidelity." In what concerns poetry old Boileau has already expressed this in the phrase, "Nothing is beautiful except truth;" and Schiller has thrown it into the phrase, "Let us, ultimately, set up truth for beauty." For the art of the nineteenth century Millet's words mean the erection of a new principle, of a principle that had the effect of a novel force, that gave the consciousness of a new energy of artistic endeavour, that was a

return to that which the earth was to Antæus. And by formulating this principle—the principle that everything is beautiful so far as it is true, and nothing beautiful so far as it is untrue, that beauty is the blossom, but truth the tree—by clearly formulating this principle for the first time, Millet has become the father of the new French, and, indeed, of European art, almost more than by his own pictures.

For—and here we come to the limitations of his talent—has Millet as a painter really achieved what he aimed at? No less a person than Fromentin has put this question in his *Maîtres d'autrefois*. On his visit to Holland he chances for a moment to speak of Millet, and he writes:—

"An entirely original painter, high-minded and disposed to brooding, kind-hearted and genuinely rustic in nature, he has expressed things about the country and its inhabitants, about their toil, their melancholy, and the nobleness of their labour, which a Dutchman would never have discovered. He has represented them in a somewhat barbaric fashion, in a manner to which his ideas gave a more expressive force than his hand possessed. The world has been grateful for his intentions; it has recognized in his method something of the sensibility of a Burns who was a little awkward in expression. But has he left good pictures behind him or not? Has his articulation of form, his method of expression, I mean the envelopment without which his ideas could not exist, the qualities of a good style of painting, and does it afford an enduring testimony? He stands out as a deep thinker if he is compared with Potter and Cuyp; he is an enthralling dreamer if he is opposed to Terborch and Metsu, and he has something peculiarly noble compared with the trivialities of Steen, Ostade, and Brouwer. As a man he puts them all to the blush. Does he outweigh them as a painter?"

If any one thinks of Millet as a draughtsman he will answer this question without hesitation in the affirmative. His power is firmly rooted in the drawings which constitute half his work. And he has not merely drawn to make sketches or preparations for pictures, like Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Watteau,

[*Belin-Dollet sc.*

MILLET: "THE KNITTING-LESSON."

(*By permission of M. Charles Millet.*)

or Delacroix; his drawings were for him real works of art complete in themselves; and his enduring and firmly grounded fame rests upon them. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Rubens, Rembrandt, Prudhon, Millet: that is, more or less, the roll of the greatest draughtsmen in the history of art. His pastels and etchings, his drawings in chalk, pencil, and charcoal, are astonishing through their eminent delicacy of technique. The simpler the medium the greater is the effect achieved. "The Woman Churning" in the Louvre; the quietude of his men reaping, and of his woman-reaper beside the heaps of corn; "The Water-Carriers," who are like Greek kanephoræ; the peasant upon the potato-field, lighting his pipe with a flint and a piece of tinder; the woman sewing by the lamp beside her sleeping child; the vine-dresser resting; the little shepherdess sitting dreamily on a bundle of straw near her flock at pasture,—in all these works in black and white he is equally great as a colourist and as a painter in open air. There are no sportive and capricious sunbeams, as in Diaz. Millet's sun is too serious merely to play over the fields; it is the austere day-star, ripening the harvest, forcing men to sweat over their toil and with no time to waste in

jest. And as a landscape-painter he differs from Corot in the same vital manner.

MILLET'S MONUMENT IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

Corot, the old bachelor, dallies with nature; Millet, nine times a father, knows her only as the fertile mother, nourishing all her children. The temperament of the brooding, melancholy man breaks out in his very conception of nature: "Oh, if they knew how beautiful the forest is! I stroll into it sometimes of an evening, and always return with a sense of being overwhelmed. It has a quiet and majesty which are terrible, so that I have often a feeling of actual fear. I do not know what the trees talk about amongst themselves, but they say to each other something which we do not understand, because we do not speak the same language. That they are not making bad jokes seems certain." He loved what Corot has never painted—the sod, the sod as sod, the sod which steams beneath the rays of the fertilizing sun. And yet, despite all difference of temperament, he stands beside Corot as perhaps the greatest landscape-painter of the century. His landscapes are vacant and devoid of charm, they smell of the earth rather than of jessamine, yet it is as if the Earth-Spirit itself were invisibly brooding over them. A few colours enable him to attain that great harmony which is elsewhere peculiar to Corot alone, and which, when his work was over, he so often discussed with his neighbour Rousseau. With a few brilliant and easily executed shadings he gives expression to the vibration of the atmosphere, the lustre of the sky at sunset, the massive structure of the ground, the blissful tremor upon the plain at sunrise. At one time he renders the morning mist lying over the fields, at another the haze of sultry noon, veiling

[Chapu sc.

THE BARBIZON STONE (ROUSSEAU AND MILLET).

and as it were absorbing the outlines and colours of all objects, the light of sunset streaming over field and woodland with a tender, tremulous glimmering, the delicate silver tone of clear nights spread over landscapes veiled by moonlight.

There is not a second artist of the century who renders night as Millet does in his pastels. One of the most charming and poetic works is the Biblical and mystical night-piece "The Flight into Egypt." As he strides forward Saint Joseph holds upon his arm the Child, whose head is surrounded by a shining halo, whilst the Mother moves slowly along the banks of the Nile riding upon an ass. The stars twinkle, the moon throws its tremulous light uncertainly over the plain. Joseph and Mary are Barbizon peasants, and yet these great figures breathe of the Sistine Chapel and of Michael Angelo. And which of the old masters has so eloquently rendered the sacred silence of night as Millet has done in his "Shepherd at the Pen"? The landscapes which he has drawn awaken the impression of

spaciousness as only Rembrandt's etchings have done, and that of fine atmosphere as only Corot's pictures. A marvellously transparent and tender evening sky rests over his picture of cows coming down to drink at the sea, and a liquid moonlight washes over the crests of the waves around "The Sailing Boat." The garden in stormy light with a high-lying avenue spanned by a rainbow—the motive which he developed for the well-known picture in the Louvre—is found again and again in several pastels, which progress from a simple to a more complicated treatment of the theme. Everything is transparent and delicate, full of air and light, and the air and light are themselves full of magic and melting charm.

But it is a different matter when one attempts to answer Fromentin's question in the form in which it is put. For without in any way detracting from Millet's importance, one may quietly make the declaration: No, Millet was *not* a good painter. Later generations, with which he will no longer be in touch through his ethical greatness, if they consider his paintings alone, will scarcely understand the high estimation in which he is held at present. For although many works which have come into private collections in Boston, New York, and Baltimore are, in their original form, withdrawn from judgment, they are certainly not better than the numbers of works brought together in the Millet Exhibition of 1886 or the World Exhibition of 1889. And these had collectively a clumsiness, and a dry and heavy colouring, which are not merely old-fashioned, primitive, and antediluvian in comparison with the works of modern painters, but which fall far below the level of their own time in the quality of colour. The conception in Millet's paintings is always admirable, but never the technique; he makes his appeal as a poet only, and never as a painter. His painting is often anxiously careful, heavy, and thick, and looks as if it had been filled in with masonry; it is dirty and dismal, and wanting in free and airy tones. Sometimes it is brutal and hard, and occasionally it is curiously indecisive in effect. Even his best pictures—"The Angelus" not excepted—give no æsthetic pleasure to the eye. The most ordinary fault in his painting is that it is soft, greasy, and woolly. He is not light enough with what should be

light, nor fleeting enough with what is fleeting. And this defect is especially felt in his treatment of clothes. They are of a massive, distressing solidity, as if moulded in brass, and not woven from linen and cloth. The same is true of his air, which has an oily and material effect. Even in "The Gleaners" the aspect is cold and gloomy: it is without the intensity of light, which is shed through the atmosphere and streams over the earth eternally shifting.

And this is a declaration of what was left for later artists to achieve. The problem of putting real human beings in their true surroundings was stated by Millet, solved in his pastels, and left unsolved in his oil-paintings. This same problem had to be taken up afresh by his successors, and followed to its furthest consequences. At the same time it was necessary to widen the choice of subject.

For it is characteristic of Millet, the great peasant, that his art is exclusively concerned with peasants. His sensitive spirit, which from youth upwards had compassion for the hard toil and misery of the country folk, was blind to the sufferings of the artisans of the city, amid whom he had lived in Paris in his student days. The *ouvrier*, too, has his poetry and his grandeur. As there is a cry of the earth, so is there also a cry, as loud and as eloquent, which goes up from the pavement of great cities. Millet lived in Paris during a critical and terrible time. He was there during the years of ferment at the close of the reign of Louis Philippe. Around him there muttered all the terrors of Socialism and Communism. He was there during the February Revolution and during the days of June. And when the artisans fought on the barricades he painted "The Winnower." The misery of Paris and the sufferings of the populace did not move him. Millet, the peasant, had a heart only for the peasantry. He was blind to the sufferings, blind to the charms of modern city life. Paris seemed to him a "miserable, dirty nest." There was no picturesque aspect of the great town that fascinated him. He felt neither its grace, its elegance and charming frivolity, nor remarked the mighty modern movement of ideas and the noble humanity which have set their seal upon this humanitarian century. The development of French art had

to move in both of these directions. It was partly necessary to take up afresh with improved instruments the problem of the modern conception of colour, touched on by Millet; it was partly necessary to extend from the painting of peasants to modern life the principle formulated by Millet, "*Le beau c'est le vrai*," to transfer it from the forest of Fontainebleau to Paris, from the solitude to life, from the evening gloom to sunlight, from the softness of romance to hard reality. Courbet and Manet took this step.

CHAPTER XXVIII

REALISM IN FRANCE

Gustave Courbet and the modern painting of artisan life.—Alfred Stevens and the painting of "Society."—His followers Auguste Toulmouche, James Tissot, and others.—In opposition to the Cinquecento the study of the old Germans, the Lombards, the Spaniards, the Flemish artists, and the Rococo masters becomes now a formative influence. —Gustave Ricard, Charles Chaplin, Gaillard, Paul Dubois, Carolus Duran, Léon Bonnat, Roybet, Blaise Desgoffe, Philippe Rousseau, Antoine Vollon, François Bonvin, Théodule Ribot.

TO continue in Paris what Millet had begun in the solitude of the forest of Fontainebleau there was need of a man of the unscrupulous animal power of *Gustave Courbet.* The task assigned to him was similar to that which fell to Caravaggio in the seventeenth century. In that age, when the eclectic imitation of the Cinquecento had reached the acme of mannerism, when Carlo Dolci and Sassoferato devoted themselves in mythological pictures to watering down the types of Raphael by idealizing, Caravaggio painted scenes amongst dregs of the people and the unbridled soldiery of his age. At a period when these artists indulged in false, artificial, and doctrinaire compositions, which, on a barren system, merely traced the performances of classic masters back to certain rules of art, Caravaggio created works, which may have been coarse, but which had an earnest and fruitful veracity, and gave the entire art of the seventeenth century another direction by their healthy and powerful naturalism.

When Courbet appeared the situation was similar: Ingres, in whose frigid works the whole Cinquecento had been crystallized,

L'Art.] [*Bocourt sc.*

GUSTAVE COURBET.

was at the zenith of his fame. Couture had painted his "Decadent Romans" and Cabanel had recorded his first successes. Beside these stood that little Neo-Grecian school with Louis Hamon at its head —a school whose prim style of china-painting had the peculiar admiration of the public. Courbet, with all his brutal weight, pushed between the large symmetrical figures of the thoroughbred Classicists and the pretty confectionery of the Neo-Grecian painters of beauty. But the old panacea is never without effect: in all periods when art has overlived its bloom and falls into mannerism it is met by a strong cross-current of realism pouring into it new life-blood. In painting nature had been made artificial, and it was time for art to be made natural. Painters still strayed in the past, seeking to awaken the dead, and give life once more to history. The time had come for accentuating the claims of the present more sharply than before, and for setting art amid the seething life of modern cities: it was a development naturally and logically following that of political life; it is historically to be united with the unintermittent struggle for universal suffrage. Courbet merely fought the decisive battle in the great fight which Jeanron, Leleux, Octave Tassaert, and others had begun as skirmishing outposts. As a painter he towered over these elder artists, whose sentimental pictures had not been taken seriously as works of art, and challenged attention all the more by painting life-size. In this manner the last obstacle was removed which

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

COURBET: "THE MAN WITH THE LEATHER BELT" (PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF AS A YOUTH).

had stood in the way of the treatment of modern subjects. Scanty notice had been taken of Millet's little peasant figures, which were merely reckoned as accessories to the landscape. But Courbet's pictures first taught the Academy that the "pictures of manners," which had seemed so harmless, had begun to usurp the place of historical painting in all its pride.

At the same time—and this made Courbet's appearance of still more consequence than that of his predecessors—a most effective literary propaganda went hand in hand with that which was artistic. Millet had been silent and was known only by his friends. He had never arranged for an exhibition of his works, and quietly suffered the rejections of the hanging committee and the derision of the public. Courbet blustered, had a drum beaten, threw himself into forcible postures like a strong man playing with cannon-balls, and announced in the press that he was the only serious artist of the century. No one could ever *embêter le bourgeois* with such success, no one has called forth such a howl of passions, no one so complacently surrendered his private life to the curiosity of the great public, with the swaggering attitude of an athlete displaying his muscles in the circus. As regards this method of making an appearance—a method by which he became at times a figure almost grotesque—one is able to take the view which accords best with one's good pleasure; but when he came he was necessary. In art revolutions are made with the same brutality as in life. People shout and sing, breaking in the windows of those who possess anything. For every revolution has a character of inflexible harshness. Wisdom and reason have no part in the passions necessary for

L'Art.] [*Bellenger sc.*

COURBET: "A FUNERAL AT ORNANS."

the work of destruction and rebuilding. Caravaggio was obliged to take to his weapons, and make sanguinary onslaughts. In our civilized nineteenth century everything was accomplished according to law, but not with less passion. One has to make great demands to receive even a little; this has been true in all times, and this is precisely what Courbet did. He was a remarkable character striving for high aims, an eccentric man of genius, a modern Narcissus for ever contemplating himself in his vanity, and yet he was the truest friend, the readiest to sacrifice himself, for the crowd a cynic and a reckless talker, at home an earnest and mighty toiler, bursting out like a child and appeased the very next moment, outwardly as brutal as he was inwardly sensitive, as egotistic as he was proud and independent; and being what he was, he formulated his purposes as incisively by his words as in his works. Full of fire and enthusiasm, destroying and inciting to fresh creation—a nature like Lorenz Gedon, whom he also resembled in appearance—he became the soul and driving force of the great realistic movement which flooded Europe from the beginning of the fifties. Altogether he was the man of whom art had need at that time: a doctor who brought health with him, shed it abroad, and poured blood into the veins of art. Both as man and artist his entry upon the arena is in some degree like the breaking in of an elemental force of nature. He comes from the country in wooden shoes with the self-reliance of a peasant who is afraid of nothing. He is a great and powerful man, as sound and natural as the oxen of his birthplace. He had broad elbows, with which he pushed aside everything standing in his way. He was an instinct rather than a reflecting brain, a *peintre-animal*, as he was called by a Frenchman. And such a plebeian was wanted to beat down the academic Olympus. In making him great and strong, nature had herself predestined him for the part he had to play: a man makes a breach the more easily for having big muscles. Furnished with the strength of a Samson wrecking the temple of the Philistines, he was himself "The Stone-breaker" of his art, and, like the men he painted, he has done a serviceable day's work.

Gustave Courbet, the strong son of Franche-Comté, was born in 1819, in Ornans, a little town near Besançon. Like his friend and fellow-countryman Proudhon, the socialist, he had a sprinkling of German blood in his veins, and in their outward appearance it gave them both something Teutonic, rude and heavy, contrasting with French ease and elegance. On his massive frame was set a broad, athletic neck, and a large countenance with black hair, and big, strong eyes like those of a lion-tamer, which sparkled like dark diamonds. A strong man, who had never been stinted, he was of medium height, broad-shouldered, bluff, ruddy, like a beast of the slaughter-house, and, as the years passed, disposed to acquire a more liberal circumference of body. He went about working like Sisyphus, and never without a short pipe in his mouth, the classic *brûle-gueule*, loaded with strong caporal. His movements were broad and heavy, and being a little short in his breathing, he wheezed when he was excited, and perspired over his painting. His dress was comfortable, but not elegant; and his head was formed for a cap rather than the official tall hat. In speech he was cynical and often broke into a contemptuous laugh. Both in his studio and at his tavern he moved more freely in his shirt-sleeves, and at the Munich Exhibition of 1869 he seemed like a thorough old Bavarian to the German painters, when he sat down to drink with them at the *Deutsches Haus* in his jovial way, and by a rather Teutonic than Latin capacity for disposing of beer threw the most inveterate of the men of Munich into the shade.

Originally destined for the law, he determined in 1837 to become a painter, and began his artistic studies under Flageoulot, a mediocre artist of the school of David, who had drifted into the provinces, and boastfully called himself *le roi du dessin*. In 1839 he came to Paris, already full of self-reliance, fire, and strength. On his first turn through the Luxembourg Gallery he paused before Delacroix's "Massacre of Chios," glowing as it is in colour, and said it was not bad, but that he could do that style of thing whenever he liked. After a short time he acquired a power of execution full of bravura by studying the

old masters in the Louvre. Self-taught in art, he was in life a democrat and in politics a republican. In 1848, during battle in June, he had a fair prospect of being shot with a party of insurgents whom he had joined, if certain "right-minded" citizens had not interceded for their neighbour, who was popular as a man and already much talked about as a painter. In the beginning of the fifties he was to be found every evening at a *brasserie* much frequented by artists and students in the Rue Hautefeuille in the *Quartier Latin*, in the society of young authors of the school of Balzac. He had his studio at the end of this street, and is said to have been at the time a strong, fine, spirited young man, who made free use of the drastic slang of the studios.

"His notable features," writes Théophile Silvestre of Courbet at this time, "his notable features seem as though they had been modelled from an Assyrian bas-relief. His well-shaped and brilliant dark eyes, shadowed by long silken lashes, have the soft quiet light of an antelope's. The moustache, scarcely traceable beneath his slightly curved aquiline nose, is joined by a fan-shaped beard, and borders his thick, sensuous lips; his complexion is olive-brown, but of a changing, sensitive tone. The round, curiously shaped head and prominent cheek-bones denote stubbornness, and the flexible nostrils passion."

A great dispute over realism usually took the place of dessert at meal-times. Courbet never allowed himself to be drawn into controversy. He threw his opinion bluntly out, and, when he was opposed, cut the conversation short in an exceedingly forcible manner. It was another murder of the innocents when he spoke of the celebrities of his time. He designated historical painting as nonsense, style as humbug, and blew away all ideals, declaring that it was the greatest impudence to wish to paint things which one has never seen, and of the appearance of which one cannot have the faintest conception. Fancy was rubbish, and reality the one true muse.

"Our century," he says, "will not recover from the fever of imitation by which it has been laid low. Phidias and Raphael have hooked themselves on to us. The galleries should remain

closed for twenty years, so that the moderns might at last begin to see with their own eyes. For what can the old masters offer us? It is only Ribera, Zurbaran, and Velasquez that I admire; Ostade and Craesbeeck also allure me; and for Holbein I feel veneration. As for M. Raphael, there is no doubt that he has painted some interesting portraits, but I cannot find any ideas in him. And the artistic kin, the heirs, or more properly the slaves of this great man, are really preceptors of the lowest art. What do they teach us? Nothing. A good picture will never come from their *École des Beaux-Arts.* The most precious thing is the originality, the independence of an artist. Schools have no right to exist; there are only painters. Independently of system and without attaching myself to any party, I have studied the art of the old masters and of the more modern. I have tried to imitate the one as little as I have tried to copy the other, but out of the total knowledge of tradition I have wished to draw a firm and independent sense of my own individuality. My object was by gaining knowledge to gain in ability; to have the power of expressing the ideas, the manners, and the aspect of our epoch according to an appreciation of my own, not merely to be a painter, but a man also—in a word, to practise living art is the compass of my design. I am not only a socialist, but also a democrat and a republican—that is to say, a supporter of every revolution; and, moreover, a sheer realist, which means a loyal adherent to the *vérité vraie.* But the principle of realism is the negation of the ideal. And following all that comes from this negation of the ideal, I shall arrive at the emancipation of the individual, and, finally, at democracy. Realism, in its essence, is democratic art. It can only exist by the representation of things which the artist can see and handle. For painting is an entirely physical language, and an abstract, invisible, non-existent object does not come within its province. The grand painting which we have stands in contradiction with our social conditions, and ecclesiastical painting in contradiction with the spirit of the century. It is nonsensical for painters of more or less talent to dish up themes in which they have no belief, themes which

could only have flowered in some epoch other than our own. Better paint railway-stations with views of the places through which one travels, with likenesses of great men through whose birthplace one passes, with engine-houses, mines, and manufactories; for these are the saints and miracles of the nineteenth century."

These doctrines fundamentally tallied with those which the Neapolitan and Spanish naturalists vindicated in the seventeenth century against the eclectics. For men like Poussin, Lesueur, and Sassoferato Raphael was "an angel and not a man," and the Vatican "the academy of painters." But Velasquez when he came to Rome found it wearisome. "What do you say of our Raphael? Do you not think him best of all, now that you have seen everything that is fair and beautiful in Italy?" Don Diego inclined his head ceremoniously, and observed: "To confess the truth, for I like to be candid and open, I must acknowledge that I do not care about Raphael at all." There are reported utterances of Caravaggio which correspond almost word for word with those of Courbet. He, too, declaimed against the antique and Raphael, in whose shadow he saw so many shallow imitators sitting at their ease, and he declared, in a spirit of sharp opposition, that the objects of daily life were the only true teachers. He would owe all to nature and nothing to art. He held painting without the model to be absurd. So long as the model was out of sight, his hands and his spirit were idle. Moreover he called himself a democratic painter, who brought the fourth estate into honour; he "would rather be the first of vulgar painters than second amongst the superfine." And just as these naturalists in the seventeenth century were treated by the academical artists as rhyparographists, Courbet's programme did not on the whole facilitate his acceptance in formal exhibitions as he desired that it should. A play must be acted, a manuscript printed, and a picture viewed. So Courbet had no desire to remain an outsider. When the picture committee of the World Exhibition of 1855 gave his pictures an unfavourable position, he withdrew them and offered them to public inspection separately in a wooden hut in the vicinity of the Pont d'Jena,

just at the entry of the exhibition. Upon the hut was written in big letters: REALISM—G. COURBET. And in the interior the theories which he had urged hitherto by his tongue and his pen, at the tavern and in his pamphlets, were demonstrated by thirty-eight large pictures, which elucidate his whole artistic development.

"Lot's Daughters" and "Love in the Country" were followed in 1844 by the portrait of himself and the picture of his dog, in 1845 by "A Guitarrero," in 1846 by the "Portrait of M. M——," and in 1847 by "The Walpurgisnacht," all works in which he was still groping his way. "The Sleeping Bathers," "The Violoncello Player," and a landscape from his native province, belonging to the year 1848, made a nearer approach to his realistic aim, and with the date 1849 there are seven portraits, landscapes, and pictures from popular national life: "The Painter," "M. H. T—— looking over Engravings," "The Vintage in Ornans below the Roche du Mont," "The Valley of the Bue seen from the Roche du Mont," "View of the Château of Saint-Denis," "Evening in the Village of Scey-en-Varay," and "Peasants returning from Mass near Flagey." All these works had passed the doors of the Salon without demur.

The first picture which brought about a collision of opinion was "A Fire in Paris," and, according to the account given by contemporaries, it must have been one of his finest works. Firemen, soldiers, artisans in jacket and blouse, were exerting themselves, according to Paul d'Abrest who describes the picture, around a burning house; even women helped in the work of rescue, and formed part of the chain handing buckets from the pump. Opposite stood a group of young dandies with girls upon their arms looking inactively upon the scene. An artillery captain, who was amongst Courbet's acquaintances, had through several nights sounded the alarm for his men and exercised them on the scaffolding of a wall, so that the painter could make his studies. Courbet transferred his studio to the barracks and made sketches by torch-light. But he had reckoned without the police; scarcely was the picture finished before it was seized,

Paris : Baschet.] COURBET: "THE STONE-BREAKERS."

as the Government recognized in it, for reasons which did not appear, "an incitement to the people of the town." This was after the *coup d'état* of 1851.

So Courbet's manifesto was not "The Fire in Paris." "The Stone-breakers," two men in the dress of artisans, in a plain evening landscape, occupied once more the first place in the exhibition of 1855, having already made the effect, amongst its classical surroundings in the Salon of 1851, of a rough, true, and honest word, spoken amid elaborate society phrases. There was also to be seen "Afternoon at Ornans"—a gathering of humble folk sitting after meal-time at a table laid out in a rustic kitchen. A picture which became celebrated under the title of "Bonjour, M. Courbet" dealt with a scene from Courbet's native town. Courbet, just arrived, is alighting from a carriage in his travelling costume, looking composedly about him with a pipe in his mouth. A respectable prosperous gentleman, accompanied by a servant in livery, who is carrying his overcoat, is stretching out his hand to him. This gentleman is M. Bryas, the Mæcenas of Ornans, who for long was Courbet's only purchaser, and who had the mania of having his portrait taken by forty Parisian painters in order to learn the "manners" of the various artists. And there was further to be seen the "Demoiselles de Village" of 1852, three country beauties giving a piece of cake to a peasant-girl. Finally as masterpieces there were "The Funeral at Ornans," which now hangs in the Louvre, and that great canvas, designated in the catalogue as "a real allegory," "My Studio after Seven Years of Artistic Life," the master himself painting a landscape. Behind him is a nude model, and in front of him a beggar-woman with her child. Around are portrait-figures of his friends and the heroes of his pictures—a poacher, a parson, a sexton, labourers, and artisans.

The exhibition was, at all events, a success with young painters, and Courbet set up a teaching studio, at the opening of which he again issued a kind of manifesto in the *Courrier du Dimanche*. "Beauty," he wrote, "lies in nature, and it is to be met with under the most various forms. As soon as it is found it belongs to art, or rather to the artist who discovers

it. But the painter has no right to add to this expression of nature, to alter the form of it and thereby weaken it. The beauty offered by nature stands high above all artistic convention. That is the basis of my views of art." It is said that his first model was an ox. When his pupils wanted another Courbet said, "Very well, gentlemen, next time let us study a courtier." The break-up of the school is supposed to have taken place when one day the ox ran away and was not to be recaptured.

Courbet did not trouble himself over such ridicule, but painted quietly on, the many-sidedness of his talent soon giving him a firm seat in every saddle. After the scandal of the separate exhibition of 1855 he was excluded from the Salon until 1861, and during this time exhibited in Paris and Besançon upon his own account. "The Funeral at Ornans" was followed by "The Return from Market," a party of peasants on the high-road, and in 1860 by "The Return from the Conference," in which a number of French country priests have celebrated their meeting with a hearty lunch and set out on the way back in a condition which is far too jovial. In 1861, when the gates of the Champs Elysées were thrown open to him once more, he received the medal for his "Battle of the Stags," and regularly contributed to the Salon until 1870. In these years he attempted pictures with many figures less frequently, and painted by preference hunting and animal pieces, landscapes, and the nude figures of women. "The Woman with the Parrot," a female figure mantled with long hair, lying undressed amid the cushions of a couch playing with her gaudily feathered favourite, "The Fox Hunt," a coast scene in Provence, the portrait of Proudhon and his family, "The Valley of the Puits-Noir," "Roche Pagnan," "The Roe Hunt," "The Charity of a Beggar," the picture of women bathing in the gloom of the forest, and "The Wave," afterwards acquired by the Luxembourg, belong to his principal works in the sixties.

These works gradually made him so well-known that after 1866 his pictures came to have a considerable sale. The critics began to take him seriously. Castagnary made his début in the *Siècle* with a study of Courbet; Champfleury, the apostle of

COURBET: "MY STUDIO AFTER SEVEN YEARS OF ARTISTIC LIFE."

L'Art.] [*D. Mordant sc.*

COURBET: "THE RETURN FROM MARKET."

literary realism, devoted to him a whole series of *feuilletons* in the *Messager de l'Assemblée*, and from his intercourse with him Proudhon derived the fundamental principles of his book on Realism. The son of Franche-Comté triumphed, and there was a beam in his laughing eyes, always like those of a deer. His talent began more and more to unfold its wings in the sun of success, and his force of production seemed inexhaustible. When the custom arose of publishing in the Parisian papers accounts of the budget of painters, he took care to communicate that in six months he had made a hundred and twenty-three thousand francs. Incessantly busy, he had in his hand at one moment the brush and at another the chisel. And when he gave another special exhibition of his works in 1867, at the time of the great World Exhibition—he had a mania for wooden booths—he was able to put on view no less than a hundred and thirty-two pictures in addition to numerous pieces of sculpture. In 1869 the committee of the Munich Exhibition

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

COURBET: "THE BATTLE OF THE STAGS."

set apart a whole room for his works. With a self-satisfied smile he put on the Order of Michael, and was the hero of the day whom all eyes followed upon the boulevards.

The nature of the bullfighter was developed in him more strongly than before, and he stretched his powerful limbs, prepared to do battle against all existing opinions. Naturally the events of the following years found no idle spectator in such a firebrand as Courbet; and accordingly he rushed into those follies which embittered the evening of his life. The *maître peintre d'Ornans* became Courbet *le colonnard*. First came the sensational protest with which he returned to the Emperor Napoleon the Order of the Legion of Honour. Four weeks after Courbet had plunged into this affair the war broke out. Eight weeks later came Sedan and the proclamation of the Republic, and shortly afterwards the siege of Paris and the insurrection. On September 4th, 1870, the Provisional Government appointed him Director of the Fine Arts. Afterwards he became a member of the Commune, and dominated everywhere, with the *brûle-gorge* in his mouth, by the power of his voice; and France has to thank

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Pirodon sc.*

COURBET: "DEER IN COVERT."

him for the rescue of a large number of her most famous treasures of art. He had the rich collections of Thiers placed in the Louvre, to protect them from the rough and ready violence of the populace. But to save the Luxembourg he sacrificed the column of the Vendôme. When the Commune fell, however, Courbet alone was held responsible for the destruction of the column. He was brought before the court martial of Versailles, and, although Thiers undertook his defence, he was condemned to six months' imprisonment. Having undergone this punishment he received his freedom once more, but the artist had still to suffer a mortal blow. The pictures which he had destined for the Salon of 1873 were rejected by the committee, because Courbet was held morally unworthy to take part in the exhibition.

Soon after this an action was brought against him, on the initiative of certain reactionary papers, for the payment of damages connected with the overthrow of the Vendôme column,

COURBET: "THE STREAM OF THE PUITS-NOIR."

and the painter lost his case. For the recovery of these damages, which were assessed at three hundred and thirty-four thousand francs, the Government brought to the hammer his furniture and the pictures that were in his studio by a compulsory sale at the Hôtel Drouot, where they fetched the absurdly trifling figure of twelve thousand one hundred and eighteen francs fifty centimes. Himself the action drove from France to Switzerland. He gave the town of Vevay, where he settled, a bust of Helvetia, as a mark of his gratitude for the hospitality it had extended towards him. But the artist was crushed in him. "They have killed me," he said; "I feel that I shall never do anything good again." And thus the jovial, laughing Courbet, that honoured leader of an opulent pleiad of disciples, the friend and companion of Corot, Decamps, Gustave Planche, Baudelaire, Théophile Gautier, Silvestre, Proudhon, and Champfleury, the enthusiastic patriot and idol of the fickle Parisians, passed his last years in melancholy solitude, forgotten by his adherents and scorned by his adversaries.

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Gilbert sc.*

COURBET: "A WOMAN BATHING."

(By permission of M. Sainctelette, of Brussels, the owner of the picture.)

He was attacked by an affection of the liver, and privation, disillusionment, and depression came all at once. Moreover the French Government began again to make claims for indemnification. His heart broke in a prolonged mortal struggle. Shortly before his death he said to a friend: "What am I to live upon, and how am I to pay for the column? I have saved Thiers more than a million francs, and the State more than ten millions, and now they are at my heels—they are baiting me to death. I can do no more. To work one must have peace of spirit, and I am a ruined man." And Champfleury writes, referring to the last visit which he paid to the dying exile on December 19th, 1877: "His beard and hair were white, and all that remained of the handsome, all-powerful Courbet whom I had known was that notable Assyrian profile, which he raised to the snow of the Alps, as I sat beside him and saw it for the last time. The sight of such pain and misery as this premature wreck of the whole man was overwhelming."

The Lake of Geneva, over which he looked from his window in Vevay, was the subject of the last picture that he painted in Switzerland. Far from home and amid indifferent strangers he

Braun photo.]
COURBET: "DEER IN THE FOREST."

closed his eyes, which had once been so brilliant, in endless grief of spirit. The apostle of realism died of a broken heart, the herculean son of Franche-Comté could not suffer disillusionment. Courbet passed away, more or less forgotten, upon New Year's Eve in 1877, in that chilly hour of morning when the lake which he had learnt to love trembles beneath the first beams of the sun. It was only in Belgium, where he had often stayed and where his influence was considerable, that the intelligence of his death woke a painful echo. In Paris it met with no word of sympathy. Courbetism was extinguished; as impressionists and independents his adherents had gathered round new flags. Zola has done him honour in *L'Œuvre* in the person of old Bongrand, that half-perished veteran who is only mentioned now and then with veneration.

And the course of development has indeed been so rapid since Courbet's appearance that in these days one almost fails to understand, apart from historical reasons, the grounds which in 1855 made his separate exhibition of his works an event of epoch-making importance. It was not Cham alone who at that time devoted a large cartoon to Courbet, as he did in "The Opening of Courbet's Studio and Concentrated Realism." All the

comic journals of Paris were as much occupied with him as with the crinoline, the noiseless pavement, the new tramways, or the balloon. Haussard, the principal representative of criticism, in discussing "The Funeral at Ornans," spoke of "these burlesque masks with their fuddled red noses, this village priest who seems to be a tippler, and the harlequin of a veteran who is putting on a hat which is too big for him." All this, he continued, suggested a masquerade funeral, six meters long, in which there was more to laugh at than to weep over. Even Paul Mantz declared that the most extravagant fancy could not descend to such a degree of jejune triviality and repulsive hideousness. In a *revue d'année* produced at the Odéon, the authors, Philoxène Hoyer and Théodore de Banville, make "a realist" say :—

"Faire vrai ce n'est rien pour être réaliste,
C'est faire laid qu'il faut! Or, monsieur, s'il vous plait,
Tout ce que je dessine est horriblement laid!
Ma peinture est affreuse, et, pour qu'elle soit vraie,
J'en arrache le beau comme on fait de l'ivraie.
J'aime les teints terreux et les nez de carton,
Les fillettes avec de la barbe au menton,
Les trognes de Varasque et de coquecigrues,
Les dorillons, les cors aux pieds et les verrues!
Voilà le vrai!"

So it went on through the sixties also. When the Empress Eugénie passed through the exhibition on the opening day of the Salon of 1866, with an elegant walking-stick in her hand, she was so indignant at Courbet's "Naked Women" that the picture had to be immediately removed. In the beginning of the seventies, when he exhibited in Germany, a few young Munich painters recognized in his pictures something like the cry of a conscience. But, otherwise, "artists and laymen shook their heads, not knowing what to make of them. Some smiled and went indifferently on, while others were indignant in their condemnation of this degradation of art." For "Courbet went to the lowest depths of society, and took his themes from a class where man really ceases to be man, and the image of God prolongs a miserable existence as a moving mass of flesh. Living bodies with dead souls, which exist only for the sake

of their animal needs; in one place sunk in misery and wretchedness, and in another having never risen from their brutal savagery—that is the society from which Courbet chooses his motives, to gloss over the debility of his imagination and his want of any kind of training. Had he possessed the talent for composition, then, perhaps, his lifeless technique would have become interesting; as it is he offers a merely arbitrary succession of figures in which coherence is entirely wanting." In "The Stone-breakers" it was an offence that he should have treated such "an excessively commonplace subject" at all as mere artisans in ragged and dirty clothes. And by "The Funeral at Ornans" it was said that he meant to sneer at the religious ceremony, since the picture had a defiant and directly brutal vulgarity. The painter was alleged to have taken pains to expose the repulsive, ludicrous, and grotesque elements in the members of the funeral party, and to have softened no feature which could excite an unseasonable merriment. In the "Demoiselles de Village" the design had been to contrast the stilted, provincial nature of these village misses with the healthy simplicity of a peasant child. In the picture, painted in 1857, of the two grisettes lying in the grass on the banks of the Seine, he had "intentionally placed the girls in the most unrefined attitudes, that they might appear as trivial as possible." And umbrage was taken at his two naked wrestlers because he "had not painted wrestlers more or less like those of classic times, but the persons who exhibit the strength of their herculean frames at the Hippodrome," and therefore given "the most vulgar rendering of nudity that was at all possible." And in his naked women it was said that this love of ugly and brutal forms became actually base.

All these judgments are characteristic symptoms of the same sort of taste which rose in the seventeenth century against Caravaggio. Even his principal work, the altar-piece to St. Matthew, which now hangs in the Berlin Museum, excited so much indignation that it had to be removed from the Church of St. Luigi de Francesi in Rome. Annibale Carracci has a scornful caricature in which the Neapolitan master appears as

Paris: Baschet.]

COURBET: "GIRLS LYING ON THE BANK OF THE SEINE."

a hairy savage, with a dwarf at his side and two apes upon his knees, and, in this fashion, intended to brand the hideousness of his rival's art and his ape-like imitation of misshapen nature. Francesco Albani called him the "Antichrist of Painting," and "a ruination to art." And Baglione adds: "Now a number of young men sit down to copy a head after nature; they study neither the foundations of drawing, nor concern themselves about the more profound conditions of art, merely contenting themselves with a crude reproduction of nature, and therefore they do not even know how to group two figures appropriately, nor to bring any theme into an artistic composition. No one any longer visits the temples of art, but every one finds his masters and his models for a servile imitation of nature in the streets and open places." The nineteenth century forms a different estimate of Caravaggio. In opposing his fortune-telling

gipsies, his tipplers, gamblers, musicians, and dicing mercenaries, to the noble figures of the academical artists, with their generalized and carefully balanced forms, their trivial, nugatory countenances, and their jejune colouring, he accomplished the legitimate and necessary reaction against a shallow and empty idealistic mannerism. No one is grateful to the eclectic artists for the learned efforts which it cost them to paint so tediously: here is the fascination of a strong personality and a virile emphasis in form, colour, and light. The Carracci and Albani were the issue of their predecessors; Caravaggio is honoured as a fearless pioneer who opened a new chapter in the history of art.

Courbet met with a similar fate.

If one approaches him after reading the criticisms of his pictures already cited, a great disillusionment is inevitable. Having imagined a grotesque monster, one finds to one's astonishment that there is not the slightest occasion either for indignation or laughter in the presence of these powerful, sincere, and energetic pictures. One has expected caricatures and a repulsive hideousness, and one finds a broad and masterly style of painting. The heads are real without being vulgar, and the flesh firm and soft and throbbing with powerful life. Courbet is a personality. He began by imitating the Flemish painters and the Neapolitans. But far more did he feel himself attracted by the actual world, by massive women and strong men, and wide fertile fields smelling of manure and the earth. As a healthy and sensuously vigorous man, he felt a voluptuous satisfaction in clasping actual nature in his herculean arms. Of course by the side of his admirable pictures there are others which are heavy and uncouth. But if one is honest one paints according to one's inherent nature, as old Navez, the pupil of David, was in the habit of saying. Courbet was honest, and he was also a somewhat unwieldy being, and therefore his painting too has something bluff and cumbrous. But where in all French art is there such a sound painter, so sure of his effects and with such a large bravura, a *maître peintre* who was so many-sided, extending his dominion as much over figure-painting as landscape, over the nude as over *nature morte*? There is no artist so many of whose pictures

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Waltner sc.*

COURBET: "A RECUMBENT WOMAN."

may be seen together without surfeit, for he is novel in almos every work. He has painted not a few pictures of which it may be said that each one is *sui generis*, and on the variations of which elsewhere entire reputations might have been founded. With the exception of Millet, no one had observed man and nature with such a sincere and unfettered glance. With the great realists of the past Courbet shares the characteristic of being everywhere and exclusively a portrait-painter. A pair of stone-breakers, kneeling as they do in his picture, with their faces protected by a wire-mask, were figures which every one saw working at the street corner, and Courbet represented the scene as faithfully as he could, as sincerely and positively as was at all possible. "Afternoon in Ornans" is a pleasant picture, in which he took up again the good tradition of Lenain. And in "The Funeral at Ornans" he has painted exactly the manner in which such ceremonies take place in the country. The peasants and dignitaries of a little country town—portrait-figures such as the masters of the fifteenth century brought into their religious pictures—have followed the funeral train, and behave themselves at the grave just as peasants would. They

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Gilbert sc.*

COURBET: BERLIOZ.

make no impassioned gesticulations, and form themselves into no fine groups, but stand there like true rustics, sturdy and indifferent. They are men of flesh and blood, they are like the people of real life, and they have been subjected to no alteration: on the one side are the women tearfully affected by the words of the preacher, on the other are the men bored by the ceremony or discussing their own affairs. In the "Demoiselles de Village" he gives a portrait of his own sisters, as they went to a dance of a Sunday afternoon. The "Girls lying on the Bank of the Seine" are grisettes of 1850, such as Gavarni often drew; they are both dressed in doubtful taste, one asleep, the other lost in a vacant reverie. His naked women make a very tame effect compared with the colossal masses of human flesh in that cascade of nude women of the plumpest description who in Rubens's "Last Judgment" plunge in confusion into hell, like a bucketful of fish poured out. But they are amongst the best nude female figures which have been created in the nineteenth century. Courbet was a painter of the family of Rubens and Jordaens. He had the preference shown by the old Flemish artists for healthy, plump, soft flesh, for fair, fat, and forty, the three F's of feminine beauty, and in his works he gave the academicians a lesson well worth taking to heart; he showed them that it was possible to attain a powerful effect, and even grace itself, by strict fidelity to the forms of reality.

His portraits—and he had the advantage of painting Berlioz and Baudelaire, Champfleury and Proudhon—are possibly not of conspicuous eminence as likenesses. As Caravaggio, according to Bellori, "had only spirit, eyes and diligence for flesh-tints, skin, blood and the natural surface of objects," a head was merely

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*H. Guérard sc.*

COURBET: "THE HIND ON THE SNOW."

(By permission of Count de Douville-Maillefeu, the owner of the picture.)

a *morceau* like anything else for Courbet too, and not the central point of a thinking and sensitive being. The physical man, Taine's human animal, was more important in his eyes than the psychical. He painted the epidermis without giving much suggestion of what was beneath. But he painted this surface in such a broad and impressive manner that the pictures are interesting as pictorial masterpieces if not as analyses of character.

To these his landscapes and animal pieces must be added as the works on which his talent displayed itself in the greatest purity and most inherent vigour: "The Battle of the Stags," that most admirable picture "The Hind on the Snow," "Deer in Covert," views of the moss-grown rocks and sunlit woods of Ornans and the green valleys of the Franche-Comté. He had the special secret of painting with a beautiful tone and a broad, sure stroke dead plumage and hunting-gear, the bristling hide of wild-boars, and the more delicate coat of deer and of dogs. As a landscape-painter he does not belong to the family of Corot and Dupré. His landscapes are green no doubt, but they

Scribner's Magazine.]
COURBET: "AFTER THE CHASE."

have limitations; the leaves hang motionless on the branches, undisturbed by a breath of wind. Courbet has forgotten the most important thing, the air. Whatever the time of the year or the day may be, winter or summer, evening or morning, he sees nothing but the form of things, regarding the sun as a machine which has no other purpose than to mark the relief of objects by light and shade. Moreover the lyricism of the Fontainebleau painters was not in him. He paints without reverie, and knows nothing of that tender faltering of the landscape-painter in which the poet awakes, but has merely the equanimity of a good and sure worker. In regard to nature he has the sentiments of a peasant who tills his land, is never elegiac or bucolic, and would be most indignant if a nymph were to tread on the furrows of his fields. He paints with a pipe in his mouth, and a spade in his hand, the plain and the hills, potatoes and cabbages, rich turf and slimy rushes, oxen with steaming nostrils heavily ploughing the clods, cows lying down and breathing at ease the damp air of the meadows drenched with rain. He delights in fertile patches of country, and in the healthy odour of the cow-house. A material heaviness and a prosaic sincerity are stamped upon all. But his painting has a solidity delightful to the eye. It is inspiriting to meet a man who has such a

resolute and simple love of nature, and can interpret her afresh in powerful and sound colour without racking his brains. His attachment to the spot of earth where he was born is a leading characteristic of his art. He borrowed from Ornans the motives of his most successful creations, and was always glad to return to his parents' house. The patriotism of the church-spire, provincialism, and a touching and vivid sense of home are peculiar to all his landscapes. But in his sea-pieces, to which he was incited by a residence in Trouville in the summer of 1865, he has opened an altogether new province to French art. *Eugène Le Poittevin*, who exhibited a good deal in Berlin in the forties, and therefore became very well known in Germany, cannot count as a painter. *Théodore Gudin*, whose signature is likewise highly valued in the market, was a frigid and rough-and-ready scenical painter. His little sea-pieces have a professional manner, and the large naval battles and fires at sea which he executed by the commission of Louis Philippe for the Museum of Versailles are frigid, pompous, and spectacular sea-pieces parallel with Vernet's battle-pieces. *Ziem*, who gave up his time to Venice and the Adriatic, is the progenitor of Eduard Hildebrandt. His water and sky take all the colours of the prism, and the objects grouped between these luminous elements, houses, ships, and men, equally receive a share of these flattering and iridescent tones. This gives something seductive and dazzling to his sketches, until it is at last perceived that he has only painted one picture, repeating it mechanically in all dimensions. Courbet was the first French painter of sea-pieces who had a feeling for the sombre majesty of the sea. The ocean of Gudin and Ziem inspires neither wonder nor veneration, that of Courbet does both. His very quietude is expressive of majesty; his peace is imposing, his smile grave; and his caress is not without a menace.

Courbet has positively realized the programme which he issued in that pamphlet of 1855. When he began his activity, eclectic idealism had overgrown the tree of art. But Courbet stripped off the parasitic vegetation to reach the firm and serviceable timber. And having once grasped it he showed the

[*H. Lebord sc.*

STEVENS: "SPRING."

muscles of an athlete in making its power felt. Something of the old Flemish sturdiness lived once more in his bold creations. If he and Delacroix were united, the result would be Rubens. Delacroix had the fervour and passionate tamelessness, while Courbet contributed the Flemish weight. Each made use of blood, purple, thrones, and Golgothas in composing the dramas they had imagined. The latter pictured creation with the absolutism of complete objectivity. Delacroix rose on the horizon like a brilliant meteor catching flame from the light of vanished suns; he reflected their radiance, had almost their magnitude, and followed the same course amid the same coruscation and blaze of light. Courbet stands firm and steady upon the earth. The former had the second sight known to visionaries, the latter opened his eyes to the world that can be felt and handled. Neurotic and distempered, Delacroix worked feverishly. As a sound, full-blooded being Courbet painted, as a man drinks, digests, and talks, with an activity that knows no exertion, a force that knows no weariness. Delacroix was a small, weakly man, and his whole power rested in his huge head. That of Courbet,

L'Art.] [*Jasinski sc.*

STEVENS: "THE LADY IN PINK."

as in animals of beauty and power, was dispersed through his whole frame; his big arms and athletic hands render the same service to his art as his eyes and his brain. And as, like all sincere artists, he rendered himself, he was the creator of an art which has an irrepressible health and overflows with an exuberant opulence. His pictures brought a savour of the butcher's shop into French painting, which had become anæmic. He delighted in plump shoulders and sinewy necks, broad breasts heaving over the corset, the glow of the skin dripping with warm drops of water in the bath, the hide of deer and the coat of hares, the iridescent shining of carp and cod-fish. Delacroix, all brain, caught fire from his inward visions; Courbet, all eye and maw, with the sensuousness of an epicure and the satisfaction of a *gourmet*, gloats over the shining vision of things which can be devoured—a Gargantua with a monstrous appetite he buried himself in the navel of the generous earth. Plants, fruit, and vegetables take voluptuous life beneath his brush. He triumphs when he has to paint a *déjeuner* with oysters, lemons, turkeys, fish, and pheasants. His mouth waters when he heaps into a picture of still-life all manner of delicious eatables. The only drama that he has painted is "The Battle of the Stags," and this will end in brown sauce amid a cheerful clatter of forks.

Even as a landscape-painter he is luxurious and phlegmatic.

L'Art.] [*Jasinski sc.*

STEVENS: "LA BÊTE À BON-DIEU."

In his pictures the earth is a corpulent nurse, the trees fine and well-fed children, and all nature healthy and contented. His art is like a powerful body fed with rich nourishment. In such organisms the capacity for enthusiasm and delicacy of sentiment are too easily sacrificed to their physical satisfaction, but their robust health ensures them the longer life. Here is neither the routine and external technique and the correct, academic articulation of form belonging to mannerists, nor the strained, neurotic, sickly refinement of the decadents, but the powerful utterance of inborn, aboriginal talent, and the strong cries of nature which rise out of it will be understood at all times, even the most distant.

But that Courbet's doctrine of art, with its exclusive emphasis of reality and its one-sided contempt of "the ideal," would be highly unseasonable in these days, does not need to be insisted upon. In this respect he is at one with Dubois-Reymond, who declared in an academic speech that "centaurs, sphinxes, hydras, and Pegasus are the creations of an art that despised nature, and one which the modern man, scientifically educated as he is, can only regard with distaste." Fortunately art has to reckon neither with Courbet nor with Dubois-Reymond. It would go ill with art were "poetry a folly, the ideal a falsehood," and if every figure which has no authentic counterpart on the earth were for no other reason a lie in painting. Not only the world

L'Art.] [*Yon sc.*

STEVENS: "THE JAPANESE MASK."

around us but the world in us belongs to art, and if any painter has the strength to body forth this world of his artistic consciousness so powerfully as to create belief in others, his work is "true." Boecklin's mermaids and mermen could not be more full of life if they had their existence outside the imagination of the master in the real world. Just because Courbet had no sense whatever for this province, the history of art may be able to do him honour as a good craftsman, an astonishing artisan, and a vigorous copyist of the pictures spread before him in nature, but not as an entirely great artist. For the highest prize will always be awarded to

> "Der ewig beweglichen
> Immer neuen
> Seltsamen Tochter Jovis,
> Seinem Schooskinde,
> Der Phantasie."

Even if painting confined itself to reality, an art without ideal, a *vérité vraie*, as Courbet would put it, would be a monstrosity, or, at any rate, exceedingly uninteresting. In art there is no *vérité vraie* such as he speaks of, but only a truth seen through a temperament. For reality, as such, impresses different minds in a different way; the Philistine has a different vision from the man of genius. Even if the painter wishes to copy nature, he alters her. And perhaps the more, the more he is of an artist; and precisely because Courbet suppressed his temperament in the interests

L'Art.] [*Mongin sc.*

STEVENS: "THE VISITORS."

(*By permission of Mons. Faure, the owner of the picture.*)

of *vérité vraie*, and strove with all his power after objectivity, which at bottom is entirely nugatory, he isolated himself from the moderns. The jejune representation of nature after the fashion of a camera obscura is a thing which predominates in him, rather than the seizure of a personal impression affected by temperament; the consciousness of the form of an object is what guides his hand, rather than a pictorial intuition of what is given in nature as a whole.

But these are all matters of which it is easy to speak with eloquence now that the impressionists have gone beyond Courbet, and ultimately even raised a new idealism on the basis of this new art, which has become such a refreshing thing for the world. History cannot afford to forget—and it never will—that impressionism as well as the new idealism only became possible when the false sectarian idealism, as it was once practised in a professional spirit, was finally trodden under foot, and the basis of a perfectly objective and religious study of nature laid firmly down. What is held beautiful in nature must likewise be beautiful in pictorial art when it is faithfully represented, and nature is beautiful everywhere. In announcing this and demonstrating it in pictures of life-size, Courbet won for art all the

wide dominion of modern life which had hitherto been so studiously avoided —the dominion in which it had to revel if it was to learn to see with its own eyes. One fragment of reality after another would then be drawn into the sphere of representation, and no longer in the form of laboriously composed *genre* pictures, but after the fashion of really pictorial works of art.

Paris: Baschet.]

RICARD: MADAME DE CALONNE.

What Millet had done for the peasant, and Courbet for the artisan, *Alfred Stevens* did for "society:" he discovered the *Parisienne*. Until 1850 the graceful life of the refined classes, which Gavarni, Marcellin and Cham had so admirably drawn, found no adequate representation in the province of painting. The *Parisienne*, who is so *chic* and piquant, and can hate and kiss with such fervour, fascinated every one, but Grecian profile was a matter of prescription. *Auguste Toulmouche* painted little women in fashionable toilette, but less from any taste he had for the graceful vision than from delight in *genre* painting. They were forced to find forbidden books in the library, to resist worldly marriages, or behave in some such interesting fashion, to enter into the kingdom of art. It was reserved for a foreigner to reveal this world of beauty, *chic*, and grace.

Alfred Stevens was a child of Brussels. He was born in the land of Flemish matrons on May 11th, 1828, and was the second of three children. Joseph, the elder brother, became afterwards the celebrated painter of animals; Arthur, the

L'Art.] [*Quarante sc.*

CHAPLIN: "THE GOLDEN AGE."

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youngest, became an art-critic and a picture-dealer; he was one of the first who brought home to the public comprehension the noble art of Rousseau, Corot, and Millet. Stevens' father fought as an officer in the great army at the battle of Waterloo, and is said to have been an accomplished critic. Some of the ablest sketches of Delacroix, Devéria, Charlet, and Roqueplan found their way into his charming home. Roqueplan, who often came to Brussels, took the younger Stevens with him to his Parisian studio. He was a tall, graceful young man, who, with his vigorous upright carriage, his finely chiselled features, and his dandified moustache, looked like an officer of dragoons or cuirassiers. He was a pleasure-loving man of the world, and was soon the lion of Parisian drawing-rooms. The grace of modern life in great cities became the domain of his art. The *Parisienne*, whom his French fellow-artists passed by without heed, was a strange, interesting phenomenon to him, who was a foreigner—an exotic and exquisitely artistic *bibelot*, which he looked upon with eyes as enraptured as those with which Decamps had looked upon the East.

His very first picture, exhibited in 1855, was called "At Home." A charming little woman is warming her feet at the fire; she has returned from visiting a friend, and it has been raining or snowing outside. Her delicate hands are frozen in spite of her muff, her cheeks have been reddened by the wind, and she has a pleasant sense of comfort as her rosy lips breathe the warm

air of the room. From the time of this picture women took possession of Stevens' easel. His way was prescribed for him, and he never left it. Robert Fleury, the president of the judging committee in the Salon, said to him: "You are a good painter, but alter your subjects; you are stifling in a sphere which is too small; how wide and grand is that of the past!" Whereon Stevens is said to have showed him a volume of photographs from Velasquez. "Look here at Velasquez," he said. "This man never represented anything but what he had before his eyes—people in the Spanish dress of the seventeenth century. And as the justification of my *genre* may be found in this Spanish painter, it may be found also in Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyck, and all the great artists. All these masters of the past derived their strength and the secret of their endurance from the faithful reproduction of what they had themselves seen: it gives their pictures a real historical as well as an artistic value. One can only render successfully what one has felt sincerely and seen vividly before one's eyes in flesh and blood." In these sentences he is at one with Courbet, and by not allowing himself to be led astray into doing sacrifice to the idols of historical painting he continues to live as the historical painter of the *Parisienne*.

Paris: Baschet.]

CHAPLIN: THE COUNTESS AIMERY DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

His whole work is a hymn to the delicate and all-powerful mistress of the world, and it is significant that it was through

woman that art joined issue with the interests of the present. Millet, the first who conquered a province of modern life, was, at the same time, the first great painter of women in the century. Stevens shows the other side of the medal. In Millet woman was a product of nature; in Stevens she is the product of modern civilization. The woman of Millet lives a large animal life, in the sweat of her brow, bowed to the earth. She is the primæval mother who works, bears children, and gives them nourishment. She stands in the field like a caryatid, like a symbol of fertile nature. In Stevens woman does not toil and is seldom a mother. He paints the woman who loves, enjoys, and knows nothing of the great pangs of child-birth and hunger. The one woman lives beneath the wide, open sky, *dans le grand air*; the other is only enveloped in an atmosphere of perfume. She is ancient Cybele in the pictures of Millet; in those of Stevens the holy Magdalene of the nineteenth century, to whom much will be forgiven, because she has loved much. The pictures of Stevens represent, for the first time, the potent relations of woman to the century. Whilst most works of this time are silent concerning ourselves, his art will speak of our weaknesses and our passions. In a period of archaic painting he upheld the banner of modernity. On this account posterity will honour him as one of the first historians of the nineteenth century, and will learn from his pictures all that Greuze has revealed to the present generation about the civilization of the eighteenth century.

And perhaps more, for Stevens never moralized—he merely painted. Painter to the ends of his fingers, like Delacroix, Roqueplan, and Isabey, he stood in need of no anecdotic substratum as an adjunct. The key of his pictures was suggested by no theme, of one sort or another, but by his treatment of colour. The picture was evolved from the first tone he placed upon the canvas, which was the ground-note of the entire scale. He delighted in a thick pasty handling, in beautiful hues, and in finely chased detail. And he was as little inclined to sentimentality as to pictorial novels. Everything is discreet, piquant, and full of charm. He was a delicate spirit avoiding tears and

laughter. Subdued joy, melancholy, and everything delicate and reserved are what he loves; he will have nothing to do with stereotyped arrangement nor supernumerary figures, but although a single person dominates the stage, he never repeats himself. He has followed woman through all her metamorphoses—as mother or in love, weary or excited, proud or humbled, fallen or at the height of success, in her morning-gown or dressed for visiting or a promenade, now on the sea-shore, now in the costume of a Japanese, or dallying with her trinkets as she stands vacantly before the glass. The surroundings invariably form an accompaniment to the melody. A world of exquisite things is the environment of the figures. Rich stuffs, charming *petit-riens* from China and Japan, the most delicate ivory and lacquer-work, the finest bronzes, Japanese fire-screens, and great vases with blossoming sprays, fill the boudoir and drawing-room of the *Parisienne*. In the pictures of Stevens she is the fairy of a paradise made up of all the most capricious products of art. A new world was discovered, a painting which was in touch with life; the symphony of the *salon* was developed in a delicate style. A tender feminine perfume, something at once melancholy and sensuous, streamed from the pictures of Stevens, and by this shade of *demi-monde haut-goût* he won the great public. They could not rise to Millet and Courbet, and Stevens was the first who gave general pleasure without paying toll to the vicious taste for melodramatic, narrative, and humorous *genre* painting. Even in the sixties he was appreciated in England, France, Germany, Russia, and Belgium, and represented in all public and private collections; and through the wide reception offered to his pictures he contributed much to create in the public a comprehension for good painting.

In the same way *James Tissot* achieved the representation of the modern woman. Stevens, a Belgian, painted the *Parisienne*, Tissot, a Frenchman, the Englishwoman. It was not till they went into foreign countries that these artists perceived the grace of what was not deemed suitable to art at home. In Paris from the year 1859 Tissot had painted scenes from the fifteenth century, to which he was moved by Leys, and he studied with

Paris: Baschet.]
GAILLARD: "PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN."

archæological accuracy the costume and furniture of the late Gothic period. When he migrated to England in 1871 he gave up the romantic proclivities of his youth, and devoted himself to the representation of fashionable society. What he has done as a painter in oils has in these days a glazed and antiquated effect; it is only his water-colours—restaurant, theatre, and ball scenes—which still reveal in their æsthetic English grace that twenty years ago he belonged to the pioneers of modernity.

At first Stevens found no successors amongst Parisian painters. A few, indeed, painted interiors in graceful Paris, but they were only frigid compositions of dresses and furniture, without a breath of that delicate aroma which escapes from the works of the Belgian. The portrait-painters alone approached that modern grace which still awaited its historian and poet.

An exceedingly delicate artist, *Gustave Ricard*, in whose likenesses the art of galleries had a congenial revival, was called the modern Van Dyck in the sixties. Living nature did not content him; he wished to learn how it was interpreted by the old masters, and therefore frequented galleries where he sought counsel sometimes from the English portrait-painters, sometimes from Leonardo, Rubens, and Van Dyck. In this way Ricard became a *gourmet* of colour, who knew the technique of the old masters as few others have done, and his works have a golden gallery-tone of great distinction which is attractive.

In *Charles Chaplin* Fragonard was revived. He was the

specialist of languishing flesh and *poudre de riz*, the refined interpreter of aristocratic beauty, one on whose pallet there might still be found a delicate reflection of the *fêtes galantes* of the eighteenth century. In Germany he was principally known by those dreamy, frail, and sensual maidens, well characterized by the phrase of the Empress Eugénie. "M. Chaplin," she said, "I admire you. Your pictures are not merely indecorous, they are more." But Chaplin had likewise the other qualities of the Rococo painter. He was a decorative artist of the first rank, and, like Fragonard, he carelessly scattered round him on all sides grace and beauty, charm and fascination. In 1857 he decorated the *Salon des Fleurs* in the Tuileries, in 1861-65 the bath-room of the Empress in the *Palais de l'Elysée*, and from 1865 a number of private houses in Paris, Brussels, and New York; and there is cast over all these works a refined *haut-goût* of modern Parisian elegance and fragrant Rococo grace. He revived no nymphs, and made no pilgrimage to the island of Cythera; he was more of an epicurean. But Fragonard's fine tones and Fragonard's sensuousness were peculiar to him. He had a method of treating the hair, of introducing little patches, of setting a dimple in the chin, and painting the arms and bosom, which

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Amand Durand sc.*

DUBOIS: "PORTRAIT OF MY SONS."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Sargent pxt.*

CAROLUS DURAN.

had vanished since the Rococo period from the power of French artists. Spring and roses losing their leaves, blossom-like girls *à la* Greuze, and fading beauties who are all the more irresistible, are the elements out of which his refined, indecorous, and yet fragrant art is constituted.

The great engraver *Gaillard* brought Hans Holbein once more into honour. He was the heir of that method of painting, the eternal matrix of which Jan van Eyck left to the world in unapproachable perfection. His energetic but conscientiously minute brush noted every wrinkle of the face, without doing injury to the total impression by this labour of detail. Indeed his pictures are as great in conception and as powerful in characterization as they are small in size. Gaillard is a profound physiognomist who attained the most vivid analysis of character by means of the utmost precision.

Paul Dubois brings us across the Alps; in his portraits he is the same great quattrocentist that he was from the beginning in his plastic works. His ground is that of the excellent and subtile period when Leonardo, who had been in the beginning somewhat arid, grew delicate and allowed a mysterious sphinx-like smile to play round the lips of his women. Manifestly he has studied Prudhon and had much intercourse with Henner in those years when the latter, after his return from Italy, directed attention once more to the old Lombards. From the time when he made his début in 1879 with the portrait of his sons, he received great encouragement, and stands out in these days as the most mature painter of women that the present age has to show. Only the great English portrait-painters Watts and Millais, who are inferior to him in technique,

have excelled him in the embodiment of personalities.

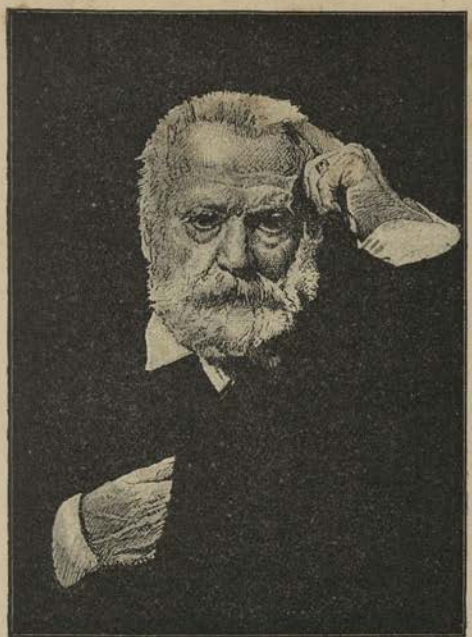
As the most skilful painter of drapery, the most brilliant decorator of feminine beauty, *Carolus Duran* was long celebrated. The studies which he had made in Italy had not caused him to forget that he took his origin from across the Flemish border; and when he appeared with his first portraits, in the beginning of the seventies, it was believed that an eminent colourist had been born to French painting. At that time he had a fine feeling for the eternal feminine and its transitory phases of expression, and he was as dexterous in seizing a fleeting gesture or a turn of the head as he was in the management of drapery and the play of its hues. In his later years, however, he made a gradual transition from delicate and discreetly coquettish works to the crude arts of upholstery. Yet even in his last period he has painted some masculine portraits—those of Pasteur, and of the painters Français, Fritz Thaulow, and René Billotte—which are striking in their vigorous simplicity and unforced characterization after the glaring virtuosity of his pictures of women.

L'Art.] [*L. Massard sc.*

BONNAT: ADOLPHE THIERS.

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

Léon Bonnat, the pupil of Madrazos, brought about the fruitful connection between French painting and that of the old Spaniards. By this a large quantity of the fresh blood of naturalism was poured into it once more. Born in the South of France and educated in Spain, he had conceived there



Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Dujardin helio.*

BONNAT: VICTOR HUGO.

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

a special enthusiasm for Ribera, and these youthful impressions were so powerful that he remained faithful to them in Paris. As early as his residence in Italy, which included the three years from 1858 to 1860, his individuality had been fortified in a degree which prevented him from wasting himself on large academical compositions like the holders of the *Prix de Rome*; on the contrary, he painted scenes from the varied life of the Roman people. Several religious pictures, such as "The Martyrdom of Saint Andrew" (1863), "Saint Vincent de Paul" (1866), and the "Job" of the Luxembourg, showed that he was steadily progressing on the road paved by Spagnaletto. He had a virtuosity in conjuring on to the canvas visages furrowed by the injustices of life—grey hair, waving grey beards, and the starting sinews and muscles of old weather-beaten frames. And in the beginning of the seventies, when he had to paint a Crucifixion for the jury-chamber in the Paris Palais de Justice, he executed a virile figure, the muscles and anatomy of which were as clearly marked as the buttresses in a Gothic cathedral. As in the paintings of Caravaggio, a sharp, glaring light fell upon certain parts of the body, whilst others remained dark and colourless in the gloomy background. He applied the same principles to his portraits. A French Lenbach, he painted in France a gallery of celebrated men. With an almost tangible reality he painted Hugo, Madame Pasta, Dumas, Gounod, Thiers, Grévy, Pasteur,

Puvis de Chavannes, Jules Ferry, Carnot, Cardinal Lavigerie, and others. Over two hundred persons, famous or not, have sat to him, and he has painted them with an exceedingly intelligent power, masculine taste, and a learning which never loses itself in unnecessary detail.

L'Art.] [*Alexis Vollon del.*

ANTOINE VOLLON.

The delicate physiognomy of women, the *frou-frou* of exquisite toilettes, the dreaminess, the fragrance, the coquetry of the modern Sphinx, were no concern of his. On the other hand, his masculine portraits will always keep their interest, were it only on historical grounds. In all of them he laid great stress on characteristic accessories, and could indicate in the simplest way the thinker, the musician, the scholar, and the statesman. One remembers his pictures as though they were phrases uttered with conviction, though a German does not hesitate to place Lenbach far above Bonnat as a psychologist. The latter has not the seizure of momentary effect, the intimacy, the personal note, the palpitating life peculiar to Lenbach. With the intention of saying all things he often forgets the most important—the spirit of the man and the grace of the woman. His pictures are great pieces of still-life—exceedingly conscientious, but having something of the conscientiousness of an actuary copying a tedious protocol. The portrait of Léon Cogniet, the teacher of the master, with his aged face, his spectacled eyes, and his puckered hands (Musée Luxembourg), is perhaps the only likeness in which Bonnat rivals Lenbach in depth of characterization. His pictorial strength is always worthy of respect; but, for the sake of variation, the *esprit* is for once on the side of the German.

Ruled by a passion for the Spanish masters, such as Bonnat possessed, *Roybet* painted cavaliers of the seventeenth century,

L'Art.]

VOLLON: "A CARNIVAL SCENE."

and other historical pictures of manners, which are distinguished to their advantage from older pictures of their type, because it is not the historical anecdote, but the pictorial idea, which is their basis. All the earlier painters were rather bent upon archæological accuracy than on pictorial charm in the treatment of such themes. Roybet revelled in the rich hues of old costumes, and sometimes attained, before he strained his talent in the Procrustean bed of pictures of great size, a bloom and a strong, glowing tone which rival the old masters.

In all periods which have learnt to see the world through a pictorial medium still-life has held an important place in the practice of art. A technical instinct, which is in itself art, delights in investing musical instruments, golden and silver vessels, fruit and other eatables, glasses and goblets, coverings of precious work, gauntlets and armour, all imaginable *petit-riens*, with an artistic magic, in recognizing and executing pictorial problems everywhere. After the transition from historical and *genre* painting had been made to painting proper, there once more appeared great painters of still-life in France as there did in Chardin's days.

Yet *Blaise Desgoffe*, who painted piecemeal and with laborious patience goldsmith's work, crystal vases, Venetian glass, and such things, is certainly rather petty. In France he was the chief representative of that precise and detailed painting which

understands by art a deceptive imitation of objects, and sees its end attained when the Sunday public gathers round the pictures as the birds gathered round the grapes of Zeuxis.

L'Art.] [*Daumont sc.*

BONVIN: "THE COOK."

It is as if an old master had revived in *Philippe Rousseau*. He had the same earnest qualities as the Dutch and Flemish Classic masters—a broad, liquid, pasty method of execution, a fine harmony of clear and powerful tones—and with all this a marvellous address in so composing objects that no trace of "composition" is discernible. His work arose from the animal picture. His painting of dogs and cats is to be ranked with the best of the century. He makes a fourth with Gillot, Chardin, and Decamps, the great painters of monkeys. As a decorator of genius, like Hondekoeter, he embellished a whole series of dining-halls with splendidly coloured representations of poultry, and, like Snyders, he heaped together game, dead and living fowl, fruit, lobsters, and oysters into huge life-size masses of still-life. Behind them the cook may be seen, and thievish cats steal around. But, like Kalf, he has also painted, with an exquisite feeling for colour, Japanese porcelain bowls with bunches of grapes, quinces, and apricots, metal and ivory work, helmets and fiddles, against that delicate grey-brown-green tone of background which Chardin loved.

Antoine Vollon became the greatest painter of still-life in the century. Indeed Vollon is as broad and nervous as Desgoffe is precious and pedantic. Flowers, fruit, and fish—they are all

L'Art.] [*A. Lurat sc.*

BONVIN: "THE WORKSHOP."

painted in with a firm hand, and shine out of the dark background with a full liquid freshness of colour. He paints dead salt-water fish like Abraham van Beyeren, grapes and crystal goblets like Davids de Heem, dead game like Frans Snyders, skinned pigs like Rembrandt and Maes. He is a master in the representation of freshly gathered flowers, delicate vegetables, copper kettles, weapons, and suits of armour. Since Chardin no painter depicted the qualities of the skin of fresh fruit, its life and its play of colour, and the moist bloom that rests upon it, with this truth to nature. His fish in particular will always remain the wonder of all painters and connoisseurs. But landscapes, Dutch canal views, and figure-pictures are also to be found amongst his works. He has painted everything that is picturesque, and the history of art must do him honour as, in a specifically pictorial sense, one of the greatest in the century. A soft grey-brown wainscoting, a black and white Pierrot costume, and a white table-cloth and dark green vegetables—such is the harmony of colour which he chiefly loved in his figure-pictures.

On the same purely pictorial grounds nuns became very popular in painting, as their white hoods and collars standing out against a black dress gave the opportunity for such a fine

[*Heinemann sc.*

THÉODULE RIBOT AT WORK.

effect of tone. This was the province in which poor *François Bonvin* laboured. Deriving from the Dutch, he conceived an enthusiasm for work, silence, the subdued shining of light in interiors, cold days, the slow movements and peaceful faces of nuns, and painted kitchen-scenes with a strong personal accent. Before he took up painting he was for a long time a policeman, and was employed in taking charge of the markets. Here he acquired an eye for the picturesqueness of juicy vegetables, white collars, and white hoods, and, when he had a day free, he studied Lenain and Chardin in the Louvre. Bonvin's pictures have no anecdotic purport. Drinkers, cooks, orphan children in the schoolroom, sempstresses, choristers, sisters of mercy, boys reading, women in church, nuns conducting a sewing-class—Bonvin's still, picturesque, congenial world is made up of elements such as these. What his people may think or do is no matter: they are only meant to create an effect as pictorial tones in space. During his journey to Holland he had examined Metsu, Frans Hals, Pieter de Hoogh, Terborg, and Van der Meer with an understanding for their merits, but it was Chardin in both his phases—as painter of still-life and of familiar events—who was in a special sense revived in Bonvin. All his pictures are simple and quiet; his figures are peaceful in their expression, and have an easy geniality of pose; his hues have a beauty and fulness of tone recalling the old masters.

Even *Théodule Ribot*, the most eminent of the group, one

L'Art.] [*Masson sc.*

RIBOT: "AT A NORMAN INN."

of the most dexterous executants of the French school, a master who for power of expression is worthy of being placed between Frans Hals and Ribera, made a beginning with still-life. He was born in 1823, in a little town of the department of Eure. Early married and poor, he supported himself at first by painting frames in the interests of a company for the manufacture of mirrors, and only reserved the hours of the evening for his artistic labours. In particular he is said to have accustomed himself to work whole nights through by a lamp, while he nursed his wife during a long illness, watching at her bedside. The lamplight intensified the contrasts of light and shadow. Thus Ribot's preference for concentrated light and strong shadows is partially due, in all probability, to what he had gone through in his life, and, in later days, Ribera merely bestowed upon him a benediction as his predecessor in the history of art.

His first pictures from the years 1861 to 1865 were, for the most part, scenes from the spheres of the household and the

L'Art.] [*Penet sc.*

RIBOT: "KEEPING ACCOUNTS."

kitchen: cooks, as large as life, plucking poultry, setting meat before the fire, scouring vessels, or tasting sauces; sometimes, also, figures in the streets; but even here there was a strong accentuation of the element of still-life. There were men with cooking utensils, food, dead birds, and fish. Then after 1865 there followed a number of religious pictures, which, in their hard, peasant-like veracity and their impressive, concentrated life, stood in the most abrupt contrast with the conventionally idealized figures of the academicians. His "Jesus in the Temple," no less than "Saint Sebastian" and "The Good Samaritan"—all three in the Musée Luxembourg—are works of simple and forceful grandeur, and have a thrilling effect which almost excites dismay. Sebastian is no smiling saint gracefully embellished with wounds, but a suffering man, with the blood streaming from his veins, stretched upon the earth; yet half-raising himself, a cry of agony upon his lips, and his whole body contorted by spasms of pain. In his "Jesus in the Temple," going on parallel lines with Menzel, he proclaims the doctrine that it is only possible to pour new life-blood into traditional figures by a tactful choice of models from popular life around. And in "The Good Samaritan," also, he was only concerned to paint, with naturalistic force, the body of a wounded man lying in the street, a thick-set French peasant robbed of his clothes. From the seventies his speciality was heads—separate figures of weather-beaten old folk, old women knitting or writing, old men reading or lost in thought—and

L'Art.] [*L. Monzies sc.*

RIBOT: "ST. SEBASTIAN, MARTYR."

these will always be ranked with the greatest masterpieces of the century. Ribot attains a remarkable effect when he paints those expressive faces of his, which seem to follow you with their looks, and are thrown out from the darkness of his canvas. A black background, in which the dark dresses of his figures are insensibly lost, a luminous head with such eyes as no one of the century has ever painted, wrinkled skin and puckered old hands rising from somewhere—one knows not whence—these are things which all lend his figures something phantasmal, superhuman, and ghostly. Ribot is the great king of the under-world, to which a sunbeam only penetrates by stealth. Before his pictures one has the sense of wandering in a deep, deep shaft of some mine, where all is dark and only now and then a lantern glimmers. No artist, not even Ribera, has been a better painter of old people, and only Velasquez has painted children who have such sparkling life. Ribot worked in Colombes, near Paris, to which place he had

early withdrawn, in a barn where only tiny dormer-windows let in two sharp rays of light.

By placing his canvas beneath one window and his model beneath the other, in a dim light which allowed only one golden ray to fall upon the face, he isolated it completely from its surroundings, and in this way painted the parts illuminated with the more astonishing effect. No one had the same power in modelling a forehead, indicating the bones beneath the flesh, and rendering all the subtilties of skin. A terrible and intense life is in his figures. His old beggars and sailors especially have something kingly in the grand style of their noble and quiet faces. An old master with a powerful technique, a painter of the force and health of Jordaens, has manifested himself once more in Ribot.

Courbet's principles, accordingly, had won all down the line, in the course of a few years. "It is only Ribera, Zurbaran, and Velasquez that I admire; Ostade and Craesbeeck also allure me; and for Holbein I feel veneration. As for M. Raphael, there is no doubt that he has painted some interesting portraits, but I cannot find any ideas in him." In these words he had prophesied as early as 1855 the course which French art would take in the next decade. When Courbet appeared the grand painting stood in thraldom to the *beauté suprême*, and the æsthetic conceptions of the time affected the treatment of contemporary subjects. Artists had not realism enough to give truth and animation to these themes. When Cabanel, Hamon, and Bouguereau occasionally painted beggars and orphans, they were bloodless phantoms, because by beautifying the figures they deprived them of character in the effort to give them, approximately, the forms of historical painting. Because painters did not regard their own epoch, because they had been accustomed to consider living beings merely as elements of the second and third rank, they never discovered the distinctiveness of their essential life. Like a traveller possessed by one fixed mania, they made a voyage round the world, thinking only how they might adapt living forms to those which their traditional training recommended as peculiarly right and alone worthy of

art. Even portrait-painting was dominated by this false method, of rendering figures as types, of improving the features and the contour of bodies, and giving men the external appearance of fair, ideal figures.

But now the sway of the Cinquecento has been finally broken. A fresh breeze of realism from across the Pyrenees has taken the place of the sultry Italian sirocco. From the pictures of the Neapolitans, the Spaniards, and the Dutch it has been learnt that the joys and sorrows of the people are just as capable of representation as the actions of gods and heroes, and under the influence of these views a complete change in the cast has taken place.

The figures which in 1855 filled Courbet's picture "The Studio" —beggar-women, agricultural labourers, artisans, sailors, tippling soldiers, buxom girls, porters, rough members of the proletariat of uncouth stature—now crowd the stage of French art, and impart even to the heroes of history, bred through centuries from degenerated gods, something of their full-blooded, rough, hearty, and plebeian force of life. The artists of Italian taste only gave the rights of citizenship to "universal forms;" every reminiscence of national customs or of local character was counted vulgar; they did not discover the gold of beauty in the rich mines of popular life, but in the classic masters of foreign race. But now even what is unearthly is translated into the terms of earth. If religious pictures are to be painted, artists take men from the people for their model, as Caravaggio did before them—poor old peasants with bones of iron and bronzed, weather-beaten faces, porters with figures bowed and fissured by labour, men of rough, common nature, though of gnarled and pithy muscles. The pictures of martyrs, once artificial compositions of beautiful gesture and vacant, generalized countenances, receive a tone local to the scaffold, a trait of merciless veracity —the heads the energy of a relief, the gestures force and impressiveness, the bodies a science in their modelling which would have rejoiced Ribera. As Caravaggio said that the more wrinkles his model had the more he liked him, so no one is any longer repelled by horny hands, tattered rags, and dirty

feet. In the good periods of art it is well known that the beauty or uncomeliness of a work has nothing to do with the beauty or uncomeliness of the model, and that the most hideous cripple can afford an opportunity for making the most beautiful work. The old doctrine of Leonardo, that every kind of painting is portrait-painting, and that the best artists are those who can imitate nature in the most convincing way, comes once more into operation. The apotheosis of the model has taken the place of eclecticism. And during these same years England reached a similar goal by another route.

CHAPTER XXIX

REALISM IN ENGLAND

The mannerism of English historical painting · F. C. Horsley, J. R. Herbert, J. Tenniel, E. M. Ward, Eastlake, Edward Armitage, and others.—The importance of Ruskin.—Beginning of the efforts at reform with William Dyce and Joseph Noel Paton.—The Preraphaelites.—The battle against "beautiful form" and "beautiful tone."—Holman Hunt.—Ford Madox Brown.—John Everett Millais and Velasquez.—Their pictures from modern life opposed to the anecdotic pictures of the elder genre *painters.—The Scotch painter John Phillip.*

THE year 1849 was the famous one in which a momentous interruption in the quiet course of English art was made by the Preraphaelites. A movement, recalling the Renaissance, laid hold of the spirit of painters. In all studios artists spoke a language which had never been heard there before; all great reputations were overthrown; the most celebrated Cinquecentisti, whose names had hitherto been mentioned with a respectful awe, were referred to with a shrug as bunglers. A miracle seemed to have taken place in the world, for the muse of painting was removed from the pedestal on which she had stood for three centuries and set up in triumph upon another.

What was it that the Preraphaelites wanted?

The movement has been repeatedly compared with that of the German Nazarenes, but the resemblance is only outward, and the distinction is more notable. "Imitation" was embroidered on the banner of the Germans, and upon that of the English, "Liberty;" the device in the one case was "Repetition of stereotyped forms," in the other it was "Uncompromising

naturalism." The Preraphaelites were the first in Europe who reared against the yoke of tradition, flung aside all the conventions of form and colour, and demanded an entirely personal study of nature effected through no alien medium. They were, in their initial phase, the first great champions of the liberty of modern art, and in England they have the same importance which Courbet and Millet have in France. Moreover the historical conditions from which they issued were also similar.

After English art had had its beginning with the great national masters, and enjoyed a prime of real splendour, it became, about the middle of the present century, the prey to a tedious disease. A series of crude historical painters endeavoured to fathom the noble style of the Italian Cinquecento, without rising above the level of intelligent plagiarism. As brilliant decorative artists possessed of pomp and majesty, and sensuously affected by plastic beauty, as worshippers of the nude human form, and as modern Greeks, the Italian classic painters were the worst conceivable guides for an iconoclastic people who never understood the beauty of nudity, for a people who in everything which they accomplished upon their own initiative had invariably a greater regard for spiritual expression than for plastic beauty. But in spite of the experiences made since the time of Hogarth, they all went on the pilgrimage to Rome, as to a sacred spring, drank their fill in long draughts, and came back poisoned. Even Wilkie, that charming "little master," who did the work of a pioneer so long as he followed the congenial Flemish painters and the Dutch, even Wilkie lost every trace of individuality after seeing Spain and Italy. As this imitation of the high Renaissance period led to forced and affected sentiment, it also developed an empty academical technique. In accordance with the precepts of the Cinquecento, artists proceeded with an affected ease to make brief work of everything, contenting themselves with a superficial *façade* effect. A painting based on dexterity of hand took the place of the religious study of nature, and a banal arrangement after celebrated models took the place of inward absorption.

It was to no purpose that certain painters, such as *F. C. Horsley, J. R. Herbert, J. Tenniel, Edwin Long, E. M. Ward,* and *Eastlake*, the English Piloty, by imitation of the Flemish and Venetian masters, made more of a return from idealism of form to colour, and that *Edwin Armitage*, who had studied in Paris and Munich, introduced Continental influences. They are the Delaroche, Gallait, and Bièfve of England. Their art was an imposing scene-painting, their programme always that of the school of Bologna—the mother of all academies, great and small—borrowing drawing from Michael Angelo and from Titian colour; taking the best from every one, putting it all into a pot, and shaking it together. Thus English art lost the peculiar national stamp which it had had under Reynolds and Gainsborough, Constable and Turner. It became an insignificant tributary of the false art which then held sway over the Continent, insincere towards nature, full of empty rhetorical passion, and bound to the most vacant routine. And as the grand painting became hollow and mannered, *genre* painting grew Philistine and decrepit. Its innocent childishness and conventional optimism had led to a tedious anecdotic painting. It repeated, like a talkative old man, the most insipid tales, and did so with a complacency that never wavered and a colouring of offensive motleyness. The English school still existed in landscape, but for everything else it was dead.

A need for reform became urgent all the sooner because literature too had diverged into new lines. In poetry there was the influence of the Lake poets Wordsworth and Coleridge, who had simplicity, direct feeling for nature, and a Rousseauish pantheism inscribed as a device upon their banner, and it came as a reaction against the dazzling imaginative fervour of those great and forceful men of genius Byron and Shelley. Keats had again uttered the phrase which had once been Shaftesbury's gospel: "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." From the year 1843 John Ruskin began to publish the earlier volumes of his *Modern Painters*, the æsthetic creed of which culminated in the tenet that nature alone could be the source of all true art.

This transitional spirit, which strove for liberty from the

Brothers photo sc.]

EASTLAKE: "CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

Leipzig : Seemann.]

DYCE: "JACOB AND RACHEL."

academical yoke, though diffidently at first, is represented in painting by the Scotch artist *William Dyce*. In England he alone pursued a course parallel to that of the German Nazarenes, whose faith he championed, though undoubtedly with greater ability. Born in 1806, he had in Italy, in the year 1826, made the acquaintance of Overbeck, who won him over to Perugino and Raphael. Protesting against the histrionic emptiness of English historical painting, he took refuge in the arms of the Quattrocentisti and the young Raphael. His masterpiece, a series of frescoes on the Arthurian legends in Westminster, goes to some extent on parallel lines with Schnorr's frescoes on the Nibelungen myths. The representation of vigorous

manhood and tempestuous heroism has been here attempted without sentimentality or theatrical heroics. In his oil-pictures—Madonnas, "Bacchus nursed by the Nymphs," "The Woman of Samaria," "Christ in Gethsemane," "St. John leading Home the Virgin," etc.—he makes a surprising effect by the graceful, sensuous charm of his women, by his exquisite landscapes and his tender idyllic characters. The charming work "Jacob and Rachel," which represents him in the Hamburg Kunsthalle, might be ascribed to Führich, except that the developed feeling for colour bears witness to its English origin. With yearning the youth hastens to the maiden, who stands, leaning against the edge of the well, with her eyes cast down, half repulsing him in her austere chastity.

Where the Nazarenes make a pallid, corpse-like effect, a deep and luminous quality of colour delights one in his pictures. He is utterly graceful, and with this grace he combines the pure and quiet simplicity of the Umbrian masters. There is something touching in certain of his Madonnas, who, in long, clinging raiment, appeal to the Godhead with arms half lifted, devout lips parted in prayer, and mild glances lost in infinity. A dreamy loveliness brings the heavenly figures nearer to us. Dyce expresses the magic of downcast lids with long, dark lashes. Like the Umbrians, he delights in the elasticity of slender limbs and the chaste grace of blossoming maiden beauty. Many German fresco-painters have become celebrated who never achieved anything equal in artistic merit to the Westminster pictures of Dyce. Yet he is to be reckoned with the Flandrin-Overbeck family, since he gives a repetition of the young Raphael, though he certainly does it well; but he only imitates and has not improved upon him.

The pictures of another Scotchman, *Sir Joseph Noel Paton*, born in 1821, appear at a rather later date. Now he has grown old, and works upon the worn-out lines of Ary Scheffer or Plockhorst, but in his youth he had a quickening and revolutionary influence through his powerful illustrations to Shakespeare and Shelley, and some imaginative fairy pictures. But even these youthful works—"The Quarrel of Oberon and Titania," "The

Annan photo.]

PATON: "THE RECONCILIATION OF OBERON AND TITANIA."

(By permission of the Edinburgh Board of Manufacturers, the owners of the picture.)

Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania" in the Edinburgh Gallery, and his masterpiece, "The Fairy Queen"—have, from the æsthetic standpoint, little enjoyment to offer. The drawing is hard, the composition overladen, the colour scattered and motley. As in Ary Scheffer, all the figures have vapid, widely opened eyes. Elves, gnomes, women, knights, and fantastic rocks are crowded so narrowly together that the frame scarcely holds them. But the loving study of nature in the separate parts is extraordinary. It is possible to give a botanical definition of each plant and each flower in the foreground, with so much character and such care has Paton executed every leaf and every blossom, and the very animals creeping upon the meadow grass. Here and there a fresh ray of morning sun breaks through the light green and leaps from blade to blade. The landscapes of Albrecht Altdorfer are recalled to mind. Emancipation from empty, heroically impassioned emphasis, pantheistic adoration of nature, even a certain effort—unsuccessful indeed—after an independent sentiment for

colour, are what his pictures seem to preach in their naïve angularity, their loving execution of detail, and their bright green motleyness.

This was the mood of the young artists who united to form the Preraphaelite group of 1848. They were students at the Royal Academy of from twenty to four-and-twenty years of age. The first of the group, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, had already written some of his poems. The second, Holman Hunt, had still a difficulty in overcoming the opposition of his father, who was not pleased to see him giving up a commercial career. John Everett Millais, the youngest, had made most progress as a painter and was one of the best pupils of the Academy. But they were contented neither by the artistic achievement nor by the method of instruction of their teachers. Etty, the most valued of them all, according to the account of Holman Hunt, painted mythological pictures, full of empty affectation; Mulready drew in a diluted fashion and sacrificed everything to elegance; Maclise had fallen into patriotic banalities; Dyce had stopped short in his course and begun again when it was too late. Thus they were necessitated to provide their own training for themselves. All three worked in the same studio; and it so happened that one day—in 1847 or 1848—chance threw into their hands some engravings of Benozzo Gozzoli's Campo-Santo frescoes in Pisa. Nature and truth—everything which they had dimly surmised, and had missed in the productions of English art—here they were. Overcome with admiration for the sparkling life, the intensity of feeling, and the vigorous form of these works, which did not even shrink from the consequences of ugliness, they were agreed in recognizing that art had always stood on the basis of nature until the end of the fifteenth century, or, more exactly, until the year 1508, when Raphael left Florence to paint in the Vatican in Rome. Since then everything had gone wrong; art had stripped off the simple garment of natural truthfulness and fallen into conventional phrases, which in the course of centuries had become more and more empty and repellent by vapid repetition. Was it necessary that the persons in pictures should, to the end of the world, stand and move just as they had done

a thousand times in the works of the Cinquecentisti? Was it necessary that human emotions—love, boldness, remorse, and renunciation—should always be expressed by the same turn of the head, the same lift of the eyebrows, the same gesture of the arms, and the same folded hands, which came into vogue through the Cinquecentisti? Where in nature are the rounded forms which Raphael, the first Classicist, borrowed from the antique? And in the critical moments of life do people really form themselves into such carefully balanced groups, with that person in the centre who chances to have on the finest clothes?

From this reaction against the Cinquecentisti and against the shallow imitation of them, the title Preraphaelite Brotherhood, and the secret, masonic sign P.R.B., which they added to their signatures upon their pictures, are rendered comprehensible. But whilst Dyce to avoid the Cinquecentisti imitated the Quattrocentisti, the title here is only meant to signify that these artists, like the Quattrocentisti, had determined to go back to the original source of real life. The Academy pupils Rossetti, Millais, and Holman Hunt, together with the young sculptor Thomas Woolner, who had just left school, were at first the only members of the Brotherhood. Later the *genre* painter James Collinson, the painter and critic F. G. Stephens, and Rossetti's brother, William Michael Rossetti, were admitted to the alliance.

Boldly they declared war against all conventional rules, described themselves as beginners and their pictures as attempts, and announced themselves to be, at any rate, sincere. The programme of their school was truth; not imitation of the old masters, but strict and keen study of nature such as the old masters had practised themselves. They were in reaction against the superficial dexterity of technique and the beauty of form and intellectual emptiness to which the English historical picture had fallen victim; they were in reaction against the trivial banality which disfigured English *genre* painting. In the representation of passion the true gestures of nature were to be rendered, without regard to grace and elegance, and without the stock phraseology of pantomime. The end for which they

strove was to be true, and not to create what was essentially untrue by a borrowed idealism which had an appearance of being sublime. In opposition to the negligent painting of the artists of their age, they demanded slavishly faithful imitation of the model by detail, carried out with microscopic exactness. Nothing was to be done without reverence for nature; every part of a picture down to the smallest blade or leaf was to be directly painted from the original. Even at the expense of total effect, every picture was to be carried out down to the minutest detail. It was better to stammer than to make empty phrases. A young and vigorous art, such as had been in the fifteenth century, could win its way, as they believed, from this conception alone.

In all these points, in the revolt against the emptiness of the *beauté suprême* and the flowing lines of the received composition by routine, they were at one with Courbet and Millet. It was only in further developments that the French and English parted company; English realism received a specifically English tinge. Since every form of Classicism—for to this point they were led by the train of their ideas—declares the ideal completion of form, of physical presentment, to be its highest aim, the standard-bearers of realism were obliged to seek the highest aim of their art, founded exclusively on the study of nature, in the representation of moral and intellectual life, in a thoughtful form of spiritual creation. The blending of realism with profundity of ideas, of uncompromising truth to nature in form with philosophic and poetic substance, is of the very essence of the Preraphaelites. They are transcendental naturalists, equally widely removed from Classicism, which deals only with beautiful bodies, as from realism proper, which only proposes to represent a fragment of nature. From opposition to abstract beauty of form, they insist upon what is characteristic, energetic, angular; but their figures painted faithfully from nature are the vehicles of a metaphysical idea. From the first they saturated themselves with poetry. Holman Hunt has an enthusiasm for Keats and the Bible, Rossetti for Dante, Millais for the mediæval poems of chivalry. In treating such subjects

with entire fidelity to nature, and with the greatest concentration of spirit at all possible, they founded a new painting independent of the old, and restored to art psychical qualities of expression, lost to her since the days of the Quattrocentisti. The more angular the figures, the more intense is the spiritual life which shines from their soulful eyes.

All three appeared before the public for the first time in the year 1849. John Millais and Holman Hunt exhibited in the Royal Academy, the one being represented by his "Lorenzo and Isabella," a subject drawn from Keats, the other by his "Rienzi." Rossetti caused his picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," to be exhibited at the Free Exhibition, afterwards known as Portland Gallery. All three works excited attention and also derision, and people shook their heads. The three next works of 1850—"A Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary," by Holman Hunt; "The Child Jesus in the Workshop of Joseph the Carpenter," by Millais; and "The Annunciation," by Rossetti—were received with the same laughter. When they exhibited for the third time—Holman Hunt, a scene from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; Millais, "The Return of the Dove to the Ark" and "The Woodman's Daughter"—such a storm of excitement broke forth that the pictures had to be removed from the exhibition. A furious article appeared in *The Art Journal*; the exhibitors, it was said, were certainly young, but they were too old to commit such sins of youth. Even Dickens turned against them in *Household Words*. The painters who had been assailed made their answer. William Michael Rossetti laid down the principles of the Brotherhood by an article in a periodical called *The Critic*, and smuggled a second article into *The Spectator*. In 1850 they founded a monthly magazine for the defence of their theories, *The Germ*, which on the third number took the title *Art and Poetry*, and was most charmingly embellished with drawings by Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, and others. Stephens published an essay in it, on the ways and aims of the early Italians, which gave him occasion to discuss the works recently produced in the spirit of simplicity known to these old masters. Madox Brown wrote a paper on historical

painting, in which he asserted strict fidelity to the model to the exclusion of all generalization and beautifying, and exact antiquarian study of costumes and furniture in contradistinction to the fancy history of the elder painters, to be the basis of the historical picture. But all these articles were written to no purpose. After the fourth number the paper was stopped, and in these days it has become a curiosity for bibliomaniacs. But support came from another side. Holman Hunt's picture dealing with a scene from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* received the most trenchant condemnation in *The Times*. John Ruskin came forward as his champion and replied on May 13th, 1851. *The Times* contained yet a second letter from him on May 30th. And soon afterwards both were issued as a pamphlet, with the title *Preraphaelitism, its Principles, and Turner*. These works, he said, did not imitate old pictures, but nature; what alienated the public in them was their truth and rightness, which had broken abruptly and successfully with the conventional sweep of lines. The young artists had entirely realized the programme which he, John Ruskin, had already set up in his *Modern Painters*. In this way the movement was floated. Ruskin became the head of the young school, their idea which had become flesh.

His first principle, like that of Courbet, is *la vérité vraie*. But this was to be reached—and here he parts company from the Frenchman—not by means of a broad and large technique, but by minute exactitude in the rendering of every characteristic detail. The painter was to study with the accuracy of a geologist or a mineralogist every description of soil, rocks, and clouds. "And so," writes Ruskin, "when there are things in the foreground of Salvator of which I cannot pronounce whether they be granite, or slate, or tufa, I affirm that there is in them neither harmonious union nor simple effect, but simple monstrosity. . . . The great masters of Italy, almost without exception, and Titian perhaps more than any (for he had the highest knowledge of landscape), are in the constant habit of rendering every detail of their foregrounds with the most laborious botanical fidelity: witness the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' in which the

foreground is occupied by the common blue iris, the aquilegia, and the wild rose; every stamen of which latter is given, while the blossoms and leaves of the columbine (a difficult flower to draw) have been studied with the most exquisite accuracy."

Yet, despite all the significance implicit in such fidelity to nature, it must not be the painter's highest aim. A painting which has no purpose except to produce a sensuously pleasant effect upon the eye is as little praiseworthy as a letter is satisfactory of which the perfume and handwriting are alone beautiful, but not the substance and intention. This defect is in a special degree peculiar to the productions of the Roman Cinquecento. Raphael was the first apostate from religious art, which his predecessors had felt in all its majesty; he was the first apostle of routine who had exchanged the idea of art for pose and graceful histrionic action. In support of this tenet Ruskin describes in a passage of high imagination the appearance of Jesus as He walked upon the water, and then contrasts Raphael's cartoon with his own poetic vision. "Note the handsomely curled hair and neatly tied sandals of the men who had been out all night in the sea-mists and on the slimy decks. Note their convenient dresses for going a-fishing, with trains that lie a yard along the ground, and goodly fringes,—all made to match, an apostolic fishing costume. Note how Peter especially (whose chief glory was in his wet coat *girt* about him, and naked limbs) is enveloped in folds and fringes, so as to kneel and hold his keys with grace. No fire of coals at all, nor lonely mountain shore, but a pleasant Italian landscape, full of villas and churches, and a flock of sheep to be pointed at; and the whole group of Apostles, not round Christ, as they would have been naturally, but straggling away in a line, that they may all be shown. The simple truth is, that the moment we look at the picture we feel our belief of the whole thing taken away. There is, visibly, no possibility of that group ever having existed, in any place, or on any occasion. It is all a mere mythic absurdity, and faded concoction of fringes, muscular arms, and curly heads of Greek philosophers. Now, the evil consequences of the acceptance of this kind of religious idealism for

true, were instant and manifold. So far as it was received and trusted in by thoughtful persons, it only served to chill all the conceptions of sacred history which they might otherwise have obtained. Whatever they could have fancied for themselves about the wild, strange, infinitely stern, infinitely tender, infinitely varied veracities of the life of Christ, was blotted out by the vapid fineries of Raphael: the rough Galilean pilot, the orderly custom-receiver, and all the questioning wonder and fire of uneducated apostleship, were obscured under an antique mask of philosophical faces and long robes."

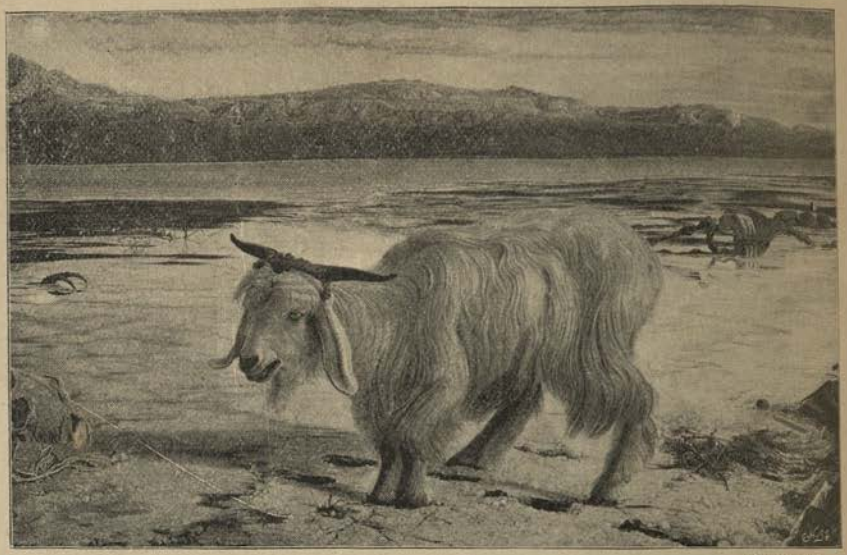
In reality Christ and Peter, Moses and Elias, David and Paul, had found no embodiment whatever in painting, for the figures of the Cinquecentisti and their imitators might just as easily have represented Greek youths or antique heads of Zeus. Paul was, as a matter of fact, an ugly little Jew, and here is a Hercules, resting his hand in meditation upon the sword of a conqueror. It was mere child's play to keep on repeating these traditional types with more or less dexterity. The character of the Divine nature is not to be reached by such pomp, by ideal beauty, by a pagan fluency of line and rich draperies. And in such representations strict truth to nature is enjoined to the exclusion of all idealizing. If Joseph or Mary is to be painted, their characteristics should be exactly studied in the Bible, and search should then be made until a model has been found as far as possible in keeping with these characteristics; and even when this has been discovered every modification or generalization of what is given in nature is to be avoided. In these days we fathom the figures of religious history more profoundly, and more mystically and spiritually, than any earlier age has ever done. This deepened, modern mystical element must be given expression in works of art.

And in this way Ruskin touches the third point. In the name of the young school he does not merely protest against inveterate, academical habits, against histrionic pose and servile imitation of the Cinquecentisti. It is his doctrine that the plastic epoch of painting is entirely a thing of the past. The ruling personality is no longer the ephebe who exercises the

pliancy of his body in the gymnasium, but the man in a black suit who works alone in his chamber. Thus physical strength and beauty can no longer be the highest aim of art; in an epoch which is entirely intellectual painting must likewise follow suit, and make spiritual expression the object of its most serious study in place of pure form; not merely the great, puissant, tyrannical emotions which press imperiously into the foreground, and have been commented upon in a histrionic, external manner by the historical painters, but also the still, delicate feelings which in secrecy have a half-dreamy existence, vibrating softly in the inmost spirit, and only sometimes breaking out as if by a faint flash, slight and pallid, and melting into mist before they have taken definite shape. The art of the new age must be religious, mystic, and thoughtful, and at the same time in the highest degree true to nature; and the epoch-making importance of the young founders of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood consisted, according to Ruskin, in their being the first to recognize this.

Of them all *Holman Hunt* is the painter who has been most consistent in clinging throughout his life to these original principles of the Brotherhood. He is distinguished by a depth of thought which at last tends to become entirely elusive, and often a depth of spirit more profound than diver ever plumbed; but at the same time by an angular, gnarled realism which has scarcely its equal in all the European art of the century.

"The Flight of Madeleine and Porphyrio," from Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*, was the first picture, the subject being borrowed in 1848 from his favourite poet. In the work through which he first acknowledged himself a member of the Preraphaelite Brotherhood he has given a plain and simple rendering of the scene in the introductory chapter of Bulwer Lytton's *Rienzi*: kneeling beside the corpse of his brother, Rienzi takes a vow of vengeance against the murderer who is riding away. The composition avoids any kind of conventional pyramidal structure. In the foreground every flower is painted and every colour is frankly set beside its neighbour without the traditional



[*Moltram sc.*

HOLMAN HUNT: "THE SCAPEGOAT."

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gradation. His third picture, "A Converted British Family sheltering a Christian Missionary," is not to be reckoned amongst his best performances. It is a forced naïvete, suggesting the old masters, to unite two entirely different scenes upon the same canvas: in the background, merely visible by his outstretched arms, there is a Druid inciting the populace to the murder of a missionary, and there are fugitives and pursuers; in the foreground a hut open at all sides, which could really offer no protection at all. Yet in this hut a priest is hiding, tended by converted Britons. However, the drawing of the nude bodies is an admirable piece of realism; admirable, also, is the way in which he has expressed the fear of the inmates, and the fanatical bloodthirsty rage of the pursuers, and this without any false heroics, without any rhetoric based upon the traditional language of gesture. The picture from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, with the motto, "Death is a fearful thing, and shamed life a hateful," is perhaps theatrical in its arrangement, though it is likewise earnest and convincing in psychological expression.

Microscopic fidelity to nature, which formed the first principle in the programme of the Brotherhood, has been carried in Holman Hunt to the highest possible point. Every flower and every ear of corn, every feather and every blade of grass, every fragment of bark on the trees and every muscle, is painted with scrupulous accuracy. The joke made about the Preraphaelites has reference to Holman Hunt: it was said that when they had to paint a landscape they used to bring to their studio a blade of grass, a leaf, and a piece of bark, and they multiplied them microscopically so many thousand times until the landscape was finished. His works are the triumph of industry, and for that very reason they are not a pleasure to the eye. A petty, pedantic fidelity to nature injures the total effect, and the hard colours—pungent green, vivid yellow, glaring blue, and glowing red — which Holman Hunt places immediately beside each other, give his pictures something brusque, barbaric, and jarring. But as a reaction against a system of painting by routine which had become mannered, such truth without all compromise, such painstaking effort at the utmost possible

HOLMAN HUNT: "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

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fidelity to nature, was in its very harshness of epoch-making significance.

With regard, also, to the transcendental purport of his pictures Holman Hunt is perhaps the most genuine of the group. In the whole history of art there are no religious pictures in which uncompromising naturalism has made so remarkable an alliance with a pietistic depth of ideas. The first, which he sent to the exhibition of 1854, "The Light of the World," represents Christ wandering through the night in a gold-embroidered mantle, with a lantern in His hand, like a Divine Diogenes seeking men, while the moon forms a halo round His head. Taine, who studied the picture impartially without the catalogue, describes it without further addition as "Christ by night with a lantern." But for Holman Hunt the meaning is Christianity illuminating the universe with its rays, the mystic light of Faith breaking through the darkness of unbelief. And on account of this implicit suggestion the work made an indescribable sensation in England; it had to go on pilgrimage from town to town, and hundreds of thousands of copies were sold in engraving. The pietistic feeling of this ascetic preacher was so strong that he was able to venture on pictures like "The Scapegoat" of 1856, without becoming comical. This scapegoat, laden with the transgressions of a nation, and perishing miserably amongst the miasma of the Dead Sea, is a perfectly ordinary white he-goat; every hair of his skin is painted with an incredible patience verging on frenzy, and yet in its phosphorescent eye there is something transcendental and unearthly, which keeps one from laughing. A strange, deep violet landscape, with a sentiment of its own, forms the background. And around the animal's head the intense red glow of the Eastern sun gathers in a mystical nimbus. Around there is solitude and a profound stillness only broken by the complaining bleat of this mysterious creature.

A striving to attain the greatest possible local truth had led Holman Hunt to the East when he began these biblical pictures. He spent several years in Palestine studying the topographical character of the land, its buildings and its people,

and endeavoured with the help of these actual men and women and these landscape scenes to reconstruct the events of biblical history, with antiquarian fidelity. He knows the *menu* of the meal served to Christ in the desert by the angels, and determines the instruments used in the scourging by means of authenticated relics. He describes the Apostle Paul as though he had seen him with his own eyes: Paul was undersized, somewhat bowed, and bald; he had a winning air, a broad Jewish nose, and a long greyish beard; after his execution his head was enveloped in a transparent wrapping; and the *toca* given him by Plautilla served as a bandage for his eyes. This demand for historical truth was in itself nothing new. Even Horace Vernet and his followers had made it a requisite, but Holman Hunt's deeply rooted piety raises him far above the aridly rational and purely ethnographical manner of the Frenchman. To paint "The Shadow of Death" he exactly followed the programme set up by Ruskin. In the East he searched until he discovered a Jew who corresponded to his idea of Christ, and painted him, a strong, powerful man, the genuine son of a carpenter, with that astounding truth to nature with which Hubert van Eyck painted his Adam. Even the hairs of the breast and legs are, without ugly exaggeration, as faithfully rendered as if one saw the model in a glass. Near this naked carpenter—for He is clothed only with a leather apron—there kneels a modern Eastern woman, bowed over a chest, in which various Oriental vessels are lying. The ground is covered with shavings of wood. Up to this point, therefore, it is a naturalistic picture from the modern East. But here Holman Hunt's pietistic sentiment is seen: it is the eve of a festival; the sun casts its last dying rays into the room; the journeyman carpenter wearily stretches out His arms, and the shadow of His body describes upon the wall the prophetic form of the Cross.

Another picture represented the discovery of our Lord in the Temple, a third the flock which has been astray following the Good Shepherd into His Father's home. On his picture of the flight into Egypt, or, as he has himself called it, "The

Mag. of Art.] [*Johnstone sc.*

MADOX BROWN: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

(By permission of Theodore Watts, Esq., the owner of the picture.)

Triumph of the Innocents," he published a pamphlet of twelve pages, in which he goes into all the historical events connected with the picture with the loyalty of an historian, almost with the mania for washing bills known to investigators of the life of Goethe; he discusses everything —in what month the flight was made, and by what route, how old Christ was, to what race the ass belonged, and what clothes must have been worn by Saint Joseph and Mary. He purposed to make a commentary on the Bible, but in spite of all his antiquarian studies, which are rather like the stillborn whims of a pedant, the whole picture became ultimately a work of imperishable freshness. The charming childlike Madonnas of the Italians are heterodox according to Holman Hunt's view, since after her conception Mary possessed reason, freedom of will, the power of contemplation, and had poured into her spirit natural and supernatural knowledge. His Mary, therefore, is not the Virgin Mary, the handmaid of God, the dreamy, musing maiden of Perugino; she is a ripe and serious woman who feels the responsibility of her office, and not one of the traditional types, although she is so august that one believes in the Divine mission for which destiny has chosen her. Even the Child-Christ has no sallow and learned air, no trace of sentiment drawn from the old masters, but is a plump and healthy boy. The little Innocents, too, the spirits of those first-born who died for the Saviour as the earliest martyrs to Christianity, and now play round the Holy Family as guiding angels, are fat and chubby, thoroughly English children, who live upon underdone roast-beef. Few indeed in the nineteenth century have approached such tasks with more independence. No one has so

united uncompromising study of nature driven to its furthest consequences with such convincing ethical truth. Holman Hunt gave a deep and earnest religious character to English art, which before his time had been so paltry. And this explains the powerful impression which he made upon his contemporaries.

The artist most closely allied to him in technique is *Ford Madox Brown*, who did not reckon himself officially with the Preraphaelites, though he followed the same principles in what concerned the treatment of detail. Only a little senior to the founders of the Brotherhood—he was nine-and-twenty at the time—he is to be regarded as their more mature ally and forerunner. Rossetti was under no illusion when, in the beginning of his studies, he turned to him directly. In those years Madox Brown was the only English painter who was not addicted to the trivialities of paltry *genre* painting or the theatrical heroics of traditional history. He is a bold artist, with a gift of dramatic force and a very rare capacity of concentration, and these qualities hindered him from following the doctrine of the Preraphaelites in all its consequences. If he had, in accordance with their programme, exclusively confined himself to work from the living model, several of his most striking and powerful pictures would never have been painted. That which he strove to achieve was not to be wrung from observation alone; it broke from the depths of his heart, and from a heart which itself glowed sensuously, and burnt and flamed.

Madox Brown passed his youth on the Continent—in Antwerp with Wappers, in Paris, and in Rome. The pictures which he painted there in the beginning of the forties were produced in the matter of technique under the influence of Wappers. The subjects were taken from Byron: "The Sleep of Parisina" and "Manfred on the Jungfrau." It is only in the latter that an independent initiative is perceptible. In contradistinction from the generalities of the school of Wappers he aimed at greater depth of psychology and accuracy of costume, while at the same time he endeavoured, though without success, to replace the conventional studio light by the carefully observed effect of free light. These three things—truth of colour, of spiritual

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MADOX BROWN: "LEAR AND CORDELIA."

(*By permission of Albert Wood, Esq., the owner of the picture.*)

expression, and of historical character—were from this time forth his principal care. And when his cartoon of "Harold," painted in Paris in the year 1844, was exhibited in Westminster Hall, it was this scrupulous effort at truth chiefly which made such a vivid impression upon the younger generation. In the first masterpiece which he painted after his return to London in 1848, he stands out already in all his rugged individuality. "Lear and Cordelia," founded on a most tragic passage in the most tragic of the great dramas of Shakespeare, is here treated with impressive cogency. It stood in such abrupt opposition to the traditional historical painting, that perhaps nothing was ever so sharply opposed to anything so universally accepted. The figures stand out stiff and party-coloured like card kings, without fluency of line or rounded and generalized beauty. And the colouring is just as incoherent. The brown sauce, which every one had hitherto respected like a binding social law, had given way to a bright joy of colour and the half-barbaric motleyness of old miniatures. It is only when one studies the brilliant

details, used merely in the service of a great psychological effect, that this outwardly repellent picture takes shape as a powerful work of art, a work of profound human truth. Nothing is sacrificed to pose, graceful show, or histrionic affectation. Like the German masters of the fifteenth century, Madox Brown makes no attempt to dilute what is ugly, nor did Holbein either when he painted the leprous beggars in his altar to St. Sebastian. Every figure, whether fair or foul, is, in bearing, expression, and gesture, a character of robust and rigorous hardihood, and has that intense fulness of life which is compressed in those carved wooden figures of mediæval altars: the aged Lear with his weather-beaten face and his waving beard; the envious Regan; the cold, cruel, ambitious Goneril; Albany with his fair, inexpressive head; the gross, brutal Cornwall; Burgundy, biting his nails in indecision; and Cordelia, in her touching, bashful grace. And to this angular frankness of the primitive masters he unites the profound learning of the modern historian. All the archæological details, the old British costumes, jewels, modes of wearing the hair, weapons, furniture, and hangings, have been studied with the accuracy of Menzel. He knows nothing of the academic rules

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MADOX BROWN: "ROMEO AND JULIET."

Morelli photo.]

MADOX BROWN: "CHRIST WASHING PETER'S FEET."

of composition, and his robes fall naturally without the petty appendage of fair folds and graceful motives.

Madox Brown has a bold, remorseless talent of Southern fervour and wild romantic feeling, and he belongs to that family of mighty and forceful realists whence Delacroix sprang in France and Victor Müller in Germany. The picture in which he treated the balcony scene in Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is outwardly repellent, like "Lear and Cordelia," but what a hollow effect is made by Makart's theatrical heroics beside this aboriginal sensuousness, this intensity of expression! Juliet's dress has fallen from her shoulders, and devoid of will and thought, with closed lids, half-naked, and thrilling in every

fibre with the lingering joy of the hours that have passed, she abandons herself to the last fiery embraces of Romeo, who in stormy haste is feeling with one foot for the ladder of ropes. He has solved a yet more difficult problem in the picture "Elijah and the Widow."

"See, thy son liveth," are the words in the Bible with which the hoary Elijah brings the boy raised from death and still enveloped in his shroud to the agonized mother kneeling at the foot of the sepulchre. The woman makes answer: "Now by this I know that thou art a man of God." In the embodiment of this scene likewise Madox Brown has aimed in costume and accessories at a complete harmony between the figures and the character of the epoch, and has set out with an entirely accurate study of Assyrian and Egyptian monuments. Even the inscriptions on the wall and the Egyptian antiquities correspond to ancient originals. At the same time the figures have been given the breath of new life. Elijah looks more like a wild aboriginal man than a saint of the Cinquecento. The ecstasy of the mother, the astonishment of the child whose great eyes, still unaccustomed to the light, gaze into the world again with a dreamy effort, after having beheld the mysteries of death, these are things depicted with an astonishing power and a sensitiveness to shades of expression which up to this time seemed to mock at every effort of interpretation. The downright but convincing method in which Hogarth paints the soul has dislodged the hollow, heroical ideal of beauty of the older historical painting. Observation of external truth, and of all details of time and place, united to a poetic, psychological truth, which has nothing like it in the art of the nineteenth century, these qualities are of the essence of Madox Brown. The only words which can describe him are impressiveness, passion, grandeur, and truth. His confession of faith, which he formulated as an author, culminates in the tenet that truth is the means of art, its end being the quickening of the soul. This he expresses in two words: "emotional truth."

While Holman Hunt and Madox Brown held fast throughout their lives to the Preraphaelite principles, Preraphaelitism

Sir John Everett Millais.

was for *John Everett Millais*, the youngest of the three, merely a transitory stage, a phase in his artistic development, upon which the great descendant of Reynolds looks back at the present day as upon a youthful folly.

Sir John Millais is now sixty-six. He was born June 8th, 1829, in Southampton, where his family had come from Jersey. Thus he is half a Frenchman by descent. His childhood was passed in Dinant in Brittany, but when he was nine years old he went to a London school of drawing. He was then the little fair-haired boy in a Holland blouse, a broad sash, and a large sailor's collar, whom John Phillip painted in those days. When eleven he entered the Royal Academy, probably being the youngest pupil there; at thirteen he won a prize medal for the best drawing from the antique; at fifteen he was already painting; and at seventeen he exhibited an historical picture, "The Taking of Inca by Pizarro," which was praised by the critics as the best in the exhibition of 1846. With "Elgiva," a work exhibited in 1847, this first period, in which he followed the lines of the now forgotten painter Hilton, was brought to an end. His next work, "Lorenzo and Isabella," now in the Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool, bore the letters P.R.B., as a sign of his new confession of faith. Microscopically exact work in detail has taken the place of the large bravura and the empty imitation of the Cinquecentisti. The theme was borrowed from one of Boccaccio's tales, *The Pot of Basil*—the tale on which Keats founded *Isabella*. A company of Florentines in the costume of the thirteenth century are assembled at dinner. Lorenzo, pale and in suppressed excitement, sits beside the lovely Isabella, looking at her with a glance of deep, consuming passion. Isabella's brother, angered at it, gives a kick to her dog. All the persons at the

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MILLAIS: "LORENZO AND ISABELLA."

(By permission of the Corporation of Liverpool, the owners of the picture.)

table are likenesses. The critic F. G. Stephens sat for the beloved of Isabella, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti for the toper holding his glass to his lips at the far right of the table. Even the ornaments upon the damask cloth, the screen, and the tapestry in the background are painted, stroke after stroke, with the conscientious devotion of a primitive painter. Jan van Eyck's brilliancy of colour is united to Perugino's suavity of feeling, and the chivalrous spirit of the *Decameron* seized with the sureness of a subtile literary scholar.

The work of 1850, "The Child Jesus in the Workshop of Joseph the Carpenter," illustrated a verse in the Bible, *Zechariah* xiii. 6: "And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in Thine hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of My friends." The Child Jesus, who is standing before the joiner's bench, has hurt Himself in the hand. St. Joseph is leaning over to look at the wound, and Mary is kneeling beside the Child, trying to console Him

MILLAIS: "THE HUGUENOT."

with her caresses, whilst the little St. John is bringing water in a wooden vessel. Upon the other side of the bench stands the aged Anne, in the act of drawing out of the wood the nail which has caused the injury. A workman is labouring busily at the joiner's bench. The floor of the workshop is littered with shavings, and tools hang round upon the walls. The Quattrocentisti were likewise the determining influence in the treatment of this subject. Ascetic austerity has taken the place of ideal draperies, and angularity that of the noble flow of line. The figure of Mary, who, with her yellow kerchief, resembled the wife of a London citizen, was the cause of special offence.

Up to the seventies Millais continued to paint such pictures out of the Bible, or from English and mediæval poets, with various success. One of them, which in its brilliant colouring looked like an old picture upon glass, represented the return of the dove to Noah's ark. The central point was formed by two slender young women in mediæval costume, who received the exhausted bird in their delicate hands. The picture "The Woodman's Daughter" was an illustration to a poem by Coventry Patmore, on the love of a young noble to a poor

child of the wood. In a semicircular picture of 1852 he painted Ophelia as she floats singing in the green pool where the white water-lilies cover her like mortuary wreaths—floats with her parted lips flickering with a gentle smile of distraction. The other picture of this year, "The Huguenot," represented two lovers taking leave of each other in an old park upon the evening before St. Bartholomew's night. She is winding a white scarf round his arm to save him from death by this badge of the Catholics, whilst he is gently resisting. The mood of the man standing before the dark gate of death, the moral strength which vanquishes his fear, and all the solemnity of his farewell to life are expressed in his glance. A world of love rests in the eyes of the woman. Millais has often treated this problem of the loving woman with earnest and almost sombre realism, that knows no touch of swooning sentimentality. "The Order of Release" of 1853 shows a jailor in the scarlet uniform of the eighteenth century opening a heavy prison door to set at liberty a Highlander, whose release has been obtained by his wife. A scene from the seventeenth century is treated in "The Proscribed Royalist:"

Brothers photo sc.]

MILLAIS: "AUTUMN LEAVES."

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

a noble cavalier, hidden in a hollow tree, is kissing the hand of a graceful, trembling woman, who has been daily bringing him food at the risk of her life. "The Black Brunswicker" of 1856 closed this series of silent and motionless dramas. In the picture of 1857, "Sir Isembras at the Ford," an old knight is riding home through the twilight of a sultry day in June. The dust of the journey lies upon his golden armour. At a ford he has fallen in with two children, and has lifted them up to carry them over the water. And "The Vale of Rest," a picture deep and intense in its scheme of colour, earnest and melancholy as a requiem, revealed—with a sentiment a little like that of Lessing—a cloister garden where two nuns are silently preparing a grave in the evening light; while "The Eve of Saint Agnes" in 1863 illustrated the same poem of Keats to which ten years previously Holman Hunt had devoted his work of early years. Madeleine has heard the old legend, telling how girls receive the tender homage of their future husbands if they go through their evening prayer supperless at midnight. With her heart filled with the thoughts of love, she quits the hall where the guests are seated at a glad feast, and mounts to her room so hastily that her fine taper is extinguished on the way. She enters her little chamber, kneels down, repeats the prayer, and rises to her feet taking off her finery and loosening her hair. The clear moonlight streams through the window, throwing a ghostly illumination over the little images of saints in the room, glancing like a caress upon the tender young breast of the girl, playing rosily upon her folded hands, and touching her long, fair hair with a radiance like a vaporous glory. In the shadow of the bed she sees him whom she loves. Motionless and dreamy, she remains standing, not venturing to turn lest the fair vision should vanish. "The Deliverance of a Heretic condemned to the Stake," "Joan of Arc," "Cinderella," "The Last Rose," that dreamy picture of romantic grace, "The Childhood of Sir Walter Raleigh," and the picture of the hoary Moses, supported by Hur and Aaron, watching from the mountain-top the victory of Joshua, were the principal works achieved in the later

MILLAIS: "ROSALIND AND CELIA." [*Simmons sc.*

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years of the master. But when these pictures were executed England had become accustomed to honour Millais, not as a Preraphaelite, but as her greatest portrait-painter.

His portrait of himself explains this transformation. With his white linen jacket and his fresh sunburnt face Sir John Millais does not look in the least like a "Romanticist," scarcely like a painter; he has rather the air of being a wealthy landowner. And even in these days he is a sportsman and a mighty Nimrod. His photographs usually represent him in a Highland sporting suit, engaged in salmon-fishing or stag-hunting. He is a man of a sound and straightforward nature, a great and energetic master, conscious of his aim, but a poet in Ruskin's sense of the word is what he has never been. His Preraphaelitism was only a flirtation. His methods of thought were too concrete, his hand too powerful, for him to have lingered always in the world of the English poets, or endured the precise style of the Preraphaelites. "Millais will 'go far' if he will only change his boots," About had written on the occasion of the World Exhibition of 1855; when that of 1867 was opened Millais appeared in absolutely new shoes. The great exhibition of 1857 in Manchester, which made known for the first time how many of the works of Velasquez were hidden in English private collections, had helped Millais to the knowledge of himself. From the naturalism of the Quattrocentisti he made a transition to the naturalism of Velasquez.

L'Art.] [*Waltner sc.*

MILLAIS: "THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD."

(By permission of the Artist.)

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MILLAIS: THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

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Millais was a born portrait-painter. His cool and yet finely sensitive nature, his simple, manly temperament, directed him to this department, which rather gravitates to the observant and imitative than to the creative pole of art. In his pictures he has the secret of enchanting and of repelling; he has arrived at really definite issues in portrait-painting. His likenesses are all of them as convincing as they are actual. Together with the Venetians and with Velasquez, Millais belongs to the master-spirits of the grand style, which relies upon the large movement of lines in figure and in face, upon the broad foundation of surfaces, and the strict subordination of individual details. His figures are characteristic and recognizable even in outline. He makes no effort to render them interesting by picturesque attitudes, or to vivify them by placing them in any situation. There they stand calm, and sometimes stiff and cold; they make no attempt at conversation with the spectator, nor go out of themselves, as it were, but fix their eyes upon him with an air of well-bred composure and indifference. Even the hands are not made use of for characterization. For artists who aim at simplicity of effect are never quite at their ease in the treatment of hands, since they offer an undesirable contrast to the face both in colour and expression. It is only Van Dyck who coquetted with them, and he did so not without a certain stereotyped insipidity. Millais is always bent upon rendering them

harmless. He lets them rest upon the back of a chair, hides them in gloves of various kinds, represents them half-vanishing in a white handkerchief, clenches the garrulous eloquent fingers tightly together in an inexpressive clasp as of a fist, or leaves them in a sketchy embryo condition, or finishes them with a negatory contour. The extraordinary intensity of life which sparkles in his great figures, so simply displayed, is almost exclusively concentrated in the heads. Millais is perhaps the first master of characterization amongst the moderns. To bold and powerful exposition there is united a noble and psychical gaze. The eyes which he paints are like windows through which the soul is visible.

Amongst his portraits of men, those of Gladstone and Hook stand in the first rank: as painting perhaps they are not specially eminent; both have an opaque, sooty tone, from which Millais' works not unfrequently suffer, but as a definition of complex personalities they are comparable only with the best pictures of Lenbach. How firmly does the statesman hold himself, despite his age, the old wood-cutter, the stern idealist, a genuine English figure hammered out of hard wood. The play of light centres all the interest on the fine, earnest, and puckered features, the lofty forehead, the energetic chin, and the liquid, thoughtful eyes. All the biography of Gladstone lies in this picture, which is simpler and greater in intuition than that which Lenbach painted of him. Hook, with his broad face, furrowed with wrinkles, looks like an apostle or a fisher. Millais has looked into the heart of this man, who has in him something rugged and faithful, massive and tender; who paints vigorous fishers and vaporous sunbeams. Hook's landscapes have a forceful, earnest, and well-nigh religious effect, and something patriarchal and biblical lies in his gentle, reflective, and contemplative glance.

In Millais' picture of the Duke of Westminster, painted in 1878, he is depicted in a hunting suit, standing in a red coat, white corduroys, and high, flexible boots, and in the act of buttoning a long glove. The same year "The Yeoman of the Guard" was exhibited in Paris—the old bonze

of discipline and loyalty, who sits in his deep red uniform, with features cast in bronze, like a Velasquez of 1878. Disraeli, Cardinal Newman, John Bright, Lord Salisbury, Charles Waring, Sir Henry Irving, the Marquis of Lorne, and Simon Fraser are all worthy descendants of the eminent men whom Reynolds painted a century before. The plastic effect of the figures is increased by the vacant, neutral ground of the picture. Like Velasquez, Millais has made use of every possible background, from the simplest, from the nullity of an almost black or bright surface, to richly furnished rooms and views of landscape. Sometimes it is only indicated by a plain chair or table that the figure is standing in a room, or a heavy crimson curtain falls to serve as a *repoussoir* for the head. With a noble abstention he avoids prettiness of line and insipid motives, and remains true to this virile taste even in his portraits of women. His women have curiously little of the æsthetical trait which runs elsewhere through English portraits of ladies. Millais renders them—as in the picture "Dummy Whist"—neither sweet nor tender, gives them nothing arch, sprightly, nor triumphant. Severe and sculptural in their mien, and full of character rather than beauty, they hold with a firm clasp the back of a red chair with a proud bearing and a correct pose. Their serious, energetic features betray decision of character. And the glance of their brown eyes—eyes like Juno's—is indifferent and almost hard. A straight and liberal forehead, a beautifully formed and very determined mouth, and a full, round chin complete this impression of earnest dignity, august majesty, and chilling pride. To this regular avoidance of every trace of available charm there is joined a strict taste in toilette. The dresses are modern, costly in material, and sometimes bright in colour, but they have invariably an air of chastened distinction; they are rich but not showy. He prefers to work with dark or subdued contrasts of colour, and he is also fond of large-flowered silks—black with citron-yellow and black with dark red.

And this same stringent painter of character commands the soft light brush of a painter of children as few others. No one

since Reynolds and Gainsborough has painted with so much character as Millais the dazzling freshness of English youth; the energetic pose of a boy's head or the beauty of an English girl—a thing which stands in the world alone: the soft, glancing, silken locks, rippling to a *blonde cendrée*, pale, delicate little faces, pouting little mouths, and great, shining blue, dreamy, childish eyes. Sometimes they stand in rose-coloured dresses embroidered with silver in front of a deep green curtain, or sit reading upon a dark red carpet flowered with black. At other times they are arrayed like the little Infantas of Velasquez, and play with a spaniel like the Doge's children of Titian, or hold out with both hands an apron full of flowers, which Millais paints with a high degree of finish. A spray of pale red roses, chrysanthemums, or lilies stands near. One must be a great master of characterization to paint conscious, dignified, and earnest feminine beauty like that of Mrs. Bischoffsheim, and at the same time that fragrant perfume of the fresh and dewy spring of youth which streams from Millais' pictures of children.

L'Art.] [*Waltner sc.*

MILLAIS: MRS. BISCHOFFSHEIM.

(*By permission of Mrs. Bischoffsheim, the owner of the picture.*)

Millais is one of those men in the history of nineteenth-century painting who are as forcible and healthy as they are many-sided. I do not know one who could have developed so swiftly from a style of the most minute exactness to one of the most powerful breadth; not one who could have united such poetry of conception with such an enormous knowledge

of human beings; not one who could have been so like Proteus in variety—at one moment charming, at another dreamy, at another entirely positive. In their firm structure and largeness of manner his landscapes sometimes recall Théodore Rousseau. And now the Preraphaelite is only a little perceptible in an excess of detail. He paints every blade of grass and every small plant, though there is at the same time a largeness in the midst of this scrupulous exactitude. He does not merely see the isolated fact through a magnifying lens, but has eyes that are sensitive to the poetry of the whole, and in spite of all study of detail he sometimes reaches a total effect which is altogether impressionist. His picture "Chill October" has an airy life, a grey, vibrating atmosphere, such as John Constable only painted elsewhere.

Such a concrete study of nature as was made by the Preraphaelites of necessity led at last to entirely realistic pictures from modern life. In their biblical and poetic pictures they had started from the conviction that new life-blood could only be poured into the old conventional types, which had gradually become meaningless, by tactfully drawing the models for them from popular life. They believed, as the masters of Florence and Bruges had done before them, that there could be no good painting without strict dependence on the model; that it was of the utmost consequence to give a poetic or legendary figure the stamp of nature, the strong savour of individuality. All their creations are based upon the elements of portrait-painting, even when they illustrate remote scenes from the New Testament or mediæval poetry. And these elements at last led them altogether to give up transposing such figures into an alien *milieu*, and simply to paint what was offered by their own surroundings. And in this way they reached the goal which was arrived at in French painting through Courbet and Ribot. It is due in the first place to the Preraphaelites that the well-meant and moderately painted *genre* picture of the old style, which, with its wealth of pathetic stories, was once a prime source of supposed artistic pleasure, was finally vanquished in England, and made way for earnest and vigorous painting

—painting which sought to make its effect by purely artistic means, and proudly declined to wrap up internal weakness by "interesting" subject drawn from external sources. As early as 1855 Millais exhibited a picture in the Royal Academy which Ruskin called a truly great work containing the elements of immortality—"The Rescue." It represented a fireman who has carried three children from a burning house and laid them in the arms of their parents. Narrative purport was entirely renounced. The fireman was treated without sentimentality, and in a way that suggested the cool fulfilment of a duty, and the agitation of the parents was also rendered without any dash of melodrama. Then there followed that masterpiece of exquisite and soft colouring, tender and moving expression, and infinite grace, "The Gambler's Wife," sadly taking up the cards which have brought her misery upon her. In 1874 was painted "The North-West Passage," a sort of modern symbol of the forceful, enterprising English people who have populated and subdued half the world from their little island kingdom. "There is a passage to the Pole, and England will find it—must find it." These are more or less the words spoken by Trelawney, the old friend and comrade of Byron in Greece. With a chart before him he is brooding over the plan of the North-West Passage, and upon his own outstretched hand, which would fain hold the future in its grasp, the hand of a youthful woman is soothingly laid, as she sits at his feet reading to him the narrative of the last voyage of discovery. The figure of the seaman with his white beard has a strong, sinewy life, and the broad daylight streams through the room, filled with charts and atlases. The sea and clear, bright sky gleam through the open window. It is a powerful and moving picture, one of those modern creations in which the ideas of the nineteenth century are concentrated with simplicity and a renunciation of all hollow emphasis.

A few pictures of modern life which have nothing in common with the older *genre* painting may even be found among the works of the devotionalist Holman Hunt. "Awakened Conscience," according to the explanation of the painter, tells the

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MADOX BROWN: "THE LAST OF ENGLAND."

story of a young woman seduced by a cruel and light-minded man, and kept in a luxurious little country-house. They are together. Seated at the piano he is playing the old melody "Oft in the Stilly Night," and the strains of the song recall to the frail maiden her youth, and the years of purity and innocence. Thus even Hunt has not overcome the moralizing tendencies of Hogarth, though his taste is more discreet and delicate. He has struck deeper chords of thought than the

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MADOX BROWN: "WORK." [*H. F. Davey sc.*

(By permission of the Corporation of Manchester, the owners of the picture.)

English public had heard before. And in particular the painting is not a mere substratum for the story; it has become the principal thing, and the story subsidiary. In another picture, "May-Morning on Magdalen Tower," he renounced all deeper purpose altogether and merely painted a number of Oxford dons and students, who, in accordance with the old custom, usher in the May with a hymn from the college tower.

Portfolio.]

JOHN PHILLIP: "A SPANISH LADY."

But the most remarkable work of this description has been executed by Madox Brown, the English Menzel, who has not merely re-constructed the environment of past ages with the accuracy of an eye-witness, but has looked upon the drama of modern life as an attentive observer. His first picture, "The Last of England," was executed in the June of 1852, at a time when emigration to America began to take serious proportions. A married couple, humble, middle-class people, are sitting on the deck of a ship. The man, in his thick cloth overcoat, with a soft felt hat on his head, a pale face, and sunken eyes surrounded by bluish marks, casts one more look upon his native land which hazily vanishes in the distance, as he thinks bitterly of lost hopes and vain struggles. But the young wife, in a light-coloured cloak and a pretty round bonnet with wide strings,

Portfolio.] [*Read sc.*

PHILLIP: "HOLY WATER."

with a gentle resignation, gazes before her, from underneath a great umbrella protecting her from the inclemency of the sea-wind.

In "Work," begun at the same period, and finished, after various interruptions, in 1865, he has produced the first modern picture of artisans after Courbet's "Stone-breakers." The painter, who was then living in Hampstead, where comprehensive cuttings were being made for the laying down of gas-pipes, daily saw the English artisan at labour in all his thick-set strength. This gave him the theme for his picture. In bright daylight on a glaring summer afternoon artisans are digging a trench for gas-pipes in a busy street. Women and poor children are standing near. Even the older *genre* artists had painted men in their working blouses, but only joking and making merry, never at work. Like stage-managers who are sure of their public, they always set the same troop of puppets dancing. Madox Brown's artisans are robust and raw-boned figures; where the older artists affected to be witty with their *genre* painting, Madox Brown painted straightforwardly, without humour and without rendering his figures beautiful. The composition of his pictures is just as plain. No one poses, no one makes impassioned gestures, no one thinks of grouping

JOHN PHILLIP AND RICHARD ANSDELL: "THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER."

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himself with his neighbour in fine flowing lines. It is pleasant to think that this powerful symbol of work has passed by presentation into the possession of the greatest manufacturing town of England, into the gallery of Manchester.

A Scotchman, born in Aberdeen, *John Phillip*, was the vigorous abettor of the Preraphaelites in these realistic endeavours. He, too, was a painter in the full meaning of the word, and he has therefore left works with which the future will have to reckon. Velasquez had opened his eyes as he had opened those of Millais. When Phillip went to Spain in 1851, he was not the first who had trod the Museo del Prado. Wilkie had painted in Spain before him, and Ansdell had been busy there at the same time. But no one had been able to grasp in any degree the impressive majesty of the old Spanish painters. John Phillip alone gained something of the *verve* of Velasquez, a broad, virile technique which distinguishes him from all his English contemporaries. The impression received from his pictures is one of opulence, depth, and weight; they unite something of the strength of Velasquez to a more Venetian splendour of colour. The streets of Seville, the Spanish port on the Guadalquiver, the town where Velasquez and Murillo were born, were his chief field of study. Here he saw those market-women, black as mulattos and sturdy as grenadiers, who sit in front of their fruit-baskets under a great umbrella, and those water-carriers with sunburnt visages, strongly built chests, and athletic arms.

After he had returned to Scotland, he occasionally painted pictures of ceremonies, "The House of Commons," "The Wedding of the Princess Royal," and so forth, but he soon returned to subjects from Spanish life. Gipsy-looking, cigarette-smoking women, with sparkling eyes and jet-black hair, young folks dancing to the castanettes, bull-fighters with glittering silver-grey costume and flashing glances, dark-brown peasants in citron-yellow petticoats, hollow-eyed manufactory girls, potters, and glass-blowers,—such are the materials of Phillip's pictures, which give no scope to anecdote; but they always reveal a fragment of reality from which radiate a world of

impressions and an opulence of artistic ability. As painter *par excellence* John Phillip stands in opposition to older English *genre* painters. Whilst they were, in the first place, at pains to tell a story intelligibly, Phillip was a colourist, a *maître peintre*, whose figures were developed from the colours, and whose creations are so full of character that they will always assert their place with the best that has been painted at all. Even in England, the country of literary and narrative painting, art was no longer an instrument for expressing ideas; it had become an end in itself, and had discovered colour as its prime and most essential medium of expression.

CHAPTER XXX

REALISM IN GERMANY

Why it was that historical painting and the anecdotic picture could no longer take the central place in the life of German art after the changes of 1870.—*Berlin: Adolf Menzel, A. v. Werner, Carl Gussow, Max Michael.—Vienna: August v. Pettenkofen.—Munich becomes once more a formative influence.—Importance of the impetus given in the seventies to the artistic crafts, and how it afforded an incentive to an exhaustive study of the old colourists.—Lorenz Gedon, W. Diez, E. Harburger, W. Loeffiz, Claus Meyer, A. Holmberg, Fritz August Kaulbach.—Good painting takes the place of the well-told anecdote.—Transition from the costume picture to the pure treatment of modern life.—Franz Lenbach.—The Ramberg school.—Victor Müller brings into Germany the knowledge of Courbet.—Wilhelm Leibl, Wilhelm Trübner.*

IN Germany the realistic movement was carried out in much the same way as in France, though it came into action two decades after its French original. The total change which the February Revolution of 1848 had effected in France was in Germany the result of the war of 1870. Historical painting received its death-blow rom that war. After the German Empire had been cemented upon the battle-fields of Bohemia and in the mirrored chamber of Versailles, Germany had no further occasion to console herself for her political wretchedness by the representation of mournful deeds from earlier times. Germania, whom Kaulbach represented, in a work above the staircase of the Berlin Museum, with the crown slipping from her head unawares whilst she is absorbed in reading an old book, had grasped the sceptre once more with a strong hand. The reactionary little state of Prussia, the Prussia of the minister

Manteuffel and of the treaty of Olmütz, had fought the battles of Düppel, Königgrätz, and Sedan, and had placed at her head the most popular monarch who had sat on the throne since Frederick the Great; she had Bismarck as Chancellor and Moltke as Commander-in-Chief. A race satisfied with the world and devoted to work and action succeeded the romantic generation of 1830. It was a race accustomed to political catastrophes, and one which, having itself made history, was no longer disposed to be affected by fossil disasters, or to look up with astonishment to the vanished world of earlier centuries. Critical sense had also become stronger. In literature it was now understood that attempts to vivify the past are always imperfect, that fiction begins at home and must deal with contemporary life, and that the archæological picture of manners is a mistaken province of art. The romantic scribbling of history known in earlier years was transformed into criticism and history pure and simple—that is to say, into the elucidation and exposition of documents. "Historical Picture-Books" took the place of modern milk-and-water illustrations. Thus historical painting met the inevitable fate of becoming pompously null. Only works in which passion born of genuine temperament had burnt up conventionality, or in which a renovation of form in the direction of naturalism had been attempted, could reckon any longer upon success.

It was just as little possible to treat modern life from the standpoint of the old *genre* painting. In the adaptation of modern subjects there resulted the same far-reaching change which had taken place in France through Courbet and in England through the Preraphaelites. The pleasant, harmless *genre* pictures of the painters of village tales were the product of an age when Germany stood aside from the great life of the world, and her entire cast of thought was somewhat provincial and *bourgeois*. The age of railways, telegraphs, and worldwide commerce had now succeeded the age of post-chaises and spinning-wheels. The Germans had no longer any taste for *Gartenlaube* painting, for sentiment and effusions of the heart. They had become too serious to laugh gratefully over pictures like "The Teacher

is coming," "Shaving-day in the Monastery," "Sleep, Child, sleep," and "The Broken Doll." The earnest and actual modern picture of the period was of necessity to become the historical painting of young Germany.

Munich: Photographic Union.]

ADOLF MENZEL.

In Berlin it was *Adolf Menzel* again who did battle by the most decisive outpost skirmishing. The pioneering work of this great little man, who for fifty years had embodied in their typical perfection all phases of German art, is something fabulous: the greatest, and, if any one likes to say so, the only historical painter of bygone epochs, the only one who knew a previous period so intimately that he could venture on painting it, was also the leader of the great movement which, in the seventies, aimed at the representation of our own life. His first appearance was in the time when the proud Titan Cornelius sought to take heaven by storm. Little Menzel was no Titan in those days; he seems in that generation like one bound to the earth, yet he belonged to the Cyclopean race. He was a mighty architect wielding the powers of a giant; and this uncouth Cyclops, hammering and adjusting stones, gained at last as high a point with his firmly constructed building as the Romanticists had reached on their perilous wings of Icarus Having been first the draughtsman and then the painter of Frederick the Great, he gave up history after finishing the picture of the Battle of Hochkirch: his talent was too modern, too much set upon what was concrete, to admit of its being given full scope to the end by constructive work from a *milieu* that was not his own. Until his fortieth year he had celebrated the glorious past of his country. When, with the death of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., a great and decisive turn was given to the politics of the Prussian state—one which put an end to the

stagnation of civil life in Prussia and Germany, and ushered in a new and brilliant period for the realm and the heirs of Friedrich—the painter of Friedrich the Great became the painter of the new realm. After he had already, in the first half of the century, placed reality on the throne of art in the place of rhetoric and a vague ideal, he went one step further in the direction of keen and direct observation, and now painted what he saw around him—the stream of palpitating life.

"The Coronation of King Wilhelm at Königsberg" is the great and triumphant title-page to this section of his art. The effects of light, the red tones of the uniforms, the shimmering white silk dresses, the surging of the mass of people, the perfect ease with which all the personages are individualized, the princes, the ministers, the ambassadors, the men of learning, the instantaneousness in the movement of the figures, the absolutely unforced and yet subtile and pictorial composition, render this painting no picture of ceremonies, in the traditional sense of the phrase, but a work of art at once intimate and august in the impression which it makes. In the picture "King Wilhelm starting to join the Army"—the representation of the thrilling moment on the afternoon of July 31st, 1870, when the King drove along the lindens to the railway station—this phase, which he began with the Coronation picture, was brought to a close. Everything surges and moves, speaks and breathes, and glows with the palpitating life which vibrates through all in this moment of patriotic excitement. But the painter's course led him further.

He first became entirely Menzel when he made the discovery of toiling humanity. In 1867, in the year of the World Exhibition, he came to Paris and became acquainted with Meissonier and Stevens. With Meissonier in particular—whose portrait he painted—he entered into a close friendship, and it was curious afterwards to see the two together at exhibitions—the little figure of Menzel with his gigantic bald forehead and the little figure of Meissonier with his gigantic beard, a Cyclops and a Gnome, two kings in the realm of Liliput, of whom one was unable to speak a word of German and the other unable to speak a word of French, although they

Munich : Photographic Union.]

MENZEL : "THE CORONATION OF KING WILHELM AT KÖNIGSBERG."

Munich: Photographic Union.]

MENZEL: "KING WILHELM STARTING TO JOIN THE ARMY."

had need merely of a look, a shrug, or a movement of the hand to understand each other entirely. He also came into the society of Courbet, who had just made the famous separate exhibition of his works, at the Café Lamartine, in the company of Heilbuth, Meyerheim, Knaus, and others. Here in Paris he produced his first pictures of popular contemporary life, and if as an historical painter he had already been a leader in those battles against theatrical art, he became a pioneer in these works also. Everywhere he let in air and made free movement possible for his comrades in the rear. In the course of years he painted and drew everything which excited in him artistic impulse upon any ground whatever, and not one of these endeavours was work thrown away. A universal genius amongst the painters of real life, he combined all the qualities of which other men of excellent talent merely possessed fragments separately apportioned amongst them: the sharpest eye for

every detail of form, the most penetrative discrimination for the life of the spirit, and at times a glistening play of colour possessed by none of his German predecessors.

Catholic churches seem always to have had a great attraction for him, as well as the people moving in them, and in this an echo of his Rococo enthusiasm is still perceptible. The quaint Rococo churches in the ornate style favoured by the Jesuits, which are still preserved intact in Munich and the Tyrol, were those for which he had a peculiar preference. He lost himself voluptuously in the thousand details of sculpture, framework, organs, balustrades, and carved pulpits, upon which a spent and subdued daylight falls through coloured windows. In the gloom it was all transformed into a forest of ornaments, expanding their traceries like trees in a wood. Sick and infirm people, women in prayer burying their faces in their hands, and lame men with crutches, kneel or move amid the luxuriant efflorescence of stone and wood and gold, of angels' heads and shrines, garlands of flowers, consoles, and fonts of holy water. Twisted marble pillars, church banners, lamps and lustres mount in a confusion of capricious outlines at once tasteful and piquant to the vaulted dome, where the painted skies, blackened by the ascending mist of incense, seem waywardly fantastic.

After the churches the *salons* appealed to him. There came his pictures of modern society: ladies and cavaliers of the Court upon ball-room balconies, the conversation of Privy Councillors in the *salon*, the marvellous ball supper, where a mass of beautiful shoulders, splendid uniforms, and rustling silken trains move amid mirrors, lustres, colonnades, and gilded frames. "The Ball Supper" of 1870 was a vivid picture, bathed in glistening light. The music has stopped. And from a door of the brilliantly lighted ball-room the company is streaming into the neighbouring apartment, where the supper-table has been laid out, and groups of ladies and men in animated conversation are beginning to occupy the chairs and sofas. In 1879 there followed the famous "Cercle:" the Emperor Wilhelm in the red Court uniform of the *Gardes du Corps* is talking with a lady, surrounded by a sea of heads, uniforms, and naked bowing

Paris : Baschet.]

MENZEL : "THE PIAZZA D'ERBE, VERONA."

shoulders. Though it was always necessary in earlier representations of the kind to have a *genre* episode to compensate the insufficient artistic interest of the work, in Menzel's pictures the pictorial situation is grasped as a whole. They have the value of a book; they neither falsify nor beautify anything, and they will hand down to the future an encyclopædia of types of the nineteenth century.

Munich: Photographic Union.]

MENZEL: "THE DAMENSTIFTSKIRCHE AT MUNICH."

From the *salon* he went to the street, from exclusive aristocratic circles into the midst of the eddying crowd. For many years in succession Menzel was a constant visitor at the small watering-places in the Austrian and Bavarian Alps. The multitude of people at the concerts, in the garden of the restaurant, on the promenade, at the open-air services, were precisely the things to occupy his brush. The light rippled through the leaves of the trees; women, children, and well-bred men of the world listened to the music or the words of the preacher. One person leaves a seat and another takes it; everything lives and moves. Huge and lofty trees stretch out their arms, protecting the company from the sun. Unusually striking was "The Procession in Gastein:" in the centre was the priest bearing the Host, then the choristers in their red robes, in front the visitors and tourists who had hastened to see the spectacle, and in the background the mountain heights. The bustle of people gives Menzel the opportunity for a triumph.

Munich : Photographic Union.]

MENZEL : "CERCLE."

In Kissingen he painted the promenade at the waters; in Paris the Sunday gaiety in the garden of the Tuileries, the street life upon the boulevard, the famous scene in the *Jardin des Plantes*, with the great elephants and the vivid group of zouaves and ladies; in Verona the Piazza d'Erbe, with the swarm of people crowding in between the open booths and crying at the top of their voices. Many after him have represented such scenes, although few have had the secret of giving their figures such seething life, or painting them, like Menzel, as parts of one great, surging, and many-headed multitude.

People travelling have always been for him a source of much amusement: men sitting in the corner of a railway-carriage with their legs crossed and their hats over their eyes, yawning or asleep; women looking out of the windows or counting their ready money. Alternating with such themes are those monotonous yet simple and therefore genial landscapes from the suburbs of the great city, poor, neglected regions with machines and men at their labour. Children are bathing in a dirty stream, bordered by little, stunted willows; small craft are gliding over a river, sailors are leaping from one vessel to another, men are landing sacks or vats, and great, heavy

Paris : Baschet.]

MENZEL: "THE IRON MILL."

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Munich: Photographic Union.]

MENZEL: "DIVINE SERVICE AT KÖSEN."

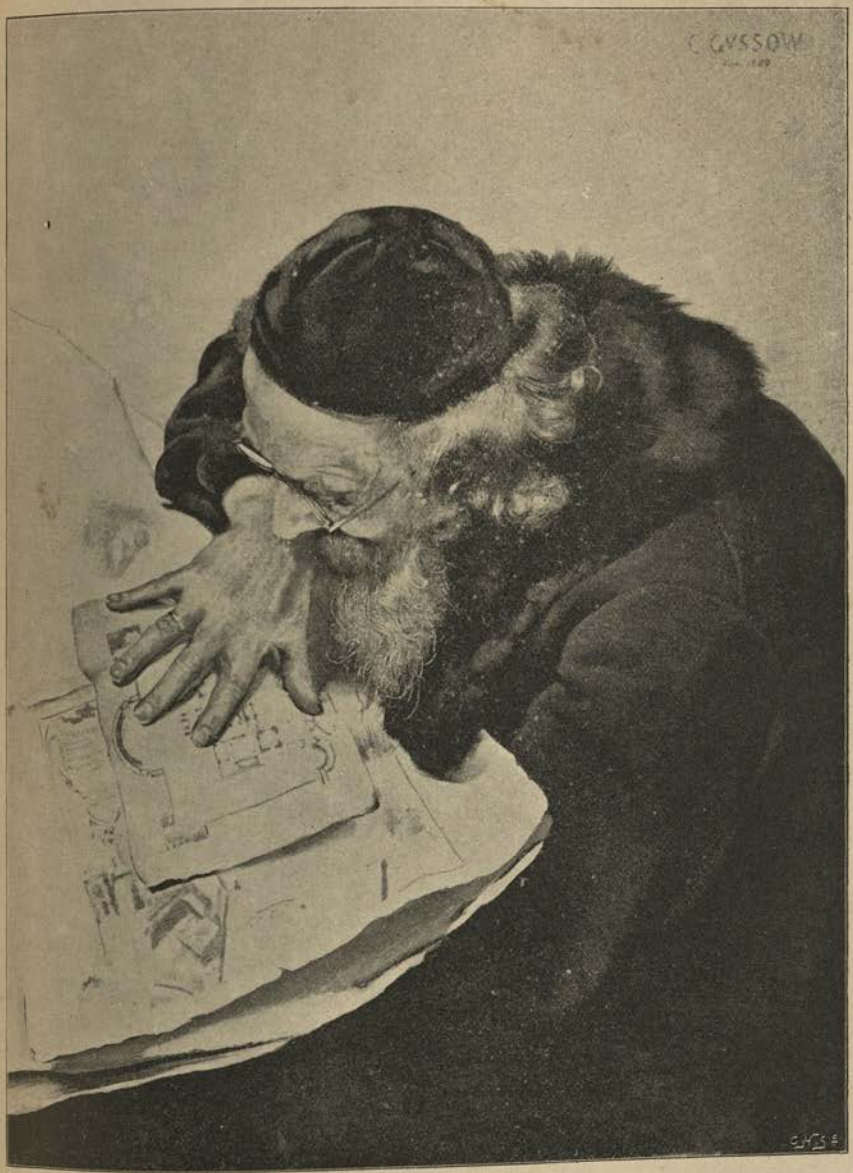
cart-horses dragging huge waggons loaded with beer-barrels along the dusty country road. Or the scaffolding of a house is being raised. Six masons are at work upon it, and they are working in earnest. A strip of green bush waves (German fashion) above the scaffolding, and further off long rows of houses stretch away, and the aqueducts and gas-works which supply the huge crater of Berlin, and day-labourers wheel up barrows of stones. For the first time a German painter sings the canticle of labour.

From the streets he enters the workplaces, and interprets the wild poetry of roaring machines in smoky manufactories. The masterpiece of this group is that bold and powerful picture, his "Iron Mill" of 1876. The low workroom of the great rail-forge of Königshütte in Upper Silesia is full of heat and steam. The muscular, brawny figures of men with glowing faces stand at the furnace holding the tongs in their swollen hands. Their vigorous gestures recall Daumier. Upon the upper part of their bodies, which is naked, the light casts white, blue, and dark red reflections, and over the clothed lower part it flickers in reddish, greenish, and violet tinges, wherever their dress is crumpled. The smoke rising in spirals is of a whitish red, and the wooden beams supporting the ceiling are lit up with a sombre glow. Heat, sweat, movement, and the

Munich: Photographic Union.]
MENZEL: "SUNDAY IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS."

glare of fire are everywhere. Dust and dirt, strong, raw-boned iron-workers washing themselves and exhausted with hard toil, a confusion of wheel-straps and machinery, no pretty anecdote but sober earnest, no story but pure painting—these were the great and decisive achievements of this picture. Courbet's "Stone-breakers" of 1851, Madox Brown's "Work" of 1852, and Menzel's "Iron Mill" are the standard works in the art of the nineteenth century.

Within German art Menzel has won an *enclave* for himself, a rock amid the sea. In France during the sixties he represented German art in general. France offered him celebrity, and after this recognition he had the fortune to be honoured in his native land before he was overtaken by old age. His realism was permitted to him at a time when realistic aims were elsewhere reckoned altogether as æsthetic errors. This explains the remarkable fact that Menzel's toil of fifty years had scarcely any influence on the development of German painting; it would scarcely be different from what it is now if he had never existed.



GÜssow: "The Architect."

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When he might have been an exemplar there was no one who dared to follow him. And later, when German art as a whole had entered upon naturalistic lines, the differences between him and the younger generation were more numerous than their points of sympathy; so that he was no longer able to have a formative influence, but stood out in the new period as a power commanding respect, like an antediluvian hero. Even the isolated realistic onsets made in Berlin in the seventies are in no way to be connected with him.

If realism consisted in the dry and sober illustration of selected fragments of reality, if upright feeling, loyalty, and honest patriotism were serviceable qualities in art, a lengthier consideration were certainly to be accorded to *Anton von Werner*. In his *genre* pictures of campaigning life everything is spick and span, everything is in its right place and in soldierly order: it is all typically Prussian art. His portraits are casino-pictures, and as such it is impossible to imagine how they could better serve their purpose. From the spurs to the cuirassier helmet everything is correct and in accordance with military regulation; even the likeness has something officially prescribed which would make any recruit form front if suddenly brought face to face with such a person. In his pictures of ceremonies his ability was just sufficient to chronicle the function in question with the conscientiousness of a clerk in a law-court. The intellectual capacity for seeing more of a great man than his immaculately polished boots and the immaculately burnished buttons of his uniform was denied him, as was the artistic capacity of exalting a picture-sheet to the level of a picture. The state has need of such painters, just as a company needs a good sergeant-major, but in art the higher staff of officers are composed of different elements.

Equipped with a healthy though trivial feeling for reality, *Carl Güssow* ventured to approach nature in a sturdy and robust fashion in some of his works, and exhibited in Berlin a few life-sized figures, "Pussy," "A Lover of Flowers," "Lost Happiness," "Welcome," "The Oyster Girl," and so forth. Through these he opened for a brief period in Berlin the era

Leipzig: Seemann.]
AUGUST VON PETTENKOFEN.

of yellow kerchiefs and black finger-nails, and on the strength of them was exalted by the critics as a pioneer of realism or else anathematized, according to their æsthetic creed. He had a robust method of painting muscles and flesh and clothes of many colours, and of setting green beside red and red beside yellow, yet even in these first works — his only works of artistic merit—he never got beyond the banal and barbaric transcript of a reality which was entirely without interest.

Max Michael seems to be somewhat influenced by Bonvin. Like the latter, he was attracted by the silent motions of nuns, juicy vegetables, dark-brown wainscoting, and the subdued light of interiors. He was, like Ribot in France, although with less artistic power, a good representative of that "school of cellar skylights" which imitated in a sound manner the tone of the old Spanish masters. One of his finest pictures hangs in the Kunsthalle in Hamburg, and represents a girls' school in Italy. A nun is presiding over the sewing-lesson: the background is brown; the room, which receives the light, broken by a yellow glass, from a high and small window (like that of an attic), is bathed in a brown dusk, in which the gay costumes of the little Italian girls, with their white kerchiefs, make exceedingly pretty and harmonious spots of colour. No adventure is hinted at, no episode related, but the picturesque appearance of the little girls, and their tones in the space are all the more delicately rendered. A refined scheme of colour recalling the old masters compensates the want of incident.

In Vienna *August von Pettenkofen* made a transition from the ossified, antediluvian *genre* painting to painting which was artistically delicate. While the successors of Gauermann and Danhauser indulged in heart-breaking scenes or humorous episodes, Pettenkofen was the first to observe the world from

Leipzig: Seemann.]
PETTENKOFEN: "IN THE CONVENT YARD."

a purely pictorial point of view. Alfred Stevens had opened his eyes in Paris in 1851. Troyon's pictures and Millet's confirmed him in his efforts. He was brought up on a property belonging to his father in Galicia, and had been a cavalry officer before he turned to painting: horses, peasants, and oxen are the simple figures of his pictures. In the place of episodic, ill-painted stories he set the meagre plains of lonely Pusta, sooty forges, gloomy cobblers' workshops, dirty courtyards with heaps of dung and rubbish, gipsy encampments, and desolate garrets. Reckoning is made neither with sentimentality nor with the curiosity excited by *genre* painting. There are delicate chords of colour, and that is enough. The artist was in the habit of spending the summer months in the little town of Spolnok on the Theiss, to the east of Pesth. Here he wandered about amongst the little whitewashed houses, the booths of general dealers, and the fruitsellers' stalls. A lazily moving yoke of oxen with a lad asleep, dark-eyed girls fetching water, poor children playing on the ground, old men dreaming in the sun in a courtyard, are generally the only breathing beings in his pictures. Here is a sandy village square with low, whitewashed houses; there a wain with oxen halts in the street, or a postilion trots away on his tired nag. Like Menzel, Pettenkofen paints busy humanity absorbed in their toil, simple beings who do not dream of leaving off work for the sake of those who frequent picture-galleries. What differentiates him from the

Berlin painter is a more lyrical impulse, something tender, thoughtful, and contemplative. Menzel gives dramatic point to everything he touches; he sets masses in movement, depicts a busy, noisy crowd, pressing together and elbowing one another, forcing their way at the doors of theatres or the windows of cafés in a multifarious throng. Pettenkofen lingers with the petty artisan and the solitary sempstress. In Menzel's "Iron Mill" the sparks are flying and the machines whirring, but everything is peaceful and quiet in the cobblers' workshops and the sunny attics visited by Pettenkofen. Menzel delights in momentary impressions and quivering life, Pettenkofen in rest and solitude. In the former every one is thinking and talking and on the alert; in the latter every one is sleeping and yawning. If Menzel paints a waggon, the driver cracks his whip and one hears the team rattling over the uneven pavement; in Pettenkofen the waggon stands quietly in a narrow lane, the driver enjoys a midday rest, and an enervating, sultry heat broods overhead. Menzel has a love for men and women with excitement written on their faces; Pettenkofen avoids painting character, contenting himself with the reproduction of simple actions at picturesque moments. The Berlin artist is epigrammatically sharp; the Viennese is elegiac and melancholy. Menzel's pictures have the changing glitter of rockets; those of Pettenkofen are harmonized in the tone of a refined amateur. They have only one thing in common: neither has found disciples; they are not culminating peaks in Berlin or Vienna art so much as erratic blocks wedged into another system.

Whilst the realistic movement in both towns was confined to particular masters, Munich had once again the mission of becoming a guiding influence. Here all the tendencies of modern art have left the most distinct traces, all movements were consummated with most consistency. The heroes of Piloty followed the divinities of Cornelius, and these were in turn succeeded by the Tyrolese peasants of Defregger, and amid all this difference of theme one bond connected these works: for interesting subject was the matter of chief importance in them,

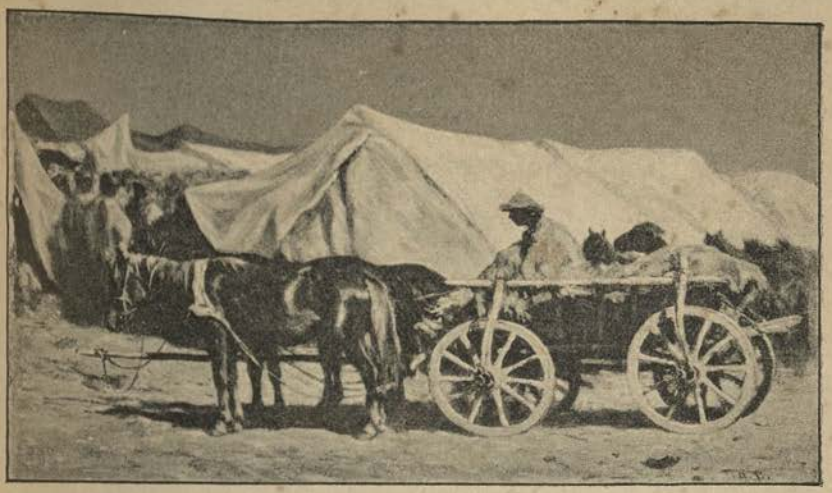
Leipzig: Seemann.]

PETTENKOFEN: "A WOMAN SPINNING."

and the purely pictorial element was something subordinate. The efforts of the seventies had for their object the victory of this pictorial element. It was recognized that the talent for making humorous points and telling stories, which came in question as the determining quality in the pictures of monks and peasants of the school of Defregger and Grützner, was the expression of no real faculty for formative art—that it was merely technical incompleteness complacently supported by the want of artistic sensibility in the public which had produced this narrative painting. It was felt that the task of formative art did not consist in narrative, but in representation, and in representation through the most sensuous and convincing means which stood at its disposal. A renewed study of the old masters made this recognition possible.

Up to this time the most miserable desolation had also reigned over the province of the artistic crafts. But, borne up by the rekindled sentiment of nationality and favoured by the high tide of the milliards paid by France, since 1870 that eventful movement bearing the words "Old German" and "Fine Style" on its programme had become an accomplished fact. The German Renaissance, into which research had been hitherto neglected, was discovered afresh. Lübke explored it thoroughly and systematically; Woltmann wrote on Hans Holbein, Thausing on Dürer; Eitelberger founded the Austrian Industrial Museum; Georg Hirth brought out his *Deutsches*

Zimmer, and began the publication of the *Formenschatz*. The national form of art of the German Renaissance was taken up everywhere with a proud consciousness of patriotism: here was a panacea, as it was thought. Those who followed the artistic crafts declared open war against everything pedestrian and tedious. *Lorenz Gedon* in particular—in union with Franz and Rudolf Seitz—was the soul of the movement. With his black, curly hair, his little, fiery dark eyes, his short beard, his negligent dress, and his two great hands expert in the exercise of every description of art, he had himself something of the character of an old German stone-cutter. His manner of expressing himself corresponded to this appearance. In everything it was original, saturated with his sensuous conception of the world. As the son of a dealer in old pictures and curiosities he was familiar with the old masters from his childhood, and followed them in the method of his study. He was far from confining himself to one branch. The façades of houses, the architecture of interiors, tavern rooms and festal decorations, furniture and state-carriages, statues and embellishments in stone, bronze, wood, and iron, portrait busts in wax, clay, and marble, models for ornaments, for iron lattices, for the adornment of ships and the fittings of cabins, all objects that were wayward, fantastic, quaint, and curious lay in his province; and for the execution of each in turn this remarkable man felt that he had in him an equal capacity. And, at the same time, the temperament of a collector was united in him with that of an artist in an entirely special way. In the bushy wilderness of a garden before his house in the Nymphenburger Strasse, countless stone fragments of mediæval sculpture were strewn about, up to the very hedge dividing it from the street. Rusty old trellises of wrought iron slanted in front of the windows, and in the house itself the most precious objects, which artists ten years before had passed without heed, stood in masses together. As Gedon was taken from his work when he was forty, his artistic endeavour never got beyond efforts of improvisation, but the impulse which he gave was very powerful. Through his initiative the whole province of the artistic crafts



PETTENKOFEN: "A WALLACHIAN WAGGON."

was brought under a pictorial point of view. The bald Philistine style of decoration gave way and a blithe revel of colour was begun. The great carnival feasts arranged by him on the model of the Renaissance period are an important episode in the history of culture in Munich, and have contributed in no unessential manner to the refinement of taste in the toilette of women. The Munich Exhibition of the Arts and Crafts in 1876 (before the entrance of which he had erected that great portal made of old fragments of architecture, wood-carving, and splendid stuffs, and bearing the inscription "The Works of our Fathers") indicated the zenith of that movement in the handicrafts which was flooding all Germany in those days.

The course which was run by this movement in the following years is well-known, and it is well-known how the imitation of the German Renaissance soon became as wearisome as in the beginning it had been attractive. After it had been a little overdone another step was taken, and from the Renaissance people went to the Baroque period, and soon afterwards the Rococo period followed. In these days sobriety has taken the place of this fever for ornamentation, and the mania for style has resulted in a surfeit, a weariness, and a desire for simplicity

and quietude. Nevertheless the beneficial influence of the movement on the general elevation of taste is undeniable, and indirectly it was of service to painting.

In rooms where the owner was the only article of the inventory repugnant to the conception of style, only those pictures were admitted which had been executed in the exact manner of the old masters. Works of art were regarded as tasteful furniture, and were obliged to harmonize correctly with the other appointments of the room; they had, moreover, to be themselves legitimate "imitations of the Works of our Fathers." And, in this way, the movement in the handicrafts gave an impulse to a renewed study of the old masters, carried out with far more refinement than had hitherto been the case. Amongst the costume-painters spread over all Germany, the experts in costume, working in Munich during the seventies, form a really artistic race of able painters who were peculiarly sensitive to colour. They were the historians of art, the *connoisseurs* of colour in the ranks of the painters. Piloty did not satisfy them; they buried themselves in the study of old masters with a delicately sensitive appreciation of them; they began to mix soft, luxuriant, and melting colours upon their pallets, and to feel the peculiar joy of painting. Whilst they imitated the exquisite "little masters" of former ages, in dimly lighted studios hung with Gobelins, imitating at the same time the beautifying rust of centuries, they gradually abandoned all their own tricks of art; and whilst they devoted themselves to detail they brought about the Renaissance of oil-painting. Compared with earlier works, their pictures are like rare dainties. They no longer recognized the end of their calling, as the *genre* painters had done, in a one-sided talent for characterization, but tried once more to lay chief weight upon the pictorial and artistic appearance of their pictures. They were conscious of a presentiment that there were higher spheres of art than the commonplace humour of *genre* painting, and this recognition had a very wide bearing. Pictorial point took the place of narrative humour. If artists had previously painted thoughts they now began to paint things, and even if the things were

bundles of straw, mediæval hose, and the old robes of cardinals, they were no longer "invented," but something which had been seen as a whole. It was a transition towards ultimately painting what had actually taken place before the artist's eyes.

That sumptuous, healthy artist of such pictorial ability, *Diez*, the Victor Scheffel of painting, stands at the head of the group. From his youth upwards his chief place of resort had been the cabinet of engravings where he studied Schongauer, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and all the boon-companions and vagabonds etched or cut in copper or wood, and on the model of these he painted his own marauders, robber-barons, peasants in revolt, old German weddings and fairs. His picture "To the Church Consecration" recalls Beham, his "Merry Riding" Schongauer, and his "Ambuscade" Dürer, whilst Teniers served as model for his fairs. Diez knows the period from Dürer and Holbein to Rubens, Rembrandt, Wouverman, and Brouwer as thoroughly as an historian of art, and sometimes—for instance in his "Picnic in the Forest"—he has even drawn the eighteenth century into the circle of his studies. His pictures had an unrivalled delicacy of tone, and could certainly hang beside their Dutch models in the Pinakothek without losing anything by such proximity.

Leipzig: Seemann.]

DIEZ: "RETURNING FROM MARKET."

Munich: Hanfstängl.]

CLAUS MEYER: "MUSIC IN THE NUNNERY."

Something of Brouwer or Ostade revived once more in *Harburger*, the talented draughtsman of *Fliegende Blätter*, the undisputed monarch of the kingdom of slouching hats, old mugs, and Delft pipes. Pictures like "The Peasants' Doctor," "The Card-players," "The Grandmother," "By the Quiet Fireside," "In the Armchair," and "Easy-going Folk" were masterpieces of delicate Dutch painting: the tone of his pictures shows distinction and temperament; they have deep and fine *chiaroscuro* and are soft and fluent in execution. *Loeffiz* with his picture "Love and Avarice" appeared as Quentin Matsys *redivivus*, and then attached himself in turn to Holbein and Van Dyck; and exercised, like Diez, a great influence on the younger generation by his activity as a teacher.

Claus Meyer, who became one of the best known amongst the young Munich painters by his "Sewing School in the Nunnery" of 1883, had the merit of acquiring a method of

painting which was full of *nuances*, through modelling himself upon Pieter de Hoogh and Van der Meer of Delft. Through the windows hung with thin curtains the warm, quiet daylight falls into the room, glancing on the clean boards of the floor, on the polished tops of the tables, the white pages of the books, and the blond and brown hair of the children, playing round it like a golden nimbus. Another sunbeam streams through the door, which is not entirely closed, and quivers over the floor in a bright and narrow strip of light. The intimate representation of peaceful scenes of modest life, the entirely pictorial representation of peaceful and congenial events, has taken the place of the adventures dear to *genre* painting. Old gentlemen with a glass of beer and a clay pipe, servant-girls peeling potatoes in the kitchen, pupils at the cloister sitting over their books in the library, drinkers, smokers, and dicers—such were the quiet, passive, and silent figures of his later pictures. The mild sunshine breaks in and plays over them. Light clouds of tobacco-smoke float in the air. Everything is homely and pleasant, touched with a breath of pictorial charm, comfortable warmth, and poetic fragrance. A hundred years hence his works will be sold as flawlessly delicate and genuine old Dutch pictures. *Holmberg* became the historian of cardinals. A window, consisting of rounded, clumpy panes, let in with little glass pictures, forms the background of the room, and in the subdued oil-light which beams over splendid vessels and ornaments, chests and Gobelins, the white satin dresses of ladies in the mode of 1640, or the lilac and purple robes of cardinals from the artist's rich wardrobe, are displayed, together with the appropriate models.

In *Fritz August Kaulbach*, the most many-sided of the group in his adoption of various manners, the essence of this whole tendency is to be found. He did not belong to the specialists who restricted themselves, in a one-sided fashion, to the imitation of the Flemish or the Dutch masters, but appeared like old Diterici, Proteus-like, now in one and then in another mask; and, whether he assumed the features of Holbein, Carlo Dolci, Van Dyck, or Watteau, he had the secret of being invariably graceful and *chic*.

KAULBACH: "THE LUTE-PLAYER."

When the German Renaissance was at its zenith he painted in the Renaissance style: harmless *genre* pictures *à la* Beyschlag — the joys of love and of the family circle—but not being so banal as the latter he painted them with more delicate colouring and finer poetic charm. Certain single figures were found specially acceptable — for instance, the daughters of Nuremberg patricians, and noble ladies in the old German caps, dark velvet gowns, and long plaits like Gretchen's, with their eyes sometimes uplifted and sometimes lowered, and their hands at one moment folded and at another carrying a shining covered goblet. Occasionally these single figures were portraits, but none the less were they transformed into "ladies in old German costume;" and Kaulbach understood how to paint, to the utmost satisfaction of his patrons, the black caps, no less well than the little veil and the net of pearls, and the greenish-yellow silk of the puffed sleeves, no less well than the plush border of the dark gown and the antique red Gretchen pocket. Many of them held a lute and stood amid a spring landscape, before a streamlet or a silver-birch, such as Stevens delighted in painting ten years previously. At that time Fritz August Kaulbach, with

KAULBACH: "A LADY IN OLD GERMAN COSTUME."

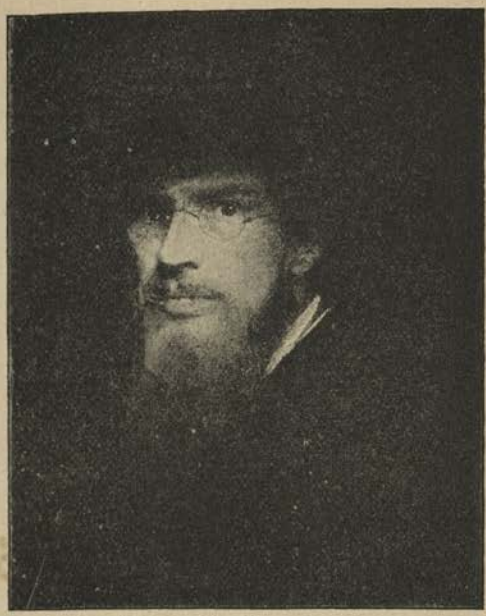
greater softness in his treatment, occupied in Germany the place which Florent Willems had occupied in Belgium. Since then he has brought nearer to the public the most various old and modern masters, and he has done so with fine artistic feeling: in his "May Day" he has revived the pastoral scenes of Watteau with a felicitous sleight; in his "St. Cecilia" he created a total effect of great grace by going arm-in-arm with Carlo Dolci and Gabriel Max; his "Pietà" he composed with "the best figures of Michael Angelo, Fra Bartolomeo, and Titian," just as Gerard de Lairesse had once recommended to painters. Intermediately he painted frail flower-like girls *à la* Gabriel Max, charming little angels *à la* Thoma, children in Pierrot costume *à la* Vollon, and little landscapes *à la* Gainsborough. He did not find in himself the plan for a new edifice, in erecting his palace of art, but built according to all plans that came in his way; he simply chose from all existing forms the most graceful, the most elegant, the most precious, culled from their beauties only the flowers, and bound them into a tasteful bouquet. In his modern portraits of women, which in recent years have been his chief successes, he placed himself

between Van Dyck and the English. Of course a really *chic* painter of women, like Sargent, is not to be thought of in this connection; but for Germany these portraits were in exceedingly fine taste, had an interesting, Kaulbachian trace of indifferent health, and breathed an *odeur de femme* which found very wide approval. In his "Lieschen, the Waitress of the Shooting Festival" he risked a fresh attempt at treating popular life, and made of it such a graceful picture that it might almost have been painted by Piglhein; while in a series of spirited caricatures he even succeeded in being—Kaulbach. The history of art is wide, and since Fritz August Kaulbach knows it extremely well, he will certainly find much to paint that is pleasing and attractive, "*s'il continue à laisser errer son imagination à travers les formes diverses créées par l'art de tous les temps*," as the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* said of him on the occasion of the Vienna World Exhibition of 1878.

After all, these pictures will have little that is novel for an historian of the next century. "*Être maître*," says W. Burger, "*c'est ne ressembler à personne.*" But these were the works of painters who merely announced the dogma of the infallibility of universal eclecticism, as the Caracci had done in their familiar sonnets: they were spirited imitators, whose connection with the nineteenth century will be known in after-years only by the dates of their pictures. As old masters called back to life they have enriched the history of art, as such, by nothing novel. Yet, in replacing superficial imitations by imitations which were excellent and congenial, they have nevertheless advanced the history of art in the nineteenth century, in another way.

By the labour of his life each one of them helped to make a place in Germany for the art of oil-painting, which had been forgotten under the influence of Winckelmann and Carstens, and in this sense their works were very important stations, as one might say, on the great thoroughfare of art. Through systematic imitation of the finest old masters, the Munich school had in a comparatively short time regained the appreciation of colour and treatment which had so long been lost. At a hazy distance lay those times when the distinctive

peculiarity of German painting lay in its wealth of ideas, its want of any sense for colour, and its clumsy technique, whilst the æsthetic spokesmen praised these qualities as though they were national virtues. These views had been altogether renounced, and a decade of strenuous work had been devoted to the extirpation of all such defects. Such an achievement was sufficiently great, and sufficiently important and gratifying. This last resuscitation of the old masters was capable of being turned into a bridge leading to new regions.



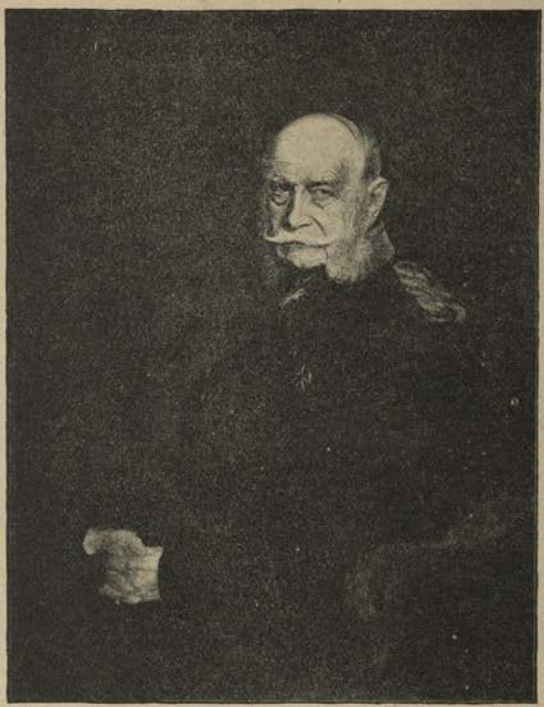
Munich: Photographic Union.]

LENBACH: PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

A feeling arose that the limit had been reached, and it arose in those very men who had advanced furthest in pictorial accomplishment, adapting and making their own all the ability of the old masters. Painters believed that they had learnt enough of technique to be able to treat subjects from modern life in the spirit of these old masters, not handling them any longer as laboriously composed *genre* pictures, but as real works of art. And a group of realists came forward as they had done in France, and began to seek truth with scientific rigour and an avoidance of any kind of anecdotic by-play.

The greatest pupil of the old masters, *Franz Lenbach*, stands in a close and most important relationship with these endeavours of modern art, through some of his youthful works.

The public has accustomed itself to think of him only as a painter of likenesses, and he is justly honoured as the greatest German portraitist of the century. But posterity may one day



Munich: Photographic Union.]

LENBACH: THE EMPEROR WILHELM.

regard it as a special favour of the gods that Lenbach should have been born at the right time, and that his progress to maturity fell in the greatest epoch of the century. His gallery of portraits has been called an epic in paint upon the heroes of our age. The greatest historical figures of the century have sat to him, the greatest conquerors and masters in the kingdom of science and art. Nevertheless this gallery would be worthless to posterity if Lenbach had not had at his disposal one quality possessed by none of his immediate predecessors, a sacred respect for nature. At a time when rosy tints, suave smiles, and idealized drawing where the requirements necessary in every likeness, at a time when Winterhalter painted great men, not as they were, but as, in his opinion, they ought to have been—without reflecting that God Almighty knows best what heads are appropriate for great men—Lenbach appeared with his brusque veracity of portraiture. That alone was an achievement in which only a man of original temperament could have succeeded. If a portrait-painter is to prevail with society a peculiar combination of faculties is necessary, apart from his individual capacity for art. Lenbach had not only an eye and a hand, but likewise elbows and a tongue which placed him

hors concours. He could be as rude as he was amiable, and as deferential as he was proud; half boor and half courtier, at once a great artist and an accomplished *faiseur*, he succeeded in doing a thing which has brought thousands to ruin — he succeeded in forcing upon society his own taste, and setting genuine human beings of strong character in the place of the smiling automatons of fashionable painters. In comparison with the works of earlier portrait-painters, it might be said that a touch of pantheism and nature-worship goes through Lenbach's pictures.

LENBACH: PRINCE BISMARCK.

And what makes this so invaluable is that his greatness depends really less upon artistic qualities than upon his being a highly gifted man who understands the spirit of others. It is not merely artistic technique that is essential in a portrait, but before everything a psychical grasp of the subject. No artist, says Lessing, is able to interpret a power more highly spiritual than that which he possesses himself. And this is precisely the weak side in so many portrait-painters, since a man's art is by no means always in any direct relationship with the development of his spiritual powers. In this respect a portrait of Bismarck by Lenbach stands to one by Anton von Werner, as an interpretation of Goethe by Hehn stands to one by Düntzer. To speak of the congenial conception in Lenbach's pictures of Bismarck is a safe phrase. There will always remain something wanting, but since Lenbach's works are in existence, one knows, at any rate, that this something can be reduced to a far lower measure than it has been by the other Bismarck portraits. "*Bien comprendre son homme*," says Bürger-Thoré, "*est la première qualité du portraitiste*," and this faculty of the gifted psychologist

Munich: Albert.]

LENBACH: "A SHEPHERD BOY."

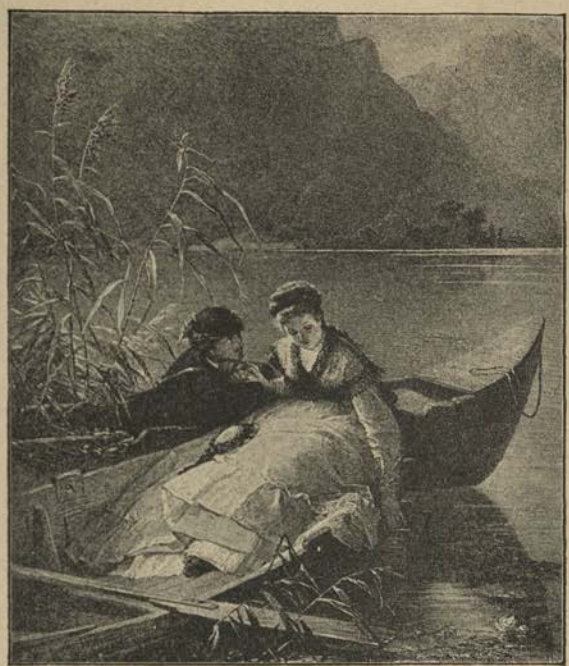
has made Lenbach the historian elect of a great period, the active recorder of a mighty era. It even makes him seem greater than most foreign portrait-painters. How solid, but at the same time how matter-of-fact, does Bonnat seem by Lenbach's side! One should not look at a dozen Bonnats together; a single one arrests attention by the plastic treatment of the person, but if you see several at the same time all the figures have this same plastic character, all of them have the same pose, and they all seem to have employed the same tailor. Lenbach has no need of all that characterization by means of accessories in which Bonnat delights. He only paints the eyes with thoroughness, and, possibly, the head; but these he renders with a psychological absorption which is only to be found amongst living artists, perhaps, in Watts. In a head by Lenbach there glows a pair of eyes which burn themselves into you. The countenance, which is the first zone around them, is more or less—generally less—amplified; the second zone, the dress and hands, is either still less amplified or scarcely

amplified at all. The portrait is then harmonized in a neutral tone which renders the lack of finish less obvious. In this sketchy treatment and in his striking subjectivity Lenbach is the very opposite of the old masters. Holbein, and even Rubens—who otherwise sets upon everything the stamp of his own personality—characterized their figures by a reverent imitation of every trait given in nature. They produced, as it were, real documents, and left it to the spectator to interpret them in his own way.

Lenbach, less objective, and surrendering himself less absolutely to his subject, emphasizes one point, disregards another, and in this way conjures up the spirit by his faces, just as he sees it. It may be open to dispute which kind of portraiture is the more desirable, but Lenbach, at any rate, has now forced the world to behold its great men through his eyes. He has given them the form in which they will survive. No one has the same secret of seizing a fleeting moment; no one turned more decisively away from every attempt at idealizing glorification or at watering down an individual to a type. He consults photography, but only as Molière consulted his housekeeper. It serves him merely as a medium for arriving at the startling directness, the impression of momentary life, in his pictures. Works like the portraits of King Ludwig I., Gladstone, Minghetti, Bishop Strossmayr, Prince Lichtenstein, Richard Wagner, Franz Liszt, Paul Heyse, Wilhelm Busch, Schwind, Semper, Liphart, Morelli, and many others have nothing like them as analyses of the character of complex personalities. Some of his Bismarck portraits, as well as his last pictures of the old Emperor Wilhelm, will always stand amongst the greatest achievements of the century in portraiture. In the one portrait is indestructible power, as it were the shrine built for itself by the mightiest spirit of the century; in the other the majesty of the old man, already half alienated from the earth, and glorified by a trace of still melancholy, as by the last radiance of the evening sun. In these works Lenbach appears as a wizard calling up spirits, an *évocateur d'âmes*, as a French critic has named him.

But what the history of art has forgotten in estimating the fame of the portrait-painter Lenbach, is that in the beginning of his career this very man paved the way for the "Realistic" movement in German painting which in these days he confronts so haughtily and with so much reserve. The first of these works of his, which have for Germany much the same significance as the early works of Courbet have for France, is the well-known "Shepherd Boy" in the Schack Gallery. Stretched on his back, he lies in the high grass where flowers grow thickly, and looks up while butterflies and dragon-flies flutter through the dusty air of a Roman summer day. Such a frank, audacious, naked realism, breaking away from everything traditional in its representation of fact, was something entirely novel and surprising in Germany in the year 1856. Up to this time no one had seen a fragment of nature depicted with such unqualified veracity. The tanned shepherd lad, with his naked, sunburnt feet covered by a dark crust of mire from the damp earth, seemed to be lying there in the flesh plastically thrown into relief by the glowing midday sun. The next of these pictures, "Peasants taking Refuge from the Weather," which appeared in the exhibition of 1858, called down a storm of indignation on account of its "trivial realism." Every figure was painted after nature with blunt and rigorous sincerity, and no anecdotic incident was devised in it.

After the sixties the influence of Courbet began to be directly felt. In the days when he worked in Couture's studio *Victor Müller* had taken up some of the ideas of the master of Ornans, and when he settled in 1863 in Munich Müller communicated to the painters there the first knowledge of the works of the great Frenchman. He did not follow Courbet, however, in his subjects. "The Man in the Heart of the Night lulled to Sleep by the Music of a Violin," "Venus and Adonis," "Hero and Leander," "Hamlet in the Churchyard," "Venus and Tannhäuser," "Faust on the Promenade," "Romeo and Juliet," "Ophelia by the Stream"—such are the titles of his principal works. But how far they are removed from the anæmic, empty painting of beauty which reigned in the school of



Munich : Kaeser. [*C. Geyer sc.*

RAMBERG : "THE MEETING ON THE LAKE."

Couture ! Though a Romanticist of the purest water in his subjects, Müller appears, in the manner in which he handles them, as a Realist on whom there is no speck of the academical dust of the schools. The dominant features of Victor Müller's pictures are the thirst for life and colour, full-blooded strength, haughty contempt for every species of hollow exaggeration and all outward pose, genuine human countenances and living human forms inspired with tameless passion, an audacious rejection of all the traditional rules of composition, and, even in colour, a veracity which in that age, given up to an ostentatious painting of material, must have had an effect that was absolutely novel. In 1863 the blooming flesh of his "Wood Nymph" excited the Munich public to indignation, just as the nude female figures of Courbet had roused indignation about the same time in Paris. Pictures painted with singular sureness of hand were executed by him during the few years that he yet had to live—portraits of dogs, landscapes of a flaming glow of colour, single figures of red-haired Bacchantes and laughing flower-girls, old men dying, and charming fairy pictures. The nearer he came to his death, the more his powers of work seemed to increase. The most remarkable ideas came into his head. He drew, and painted without intermission designs which had occupied him

Hanfstängl photo.]

HIRTH: "THE HOP HARVEST."

for years. "I feel," he said, "like an architect who has been commissioned to carry out a great building, and I cannot do it: I must die."

But the impulse which he had given in more than one direction had further issues. As Hans Thoma in later years continued the work of the great Frankfort master in the province of fairy-tale, *Wilhelm Leibl* realized Müller's realistic programme.

Wilhelm Leibl, son of the conductor of music in the cathedral, was born at Cologne on October 23rd, 1844. At Munich he entered the studio of *Arthur von Ramberg*, that unjustly forgotten master, who, both by his own work and by his activity as a teacher, exercised upon the younger Munich school a far healthier influence than Piloty. Ramberg was a modern man, who had the best will to come into immediate contact with life and break the fetters of tradition which hung everywhere upon that generation. He was an aristocrat and a dandy, and, having occupied himself in the beginning with

Kunst für Alle.]

WILHELM LEIBL.

romantic fairy subjects, he painted, soon after his migration to Munich, a series of pictures from modern life—"Dachau Girls on Sunday," "The Return from the Masked Ball," "A Walk with the Tutor," "The Meeting on the Lake," "The Invitation to Boat," and others, which rose above the mass of contemporary productions by their great distinction, fragrance, and grace. At a time when others held nothing but the smock-frock fit for representation, Ramberg painted the fashionable modern costume of women. And when others devoted themselves to clumsy *genre* episodes, he created songs without words that were full of fine reserve, nobility, and delicate feeling.

Rudolf Hirth, who made a stir with his "Hop Harvest;" *Albert Keller*, the tasteful painter of fashionable life; *Karl Haider*, the sincere and conscientious miniature-painter whose energy of manner had a suggestion of the old masters, together with Wilhelm Leibl, all issued from Ramberg's school, not from Piloty's.

The young student from Cologne was thus saved, in the beginning, from occupying himself with history, and he had no need to addict himself to narrative *genre* painting, since his

LEIBL: "LA COCOTTE."

entire organization pre-ordained him to painting pure and simple. Wilhelm Leibl was in those days a handsome fellow, with powerful limbs and shining brown eyes. He was realism incarnate—rather short, but strongly made, and with a frame almost suggesting a beast of burden, broad in the chest, high-shouldered, and bull-necked. His arms were thick and his feet large. His gait was slow, heavy, and energetic, and he made with his arms liberal gestures which took up a good deal of room. He had not the fiery spirit of Courbet, being more prosaic, sober, and deliberate, but he resembled him both in appearance and in the artistic faculty of eye and hand. "He had," as a French critic wrote of him, "one of those organizations which are predestined for painting, as Courbet had amongst us Frenchmen. Such men extract the most remarkable things from painting."

Even his first picture, exhibited in 1869, and representing his two fellow-pupils Rudolf Hirth and Haider looking at an engraving, had a soft, full golden harmony, which left all the products of conventional *genre* painting far behind it, and came into direct competition with the refined works of the Dutch painter Michael Swert. His second picture, a portrait of Frau Gedon, made an impression even in Paris by its Rembrandtesque beauty of tone, and was awarded there in 1870 the gold medal

LEIBL: "PEASANTS READING THE NEWSPAPER."

which the judges had not ventured to give him the year before at Munich, because he was still an Academy pupil. Yet 1869 was the decisive year in Leibl's life. The Munich Exhibition gave at that time an opportunity for learning the importance of French art upon a scale previously unknown. Over four hundred and fifty pictures were accessible, and the works of the smooth, conventional historical painters were the minority. Troyon was to be seen there, and Millet and Corot. But Courbet, to whose works the committee had devoted an entire room, was chiefly the hero, and one over whom there was much conflict. Opinions were violently at odds about him in the painters' club. The official circle greeted the master of Ornans with the same hoot of indignation which had received him in France. But for Leibl he became an adored and marvellous ideal. His eyes sparkled when he sat opposite him at the *Deutsches Haus*, and in default of any other means of making himself understood he assured Courbet of his veneration

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LEIBL: "IN THE STUDIO."

by sturdily drinking to him: "Prosit Courbet — Prosit Leibl." He stretched his powerful limbs, and threw himself into vigorous attitudes to evince in sanguinary quarrels, when necessary, his enthusiasm for the great Frenchman. How false and paltry seemed the whole school of Piloty, with its rose-coloured insipidity and its conventional bloom of the pallet, when set against the downright veracity and the masterly painting of these works!

In the same year he went to Paris, special occasion for the journey being given by a commission for a portrait which he received from the Duc Tascher de la Pagerie. There he painted "La Cocotte," the portrait of a fat Frenchwoman seated upon a sofa and watching the clouds of smoke from her clay pipe. In its massive realism, and in the exuberant power of its broad, liquid painting, it might have been signed "Courbet," and Leibl tells with pride how Courbet slapped him on the shoulder when he was at his work, saying: "*Il faut que vous restez à Paris.*" The breaking out of the war brought his residence in Paris to an end more quickly than he had foreseen, but though it only lasted nine months, it was long enough to give for ever a firm direction to the efforts of the painter. Leibl became the apostle of Courbet in Germany, and in his outward life the German Millet. Back once more in Bavaria, he migrated in 1872 to Grasolfingen, then to Schondorf on the Ammersee, then to Berbling near Aibling, and in 1884 to Aibling itself; he became

a peasant, and, like Millet, he painted pictures of peasants.

The poetic and biblical, the august and epical bias which characterizes the works of Millet, is not to be expected in Leibl. A spirit bent upon what is great and heroic speaks out of Millet's pictures. A Rembrandtesque feeling for space, the great line, the simplification, the intellectual restraint from anecdotic triviality of form, are the things which constitute his style. Leibl is at his best when he buries himself with delight in the hundred little touches of nature. He triumphs when he has to paint the faces of old peasant women, full of wrinkles and furrowed with care; the ruddy cheeks of girls, sparkling in all their natural rustic freshness; figured dresses, the material and texture of which are clearly recognizable; flowered silk kerchiefs worn round the neck, coarse woollen bodices, and heavy hobnail shoes. He is to Millet what Holbein is to Michael Angelo.

Kunst für Alle.]
LEIBL: "THE NEW PAPER."

Nor can he be called an artist of intimate feeling in the sense in which the Scandinavians are amongst the moderns. In Viggo Johansen the painter disappears; what he paints has not the effect of a picture, but of a moment of existence, a memory of something dear and familiar—something which has been lived and seen, but not fashioned with deliberate intention. His figures are like the sudden appearance of actual persons,

LEIBL: "AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL."

spied upon, as if one were looking through the window into a strange room under cover of night. One feels that there is no occasion to pay the artist a compliment; but one would like to sit in such a warm, cosy room, impregnated with tobacco-smoke, to inhale the fine cloud of steam issuing from the tea-kettle, to hear the bubbling water, humming quietly upon the glimmering fire. But the painter is always seen in Leibl's pictures. A communicative spirit, something which touches the heart and sets one dreaming, is precisely what is not expressed in them. The spectator invariably thinks, in the first place, of the astonishing ability, the incredible patience, which went to the making of them. And with all their photographic fidelity, he is moreover conscious that the painter himself was less concerned in seizing the poetry of a scene, the instantaneous

charm of an impression of nature, than in forcing into the foreground particular evidences of his technical powers which he has reserved for display. For instance, newspapers in which, if it is possible, a fragment of the leading article may be deciphered, earthen vessels, bottles, and brandy glasses, play in his pictures a *rôle* similar to that assumed by the little caskets with brass covers that catch the flashing lights, the overturned settles, the tapestry, and the globe in works of the school of Piloty.

Leipzig: Seemann.]

LEIBL: "IN CHURCH."

Wilhelm Leibl is a good workman, like Courbet, a man of fresh, vigorous, and energetic nature and robust health, very material, and at times matter-of-fact and prosaic. Painting is as natural to him as breathing and walking are to the rest of us. He goes his way like an ox in the plough, steadily and without tiring, without vibration of the nerves, and without the touch of poetry. He goes where his instinct leads him and paints with a muscular flexibility of hand whatever appeals

Hanfstängl helio.]

LEIBL: "IN THE PEASANT'S COTTAGE."

to his eye or suits his brush. Opposed to the neurotic and hurrying moderns he has something of a mediæval monk, who sits quietly in his cell, without counting the hours, the days, and the years, and embellishes the pages of his service-book with artistic miniatures, to depart in peace when he has set "Amen, Finis" at the bottom of the last page. But he has, too, all the capacity and all the boundless veneration for nature of these old artists. He is the greatest *maître peintre* that Germany has had in the course of the century, and in this sense his advent was of epoch-making importance.

Even Defregger had observed peasant life altogether from a narrative and anecdotic point of view. In Leibl this narrative

genre has been overcome. He had ability enough to give artistic attractions even to an "empty subject." To avoid exaggerated characterization, to avoid the expression of anything divided into *rôles*, he consistently painted people employed in the least exciting occupations, peasants reading a newspaper, sitting in church, or examining a gun. Pains are taken to avoid the slightest movement of the figures. Whilst all his predecessors were romance-writers, Leibl is a painter. His themes—simple scenes of daily life—are a matter of indifference; the beauty of his pictures lies in their technique. They are works of which it may be said that every attempt to give an impression of them in words is impotent, for they have not proceeded from delight in anecdotic theme, but, as in the good periods of art, from the discipline of the sense for colour and from an eminent capacity for drawing: they are pictures in which mere interest in subject is lost in the consideration of their artistic value, while the matter of what is represented is entirely thrown into the background by the manner in which it is carried out. The chief aim of the historical as of the *genre* painters had been to draw a fluent cartoon based upon single studies, to mix the colours nicely upon the pallet, lay them upon the canvas according to the rules, blend them and let them dry, so as then to attain the proper harmony of colour by painting over again and finally glazing. Leibl's mastery, which of itself resulted in an astonishing truth to nature, lay in seizing an impression as quickly as possible, taking hold of the reality rightly at the first glance, and transferring the colours to his canvas with decision and sureness, in clear accord with the hues of the original. Lessing's maxim, "From the eyes straight to the arm and the brush," has been realized here for the first time in Germany.

As yet no German had, in the same measure, what the painter calls qualities, and even in France two apparently heterogeneous faculties have seldom been united in one master in the same measure as they were in Leibl: a broad and large technique, a bold *alla prima* painting, and, on the other hand, a joy in work of detail with a fine brush, such as was

L'Art.]
LEIBL: "A PEASANT DRINKING."

known by Quentin Matsys, the smith of Antwerp. "The Village Politicians" of 1879 was the chief work that he painted in Schondorf. What would Knaus, the king of illustration and the ruler over the province of vignettes, have made out of this theme! By a literary evasion he would have subordinated the interest of the picture to his ideas. One would have learnt what it is that peasants read, and received instruction as to their political allegiance to party and their offices and honours in the village: that would be the magistrate, that the smith, and that the tailor. In Leibl there are true and simple peasants, who, by way of relaxation from the toil of the week, listen stupidly and indifferently to the reading of a Sunday paper, in which one of them is endeavouring to discover the village news and the price of crops. They are harsh-featured and common, but they have been spared theatrical embellishment and impertinent satire; they are not artistically grouped, though they sit there in all the rusticity of their physiognomies, and all the angularity of their attitudes, without polish or Sunday state. Leibl renders the reality without altering it, but he renders it fully and entirely. The fidelity to nature held fast on the canvas surpassed everything that had hitherto been seen, and it was gained, moreover, by the soundest and the simplest means. Whereas Lenbach, in his effort to reproduce the colour-effects of the old masters, destroyed the durability of his pictures even while he worked upon them, Leibl seemed to have chosen as his motto the phrase which Dürer once used in writing to Jacob

L'Art.]

LEIBL: "A TAILOR'S WORKSHOP."

Heller: "I know that, if you preserve the picture well, it will be fresh and clean at the end of five hundred years, for it has not been painted as pictures usually are in these days."

He took a further step in the direction of truth when he made a transition from the Dutch towards the old German masters. After he had, in his earlier productions, worked very delicately at the tone of his pictures, and, for a time, had particularly sought to attain specific effects of *chiaroscuro*, attaching himself to Rembrandt, he took up an independent position in his conception of colour, painting everything not as one of the old masters might have seen it, but as he had seen it himself. All the tricks of painting and sleights of virtuosity were despised, special emphasis being scarcely laid upon pictorial unity of effect. Everything was simple and as true as nature, and had a sincerity which is not to be surpassed.

The picture of the three peasant women, "In Church," is the masterpiece in this "second manner" of his, and when it appeared in the Munich International Exhibition of 1883, it was an event.

Since then it was established—at any rate in the artistic circles of Munich—that Leibl was the greatest German *painter* of his time. That Leibl painted the picture without sketching for himself an outline, that he began with the eye of the peasant girl and painted bit by bit, like fragments of a mosaic, was a feat of technique in which there were few to imitate him. The young generation in Munich studied the pages of the service-book and the squares of the gingham dress, the girl's jug and the carvings of the pew, with astonishment, as though they were the work of magic. They were beside themselves with delight over such unheard-of strength, power, and delicacy of modelling, the fusion of colour suggesting Holbein, and the intimate study of nature. They perpetually discovered new points that came upon them as a surprise, and many felt as Wilkie did when he sat in Madrid before the drinkers of Velasquez, and at last rose wearily with a sigh.

Leibl did for Germany what the Preraphaelites did for England. Men and women were represented with astonishing pains just as they sat and suffered themselves to be painted. He was determined to give the whole, pure truth, and he gave it; that, and nothing more and nothing less. He reproduced nature in her minutest traits and in her finest movements, bringing the imitative side of art to the highest perfection conceivable. In virtue of these qualities he was a born portrait-painter; and, although he never had "conception" as Lenbach had, his likenesses with those of Lenbach belong to the best German performances of the century. Only Holbein when he painted his "Gysze" had this remorseless manner of analyzing the human countenance in every wrinkle. Leibl once more taught the German painters to go into detail, and led them constantly to hold nature as the only source of art; and that has been the beginning of every renaissance.

Other countries were early in recognizing his importance as a pioneer. His works sold for their weight in gold in England and America, at a time when the German critics lamented his want of "humour" in every picture. "La Cocotte" is in the possession of the painter William Merrit Chase in New York;

the "Peasants reading the Newspaper" is in the Stewart Collection in the same city. In Paris Munkacsy possesses "The Colloquy in the Inn;" in Rome Joseph Kopf possesses the portrait of a Dachau girl with a fur cap. What remained in Germany is dispersed in private collections. The "Portrait of Frau Gedon" has come into the ownership of Herr Joost in Cologne, a likeness of a pair of Munich painters into that of Baron Liebig in Reichenberg; Herr Katzenstein in Frankfort owns "The Hunter," Herr Thiem in Berlin a girl's head, Herr Schön in Darmstadt "In Church," and individual works are in Munich in the possession of Defregger, Georg Hirth, F. A. Kaulbach, Théodore Knorr, H. Schlitgen, W. Trübner, and others. He is nowhere adequately represented in public galleries. The Cologne Museum possesses his earliest work of 1866, the portrait of his father, which he sent himself as a gift. And a girl's head was bought for the Dresden Collection, and a small picture of peasants for the New Pinakothek in Munich. In the other galleries he is nowhere to be found, and the gradual filling in of this gap will one day be a matter of honour. For Leibl belongs to history. His works were pictorially the most complete expression of the aims of the Munich school in colour. As a representative of the efforts of the decade from 1870 he is as typical as Cornelius for the art of the thirties, Piloty for that of the fifties, and as Liebermann became later as a representative of the efforts of the eighties.

Through his influence—and through his etchings also he claims a high position in the history of German art—a large number of younger artists were incited so to adopt the methods of *bonne peinture* that they were able, with a complete disregard for anecdotic material, to set about painting good, genuine pictures which aimed at being nothing but admirable pictures.

Of these painters *Wilhelm Trübner* was the most delicate and able colourist. In person he was a short, thick-set, and strongly built man, and he had a tough, steadfast nature which was imperturbably phlegmatic. And thanks to this phlegmatic temperament he was never taken captive by the mighty past. In an age when all the other young artists were copying old

TRÜBNER: "A POTATO FIELD."

pictures in the Pinakothek and composing new ones on the same model, Trübner also loved the old masters, but it was in a Platonic fashion, and their works did not lead him astray. When others racked their brains, devising humorous or narrative episodes, he was too easy-going to hunt after ingenious ideas. He wanted to be a painter, and recognized that the real task of a painter consisted in painting. Muralt said that one had to strip scholars of their scholarship "*avant que de pouvoir les faire revenir à l'état de nature où se doit trouver l'homme.*" Trübner was a painter with a healthy human understanding. A good deal of heavy blood flowed in his veins, his broad-browed head was firmly set upon massive shoulders, and his eyes, like Courbet's, were open for everything that can be seen and handled. He seemed purely come into the world to prove that a painter has only need of five senses to paint the whole universe. He felt a revulsion from everything that was not of the earth beneath

TRÜBNER: "IN THE STUDIO."

his feet, never dreamt of making things more beautiful than they are, nor of forcing them into combinations which in reality they have not got. On the contrary, he found that the creation was a very great success. In this way his qualities and his defects are both intelligible. His phlegmatic temperament had hindered him from acquiring firm groundwork as a draughtsman, but the capacity for painting was in his blood, while his healthy sentiment and his obstinate independence saved him from all mannerism, from extravagant painting of costume, and from the humours of *genre*. He did not know much, but what he knew he had learnt for himself. Thus there came into his pictures a curious mixture of uncompromising truth and salient weaknesses, refreshing health and strange ignorance.

He is as congenial as he is open to censure, and as self-secure as he is unequal. The sins he committed in the field of mythological painting are without importance in a summary of his general characteristics. It was a delight for this healthy painter, with his joy in the flesh, to represent the naked throng of bodies mingled in the battles of the giants. He has painted crucifixions, Prometheus with the Oceanides, and much of the same sort; but in spite of his peculiar and independent power of

conception, he was too weak in drawing to achieve results that are worth mentioning. On the other hand, he was a very great portrait-painter. His likenesses—though, like those of Courbet, they have no psychological importance—are to be reckoned with the best painting produced by any Munich artist at that time. His little figure-pictures, in which he painted admirably and with a liquid brush the intimate charm of interiors in *chiar-oscuro*, rivet attention by their stubborn, incorruptible sincerity. When they were exhibited twenty years ago, they were overlooked, because they were too simple, and made no concessions to the ruling taste. But fifteen years afterwards, when German art as a whole had entered other lines, it was remembered that Trübner had belonged to the advance-guard. Leibl alone had such full and rich colouring, such a broad, energetic stroke, such a deep and beautiful, enamel-like brilliancy of hues. Even his "Christ in the Sepulchre," by which he had most offended the average public, had, as a study in the style of Ribera, a truth and impressiveness such as only great artists can command.

But this uncompromising apostle of truth is in particular a landscape-painter of high gifts and exquisite taste. Strength, simplicity, and a fine sense for the great forms and tone-values in nature distinguish him in this field. Forest depths with a splendid clarity of *chiaroscuro*, glimpses upon still waters which lie cool and grey in the vapours of the dusk, moss-grown rocks, and white glimmering birches alternate with views of the Castle of Heidelberg, with far distances over the plain of the Main, with potato-fields in bloom, with picturesque prospects of Seeon, and the most varied sketches of the Island of Herrenchiemsee, which he specially loved, and which revealed to him new beauties, new moods, and new charms of colour at every fresh study. Thus, in a certain measure, he supplements Leibl as a landscape-painter. If both were added together they would contain the same total of power as Courbet had in France.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE PROBLEM OF THE MODERN INTUITION OF COLOUR

Realism, independent in its treatment of form and subject, either failed to attain emancipation from the old masters or failed to attain pure artistic harmony in colour.—Courbet, Stevens, Ribot, Lenbach.—The Preraphaelites and Menzel.—Leibl.

COURBET and Ribot for France, Holman Hunt and Madox Brown for England, Stevens for Belgium, Menzel, Lenbach, and Leibl for Germany, are the great names of modern Realism, the names of the men who subjected modern life to art, and subjected art to the nineteenth century.

At first there was no painting for painting's sake, but only historical and *genre* painting. Through the literary tendency of the entire organization of painting, a one-sided discipline of the understanding was fostered at the expense of the intuitive powers. The great poets and thinkers held all nations in thrall, and compelled even the plastic artists to follow their lead. The catalogues of the period are evidence that ideas taken second-hand out of books were almost exclusively ascendant. Literature and science were the staff upon which feeble art rested, groping its way. Historical painting recognized its aim in illustrating historical events, as a science subordinate to history. *Genre* painting followed, composing fragments of reality into narrative episodes. The medium for understanding pictures was found in the letters imprinted on the frame, and their value might be summarized in these words: what the brush executed was merely the translation or description of the title in the catalogue. Meanwhile the public went to an exhibition to study history,

ethnography, and accounts of costume and foreign countries, or to behold the comical freaks of inventive humourists of the brush.

But now the merciless preponderance of mere interest in subject was laid on one side. Artists began to be really painters, and no longer historical and *genre* painters. The citadel of bad taste, narrative painting, was conquered, the artistic atmosphere purified; the conception of *L'Art pour L'Art* was lit upon once more, and art was again mistress in her own house.

And the further she advanced from her ancillary position the more she liberated herself from the leading-strings of other kinds of discipline and the more strong in herself did she become. Painting which renounces the aid of letters is necessarily forced to deploy all its resources, to supply the want of foreign adjuncts by pure artistic charm.

When the century came into being there was nothing novel in pictures except the ideas. Works were magnificent illustrations of modern learning, splendid interpretations of profound thoughts. The forms of art were taken from the old masters, and the recipes were preserved at the academies. From Mengs to Cornelius and Kaulbach, and from David to Cabanel and Bouguereau, painters believed themselves to have created great and independent works of art when they resembled the old classic masters, and they gratefully acknowledged the praise of critics, which always really belonged to the old artists so far as it did not exclusively concern itself with the ideas of pictures. To advance from this period of external imitation and learn to look with its own eyes painting had to go amongst the people, and rise from the ranks; every new epoch of art has begun with realism, with the most faithful rendering of truth. Hence in its second period painting meant the gradual conquest of the visible world, and, hand in hand with that, gradual emancipation from the old masters. The artistic world, beneath the yoke of the old masters, had at first thought it necessary to follow them even in subject, had not held it possible that an event of the present time could inspire quite as admirable a masterpiece as any drama of the past. Now the present begins to be conscious

of its own being and to come to its rights. It was urged that the spirit which issued from old works of art had been a living thing, the sympathetic observation of nature. No longer was it a question of imitation, but of producing different work in harmony with the different spirit of the age, although with a similar artistic intention. Modern artisans, covered with dust, stone-breakers, smiths, and peasants usurped the place of beings of whom no one had any knowledge which was not borrowed from museums. What had been personally observed ousted what was imitated. Sharp eyes and a respect for nature were the first requisites demanded from an artist.

At the same time the principles of composition were extended. When Courbet, Madox Brown, and Menzel appeared it was made a reproach to them that they "could not compose a picture, and arranged figures arbitrarily without distinction, just as they came into view." The foundation of a new principle of composition was a further act of reformation due to these men: they gave laws of composition conformable to new needs. So long as modern art handled the same subjects as the old classic masters, essentially similar principles of composition could be followed—that is to say, those, in the first place, which were borrowed from the Cinquecentisti. New contents, however, demand a new outward frame. It was a mark of subserviency that what resulted in a natural way from the subjects of the old masters—things accidental or chosen for a special case, such as the pyramid form in Holy Families—was taken by their imitators as an absolute law. In this way there came such comical contortions as Kaulbach's "Mad-house," where the lunatics are grouped in *tableaux vivants* simply at the pleasure of the painter, who wished that the strict pyramidal structure might not be disturbed. The harmony which had once been a matter of natural feeling was turned into a binding formula by those who aped it. Now it was demanded that no figure in a picture, no single member of the body, should contradict the logic of the situation for the sake of æsthetic rules. The most beautiful lines and the most elegant groupings are false when they are opposed to the nature of the subject. In the older *genre* pictures the

same universally familiar poses taken from old paintings reappeared again and again. Everywhere one perceived the intention, and could say exactly why this figure is standing here rather than there, and in one way rather than another; one always saw the artist composing according to received rules instead of nature. But now the place of system has been taken by free and unforced arrangement, in which artistic calculation is concealed by an appearance of carelessness, and unity of conception replaces mechanical symmetry. Instead of a hero surrounded by supernumeraries, one sees, as one generally does in life, merely ordinary persons without any leading figure whatever. To arrange in a picture the elements of modern life, without the guiding hand being too visible, to compose them and at the same time preserve their appearance of multiplicity, was the new principle founded by Courbet, Madox Brown, and Menzel; and in founding it they went back to the true tradition of the old masters, which is to compose pictures according to the demands of any given case.

Only one disquieting question was still left open: as the preceding generation took their form, so these painters took their colour, not from nature, but from the treasury of old art.

Yet in the conception of colour also modern painting moved upon a steep line of ascent. In the beginning of the century the deepest vandalism of taste in colour went parallel with a highly developed literary and scientific culture. Until the twenties there was neither understanding for colour nor any desire for the æsthetic enjoyment of it; it was an inartistic element, altogether suspicious to those who favoured the ruling tendency. At first painters learnt only gradually to recognize colour as their peculiar medium of expression. The capacity for vision began slowly to grow strong and subtile by the influence of the old masters. The names of the great organizers of schools—Cornelius, Piloty, Diez, Ingres, Couture, Bonnat—show how swiftly and successfully the various stages were passed through.

But it was the last-comers especially—Courbet and Ribot, Lenbach and Leibl—who helped modern art to arrive at

maturity in point of colour. They were the sensualists of colour amid a painting which had previously laid greater stress on form or anecdote than on what is properly pictorial. Brothers of the mighty workers of the past, they made their own, entirely, the methods of *bonne peinture*. They felt a voluptuous delight in mixing colours, and these colours are liquid, rich, and brown. The thin and smooth handling of earlier times gives way to one which is broad, full-grained, and pasty; relief is given by light falling in, and a vigorous brush executes the strokes of shadow and the high lights. Painters had learnt to see artistically, and the coloured reflection of things was, in their eyes, life. They delighted in heaping together picturesque objects, and arranging them, according to their harmonious values, into a rich and full-toned whole. Since the eighteenth century, such power and exuberance of treatment had not been seen, such a full poetic feeling for colour, suggesting the old masters in its refinement.

This study of the old artists, however, resulted in some disadvantages. The condition in which the works of the old masters were seen was not that of their pristine freshness, but the darkened gallery-tone which they had received in the course of time. The old pictures were studied with the crust of dirt upon them, accumulated by two hundred years, and so, from the very beginning, artists gave new pictures the appearance of having hung for centuries in a picture-gallery. And this was not unnatural so long as the early painters were followed in the choice of subject. When the Romanticists, after the discords of Classicism, began to apply the tone of religious pictures of the Renaissance to the historical picture, the conventionality of their colouring was only slightly apparent, since they arranged the colour-motives in the manner most suitable to this tone. But now, after a transition had been made by way of the *genre* picture to the representation of modern life, there was necessarily a dissonance between the new subjects and the old conception of colour; the new men and women no longer suited the old clothing of paint. In holding to the colour system of the old masters artists sinned against

the style demanded by novel subjects; and while they were realistic in the handling of form, they were still guilty of mannerism in the conception of colour.

Courbet announced it as his programme to express the manners, ideas, and aspect of his age—in a word, to create living art. He described himself as the sincere lover of *la vérité vraie*: "*la véritable peinture doit appeler son spectateur par la force et par la grande vérité de son imitation.*" But were his figures and was the environment of them true in colour? Theoretically he demanded that counsel should only be taken of nature, that the artist should study her with his own eyes and a perfect self-renunciation, that tradition was despicable—a hindrance that came between the artist and *la vérité vraie.* He declaimed against the old masters; he trumpeted to the world that he had never had a teacher, that he had proceeded from himself, like the phœnix. His pictures, on the other hand, bear witness to the diligent study of the old masters which he made in the Louvre. He broke with subjects dictated by the past, with the eternal repetition of historical and mythological themes and the rules of composition sanctified by tradition, but he did not attain independence in the conception of colour. When he called Titian an old humbug, it was black ingratitude in him who owed Titian so much. Whilst he denied the old masters, he painted as an unqualified admirer of old pictures; he loved the brown sauce and red shadows of the seventeenth century more than was good for novel subjects; and he was, without knowing it, the last of the Bolognese, in his modern pictures of artisans. In opposing himself to Cabanel and Bouguereau, the Carlo Dolci and Sassoferato of the nineteenth century, he instinctively turned to him who, in that old time, pursued those eclecticists with the dagger and the bowl. And this man—Caravaggio—had painted blacker than all the others. His works were called by the Caracci cellar-skylight pictures. So when this very method was applied to events taking place in the open air, it necessarily led to the greatest improbabilities. Where there is a delightful subtilty of fleeting *nuances* in nature, an oppressive opaque heaviness is found in this

modern Caravaggio of Franche-Comté. He certainly painted modern stone-breakers, but it was in the tone of saints of the Spanish school of the seventeenth century. His pictures of artisans have the odour of the museum. The home of his men and women is not the open field of Ornans, but that room in the Louvre where hang the pictures of Caravaggio. And not in the tone of the air merely, but in the tints of his flesh, he who was the apostle of truth has been guilty of falsehood. He still believed that the nude body was brown, and gave his women entering a bath colours as dark and dirty as if he had wished to demonstrate that bathing was sometimes an absolute necessity; and thus he betrayed that he had studied tradition in the Bolognese of the decadence.

Alfred Stevens made a great stride by painting modern *Parisiennes*. After the costume picture had up to his time sought the truth of the old masters only in the matter of the skirts which the fashion of their age prescribed, Stevens was the first to dress his women in the garb of 1860, just as Terborg painted his in the costume of 1660 and not of 1460. But the very atmosphere in which the *Parisienne* of the nineteenth century lives is no longer that in which the women of de Hoogh moved. The whole of life is brighter. The studios in which pictures are painted are brighter, and the rooms in which they are destined to hang. Van der Meer of Delft, the greatest painter of light amongst the Dutch, still worked behind little casements; and in dusky patrician dwellings, "where the very light of heaven breaks sad through painted windows," his pictures were ultimately hung. The old masters paid special attention to these conditions of illumination. The golden harmony of the Italian Renaissance came into being from the character of the old cathedrals furnished with glass windows of divers colours; the half-light of the Dutch corresponded to the dusky studios in which painters laboured, and the gloomy, brown-wainscoted rooms for which their pictures were destined. The nineteenth century committed the mistake even here of regarding what was done to meet a special case as something absolute. Rooms had long become bright when studios were

artificially darkened, and artists still sought, by means of coloured windows and heavy curtains, to subdue the light, so as to be able to paint in tones dictated by the old masters. Stevens shed over a modern woman, a *Parisienne*, sitting in a drawing-room in the Avenue de Jena, the light of Gerard Dow, without reflecting that this illumination, filtered through little lattice-windows, was quite correct in Holland during the seventeenth century, but no longer proper in the Paris of 1860, in a *salon* where the windows had great cross-bars and clear white panes which were not leaded. This is what chiefly makes his pictures untrue, lending them an old Flemish heaviness, something earthy, savouring of the clay, and not in keeping with the fresh fragrance of the modern *Parisienne*. Her modernity is seen through the yellowish glass which the old Flemish masters seemed to hold between Stevens and his model.

Considered as a separate personality *Ribot*, too, is a great artist; his works are masterpieces. Yet when young men spoke of him as the last representative of the school of cellar-windows there was an atom of truth in what they said. Like Courbet, he continued the art of galleries. The master of a style and yet the servant of a manner, he marks the summit of a tendency in which the great traditions of Frans Hals and Ribera were once more embodied. When he paints subjects resembling the themes of these old masters, he is as great as they are, as genuine and as much a master of style; but as soon as he turns to other subjects the imitative mannerist is revealed. Even things so tender and unsubstantial as the flowers of the field seem as if they were made of wax. His disdain for what is light, fluent, and fickle, like air and water, is evident in his sea-pieces. His steamers plough their way through a greyish black sea beneath a thick black stormy sky, as though through grey deserts. Nature quivering in the air and bathed in light is not so heavy and compact, nor has it such plasticity of appearance. His women reading are the *ne plus ultra* of painting; only it is astonishing that any human being can read in such a dark room.

Ribot's parallel in Germany is *Lenbach*, who had less pictorial

and greater intellectual power. As a painter of copies, particularly copies of the artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he formed and perfected a school for the understanding of the old masters, as not one of his contemporaries had done. The copies which he made as a young man for Count Schack in Italy and Spain are probably the best translations by the brush that have ever been executed. He has reproduced Titian and Rubens, Velasquez and Giorgione, with equal magic; no other painter has entered into all the subtilties of their technique with such intelligence and keenness; and by the aid of these sleights of art, which he learnt as a copyist from classic masterpieces, he communicated to his own works that impress which qualifies them for the gallery and suggests the old masters with such refinement. His pictures mark the summit of ability reached in Germany in the pictorial style of the old artists. When Carstens died, the art of painting was no longer a possession of the Germans; the efforts of the Nazarenes and of the school of Piloty and Diez, filling the chronicle of a century, found their ultimate and crowning issue in Lenbach. It was impossible to gain from the old masters more than he had done; the limit was reached, and in the history of art Lenbach will be named for all time as the winner over this long course.

But, at the same time, his weakness lies in this very eminence. The man who had passed through the high-school of the old masters with the greatest success, was entered as a student for life and never took the professorial chair himself. Helferich has called him the impersonated spirit of the galleries, the spirit which is centuries old. A giant in intellect and force of conception, he is at this very day as much a pupil of the old masters in colour as he was formerly in Spain. He paints admirably, he paints with refinement and mastery, but always in the tones of his teachers. Some classic painter, whose secrets he has discovered with a stiff-necked obstinacy, invariably stands behind his pictures; here it is Van Dyck, and there Titian, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, or Reynolds. And this ambition to appear before his own age as an old master has had two dangerous results: it will be to blame if Lenbach himself never becomes

an old master, for many of his pictures are ruined already; it has caused him, as a pupil of the classic painters, to deviate from nature in his colour, in a way never permitted to themselves by the old artists. Truth has been sacrificed to the tone of galleries; all faces, ruddy or pale, look as if they had been painted over with the juice of liquorice. Not one of his Bismarck pictures has the real complexion of the original. Lenbach has kept it in a golden brown, whereas it actually has rather that chalky rose-colour painted by Richmond. His pictures of women have an oily, dirty effect, instead of being fresh and fragrant. A man combining with Lenbach's intellectual gifts a greater reverence for nature in the matter of colour, a man seeing nature herself and not the tones of the old masters, would be, in these days, the ideal of a portrait-painter.

This indicates the direction which must be taken by the further development of painting. A really new and independent art must finally emancipate itself from the Renaissance colouring, the tone of Church painting, and the *chiaroscuro* of pictures painted behind the variegated panes of lattice-windows. It must be evident that the methods of the old Spanish and old Dutch schools, excellent in themselves, were fully in keeping with strange scenes of martyrdom or quiet interiors with peasants and fat matrons, but that they could not possibly be employed in pictures of artisans beneath the free sky, nor in those of elegant interiors of our own days, nor of pale and delicate *Parisiennes* attired in silks, beings of a new epoch. A different period necessitates different methods. It is not merely that the subjects of art change, but the way in which they are handled must bear the marks of the period. Nature should no longer be studied through the prism of old pictures, and the phrase *beau par la vérité* must be exalted to a principle applying to colour also. In this the old masters were guiding stars themselves.

When Courbet, Ribot, and Lenbach studied them in the sixties, no one yet suspected that the Dutch and Italian masters had probably become brownish-yellow with age. The present

generation knows how to distinguish paint from varnish. After a number of eminent restorers had subjected the Munich Pinakothek, the London National Gallery, and the Dutch Museums to a complete cleaning, it first became obvious that this rendering of all nature in a dingy hue was far from the original intention of the old masters. The old pictures, restored and freed from dirt, themselves became classic witnesses against the view which had hitherto obtained as to the colouring of the classic artists. Now their gladness of colour was first revealed, the pictures became luminous as they had been in old days; the flesh was no longer leather, the linen was no longer yellow, the sky grew bright and the shadows clear; their warmth, as it is called, their golden tone, disappeared where it had been dull varnish, and reached its greatest brilliancy where it had been originally painted by the artist. Now it was seen that the rust of age, the patina of centuries, the condition of decay, were by no possibility the aims to be set up for the artist's labour; it was recognized that novel subjects had no doubt been painted, though according to old methods which had not been even understood, and the effort was made, even in what concerned painting, to become once more independent, as the old masters had been themselves.

The Preraphaelites and Menzel were the first to become alive to the problem. They were never taken captive by the tones of the early masters, but placed themselves always in conscious opposition to the artists of older ages. The battle against "brown sauce" even formed an essential point in the programme of the Brotherhood. They protested against conventional colouring as violently as against the sweeping line taught by traditional rules of beauty. How does it happen, asks Ruskin, in that passage where he subjects the works of the Cinquecentisti to his most destructive criticism, how does it happen, he asks, that the light only falls upon the central group, leaving everything else in shadow? Out of what material is the world made, that these shadows are all of the same brown? Nature knows nothing of the ruddy golden light, the brown shadows, and the warm blooming flesh which corrupts our better

judgment in the pictures of the Venetians and their English imitators. Not merely in drawing, but likewise in the handling of light, shadow and colour are the authentic effects of nature, to be faithfully copied without reference to conventional gradation. The Cinquecentisti produced symphonies in brown, but have they ever painted green grass, yellow sand, and blue sky? Instead of making brown sauce, light should be studied in open air, as it plays upon various bodies, and the actual hues of nature should be placed upon the canvas in all their intensity. In the matter of colour the pictures of the Preraphaelites are distinct from anything painted on the Continent in the same years. The flesh-tones were actual flesh-tints, the shadows were blue and the trees and meadows green, and that at a time when they were consistently brown in France. And the separate colours were displayed in the full glare of light with the greatest audacity.

As early as 1854 *Holman Hunt* ventured in his scene from *Two Gentlemen of Verona* to address himself to the problem of sunlight rippling through leaves; he painted the forest depths with golden sunbeams, and a glancing dazzle of sunlight playing upon the mossy stems of trees. In his "Triumph of the Innocents" a clear grey-blue Eastern night stretches around, bright, glittering stars are in the sky, and watch-fires are burning. At a time when painters elsewhere contented themselves with making studies of some sort or another in summer, and filling them in, according to taste, with figures in winter, Holman Hunt strictly insisted upon the harmony between figures and their environment. The background of "The Light of the World" was painted by glimmering lamplight during the cold nights of an English November; that picture full of such charm of landscape, "The Shores of England," he painted and finished, stroke by stroke, in autumn by the steep cliffs of Sussex. The luxuriant woods of Kent in October, with their thick trunks and their shimmering green leaves, gave him the scenery for "Valentine rescuing Sylvia from Proteus." For his "Shadow of Death" he made a daily study of the landscape of Palestine at the same hours through several

years. To paint "The Scapegoat" he worked for months by the Dead Sea.

Even more noteworthy is the reality in light and colour which *Madox Brown* made it his labour to attain. As early as the forties, and therefore before Millais, he had begun to paint in the open air, endeavouring to give his pictures the full brightness of sunlight. His journey to Italy confirmed him in these efforts. Masaccio and Filippino Lippi, as he saw there, had not the tone of the studio; they painted brightly, like their contemporaries Rogier van der Weyden and Memlinc. It was only later, through Correggio, that subdued light became the fashion; then, when the academicians of Bologna imitated the pictures of the Cinquecentisti, which were dimmed by age, there came that sauce out of which artists once more emerged as soon as Rubens appeared, the great bearer of light in the seventeenth century. "Work" marked the final result of his experiment in open-air painting. He endeavoured to paint an occurrence just as it took place in the street, under blazing sunlight. The sun ripples through trees, dazzling upon the coats of the workmen in innumerable points of shining light.

But, as so often happens in the nineteenth century, though the English found the jewel, they did not understand how to cut it. The Preraphaelites had a quickening influence, in exciting a feeling for hue and tint, and rendering it keener by their own insistence on the elementary effects of colour. They sought to free themselves from brown sauce and to be just to local tones, through straightforward, independent observation. They painted the trees green, the earth grey, the sky blue, the sunbeams yellow, in sharply accentuated colours, as little blended as possible. But in most cases the result was not particularly pleasant; there was almost always a hard, motley colouring which made the most glaring effect. Their audacity was somewhat barbaric. There was a want of warmth and softness, the atmosphere did not combine the whole by its mitigating and harmonizing power. Even Madox Brown's "Work" is an offensive chaos of crying colours. The bright clothes, the blue blouses, the red uniforms, have a gaudy and unquiet

effect. The problem was attacked, but the solution was harsh and crude.

Of *Menzel's* pictures the same is true, though not perhaps in the same degree. In pictorial conception he also has not quite reached the summit. His method of painting is sometimes sparkling and full of spirit, holding the mean, more or less, between the quiet and plain painting of Meissonier and the crisp, glittering style of Fortuny; he lets off a flickering, dazzling, rocket-like firework, but at bottom he has been cut from the block from which draughtsmen are made. Sometimes it is astonishing how his brush sweeps over costumes, ornaments, and buildings, but he does not think in colour; it is supplementary to the drawing, and not of earlier origin, nor even of equal birth. Much as he tried to paint smoke and steam in his "Iron Mill," he had no understanding for atmospheric life; for this reason harsh and glaring tones almost invariably make a disturbing effect in his works. His "Piazza d'Erbe" as well as his "King Wilhelm setting out to join the Army" have a motley and restless effect in the picture, and only in photography or black and white do they acquire something of the simplicity which is to be desired in the originals. The best of his drawings may stand beside the sketches of Dürer without detriment; to place his pictures on the same level is impossible, because quietude and pure harmony are wanting in them.

So extremes meet. Courbet, Ribot, and Lenbach are the greatest connoisseurs of colour that Europe had seen previous to their appearance, but this they are at the expense of truth; they have identified themselves with the old masters, and not arrived at any personal conception of colour. Menzel and the Preraphaelites despised the old masters, but their conception of colour had something primitive, jarring, and undisciplined. Their whole method of creation, and the aim which they set themselves, prevented them from arriving at real harmony. For Menzel and the Preraphaelites, although they were not *genre* painters proper, the idea, or perhaps what was psychologically interesting, stood in the foreground, not what was purely pictorial in a scene. Although they did not affect the humour

of *genre* painting, they did not renounce narrative subject. What a wealth of ideas Madox Brown has put into his pictures! His work "The Last of England" tells a whole story. A pure painter would have painted the ship, the wedded pair, the sky, and the sea. But Madox Brown has hung upon cords a row of cabbage-heads in the poop of the ship, and not upon pictorial grounds, but merely to indicate that a long crossing is to be made, and, in no sense, a voyage of pleasure. That the principal figures are too poor to travel first-class is shown by their surroundings. Behind the married couple may be seen the eye of a woman, a hand holding a pipe, the feet of a little boy who is kneeling, and the upper part of the face of a tiny girl, eating an apple. This is the respectable family of small tradespeople—the father, the elder daughter, and two children; the mother is dead. That may be gathered from the elder daughter wearing a black woollen glove. Behind these again there is a scamp, who has lost his teeth in some scuffle, grinning as he shakes his fist at his native land. There is no doubt that the gesture is accompanied by a round oath, for an old lady, perhaps the mother of the good-for-nothing rascal, lifts her hands to heaven in indignation, whilst another lounger with a fuddled red face announces his approval by a pantomime expressive of delight. Without the aid of any written text it is easy to see that a whole story has been put into the picture.

In "Work" the accumulation of such details is carried to the highest point. A simple street scene is supposed to be painted; but in Madox Brown's head it transformed itself into a symbolical representation of toil. The description given by himself occupies three closely printed pages. He was not content with bringing together within the frame all types of English navvies—the handsome and laughing lad, working hard in the flower of life, though not despising a glass of beer, the sturdy old man whom nothing can divert from his work, and the laggard who urges on the others. On the contrary, the most various persons who by any association of ideas can be brought into connection with the conception of work are pressing and pushing and knocking up against each other around this group of workmen—engineers,

philosophers, famished Irishmen, flower-girls and orange-girls, policemen, sandwich-men, cake-sellers, street arabs, coquettish young ladies, and old ladies distributing moral tracts, to say nothing of a girl on horseback, riding with her father. A beggar in the left corner of the picture is hawking forget-me-nots. Soldiers are promenading with their sweethearts, and in the foreground poor children are playing. The street hoarding is covered with a medley of advertisements, on which every letter has been carefully painted. To the right, in the shade of a tree, two intellectual toilers are standing in conversation—Carlyle and F. D. Maurice. One group is piled over the other, so that the frame scarcely holds them.

Menzel's works are conceived in a similar way. His pictures, also, never create an impression of pictorial harmony, because they are overloaded with restless details; they are painted rather with the understanding than with the eye. What is chiefly striking in the fine bust of the master modelled by Reinhold Begas is the broad, furrowed, and thoughtful forehead. The mouth is hard, hermetically sealed, as it were, and betraying nothing of the ideas living in his brain. His eyes look out coldly and with a direct glance beneath thick bushy brows, as though he were measuring an enemy and seeking the place where he was most vulnerable. A dwarfish body supports a firm, muscular neck, though his narrowness of chest is made the more obvious by his loose, wide coat. His whole life is concentrated in his head, a bald head, endlessly chiselled and traversed by a thousand blue veins. His art corresponds with his appearance. The great head of the painter is the infinite source of ideas; by that source his art is nourished, and by that alone. His heart has been too little developed to contribute to the supply. What marks him pre-eminently is his epigrammatic keenness, his deliberate understanding, his cool Berlin wit, bent upon making points. There is a touch of Hogarth in him; he is wanting in tenderness. Where one looks for contemplative feeling and loving, absorbed observation one finds deliberate irony and cold satire. Armed with his pencil, he analyzes everything he touches in the great comedy of life, but he has never

been in love—not even as a man. His characterization occasionally borders on caricature, because it has always the intention of being epigrammatically brilliant. He has a pleasure in seizing the most fleeting, the most momentary movement, the most flitting play of countenance; by these means he gives such sparkling life to his pictures, though generally at the expense of quiet objectivity. Indeed his pictures are rather epigrams than representations. In "The Ball Supper" he writes a satire upon fashion and superficiality, pride and subserviency. In "The Dinner at Sans-Souci" all the faces are flushed. All the guests are making the most meritorious exertions to keep up their hilarity and their *esprit*; they are all laughing, as though they were tickled by an invisible hand. It is as if they could be heard saying to each other: "Now, haven't we got brilliancy? haven't we got a great deal of brilliancy? you know we can't have too much of it. We are here for no other purpose except to have brilliancy. What would the world say if it found out that we dined with Frederick the Great and hadn't brilliancy?" When he painted the ceremonial "Procession in Gastein," he did not forget to introduce as the leading comic figure the *blasé* tourist, who, having hastened to the spectacle in the sweat of his face, turns his back upon the rustic solemnity with an arrogant air of being bored. An English family, standing absolutely helpless—in spite of their purses—amid the claims and offers with which they are beset by the market idlers, have, of course, found their way into the busy crowd of the Piazza d'Erbe. The Englishman of real life, the quiet, fashionable, and experienced cosmopolitan, whose composure nothing can disturb, is replaced, for the sake of comic effect, by the stage Englishman, who thirty years ago was a standing figure in *Fliegende Blätter*. This deliberate accumulation of separate observations, which are far-fetched, destroys the truth of Menzel's pictures. His method of representation is ironical, and not ingenuous. It is too liberal in whims and personal comments; it collects too many trifles, it makes art a feat of artifice, it is a perpetual endeavour to astonish by the production of some unexpected and fatally intricate minor circumstances. His painting is realism, so far as

it excludes nothing from nature because it happens to be uncomely, and avoids harmonizing in conventional tones. But it is less true than the painting of the older realists, because it does not render the truth fully, but only in an arbitrary accumulation of fragments. He did not tell stories nor moralize as the earlier *genre* painters, but he made too many additions. He lacked simplicity.

Wilhelm Leibl has the simplicity which is to seek in Menzel and the Preraphaelites. Far from being satirical, he represents the *ne plus ultra* of reality, and he is also distinguished from Courbet, Ribot, and Lenbach because his intuition of colour is less suggestive of old masters. Having been in the beginning a pupil of the old masters, he worked his way later from mere virtuosity to plain, straightforward independence, and tried to begin over again, using his own eyes, while he painted everything, bit by bit, exactly as he saw it in nature. He placed himself straight before the model, and his merciless glance neglected no wrinkle nor the tiniest hair. Every check could be seen in the black-and-blue-figured gingham dress of his Miesbach girl, every filament in the jackets of his peasants reading the paper; every wart and every furrow was reproduced faithfully to nature. His incredible skill enabled him to render with unrivalled truth the surface of hard substances, woven stuffs, and wrinkled faces. His table-boards, tiled stoves, floors, pews, brandy-flasks, and beer-glasses were of tangible authenticity; his peasants were the uncanny doubles of nature. What he rendered was reality: here was that *vérité vraie* of which Courbet spoke. And nevertheless Leibl's pictures were likewise imperfect in effect. Through the very conscientiousness with which he slowly brought them to completion, they acquired something hard and arid. He did not succeed in giving the throbbing actuality of life. All his peasants sit as motionless as wax figures, and behave as if they heard the voice of the photographer saying, "Now, keep quite quiet." Even when two are represented in conversation, the one does not speak nor the other listen; they both stand still and allow themselves to be painted. It is felt that the vivid impression of nature only can be attained when, in some respects,

less is given than Leibl gave, and, in some respects, more. In rendering the surface of firm substances he gave too much of a good thing. This infinity of details has an oppressive effect upon the entire representation. And in the rendering of the *milieu* he did too little. One wishes to breathe the odour of the earth, the atmosphere of sitting-rooms, the country air. But Leibl only represented the thing, and not its *milieu*; he only saw objects in their plastic relations, and not bathed in the atmosphere. In his effort to present a scrupulously diligent and thoroughly painstaking copy of reality, he has only painted firm substances, like Courbet, only made his own things on which he could lay his heavy hand. He still painted the material aspect of objects, but not the haze in which they are cradled.

The landscape-painters had stood upon much the same step before the appearance of the Fontainebleau artists. When the landscape-painters wished to free themselves from the manner of Classicism, they also sought to copy, with the utmost care, the minutest particularities of objects; they aimed at a mathematical precision in the rendering of the least thing, and by such fine detail-work they neutralized the total impression, the "mood" of their pictures. Figure-painting had now to face the same problem as landscape-painting up to the days of Constable and Corot. There arose a consciousness that it was not the task of painting to give an arid reproduction of reality, but that, like music and poetry, it should merely be a vehicle for the feelings which the external world quickens in the spirit of the artist, when he dwells upon it in his own personal way. The desire was to lay forcible hold upon the impression of a scene of nature, without dwelling upon particularities which are only perceptible to the eye of analysis. There was a desire to try to grasp the inner nature, the quivering life and fragrant essence of things, so that there might arise a picture of its most secret being, and that the heart-beat, telling of the life of nature, might be felt. Nature should live in a picture as though she were breathing in it, and in the very manner in which she works, simply, artlessly, directly, and in elemental power, upon an unsophisticated eye. Instead of laboriously reproducing a fragment of reality,

artists desired to be "suggestive" with an economy of means; and *expression par l'ensemble* had to replace the painting of detail.

But where was it possible to begin, and how? In art, as in politics and nature, there are presages of storm. The whole world lives in the same atmosphere, and all spirits are oppressed by a sultry air. When a great multitude of people are wedged into a room which is too narrow, the air first becomes pure when some one lights upon the idea of making an opening. In 1870 such an oppressive feeling weighed upon European art, the feeling natural to a transitional period. Every one thought like Ibsen: "There must be a new revelation." And it came to Western painters through a message which the East sent forth.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE JAPANESE

The Paris International Exhibition of 1867 *communicated to Europe a knowledge of the Japanese.—A sketch of the history of Japanese painting.—The "Society of the Finglar," and the influence of the Japanese on the founders of Impressionism.*

IN the year in which Millet exhibited his "Winnower" and Courbet painted his "Stone-breakers" a man died in the far East whose name was Hokusai. He was the last great representative of an art of painting more than a thousand years old—one which had no Raphael, Correggio, or Titian, though it was, nevertheless, art in the loftiest meaning of the word. Marco Polo, the great traveller of the Middle Ages, had told of a remarkable land "towards the sunrise," the soil of which it was not permitted to him to tread. And the artistic views of the eighteenth century were revolutionized when the first Japanese porcelain and lacquer-work arrived at the Courts of Dresden and Paris. The aged Louis XIV. himself began to find pleasure in idols, pagodas, and "stuffs printed with flowers." In a short time these works formed an important part of superior collections, and led to the movement against the inflexible despotism of the pompous Lebrun style. For the Japanese gave Europe the unfettered principles of a freer intuition of beauty; they excited a preference for things which were unsymmetrical, capricious, full of movement, for everything by which the charming Louis XV. style is to be distinguished from the tiresome academic art of Louis XIV. In the sixties of the present century Japan exerted, for the second time, a revolutionary

influence on the development of European painting. If Japanese productions were in earlier days regarded as curiosities, for which place was to be found in cabinets of rarities, as trifles the artistic value of which was less prized than the dexterity of their construction, it was reserved for the present age to do justice to Japanese art as such.

What Egypt or Asia Minor was to Greece, China was to Japan.

As early as the second century of the Christian era Chinese artists, according to legend, had settled in the country, and brought the Japanese to a knowledge of old Chinese art. Under their guidance numerous schools were founded: architecture, the chasing of metal, wood-carving, and embroidery were quickly developed, and soon surpassed their Chinese models. Painting also came from China, and, likewise, soon deviated into lines of its own; at least old historians celebrate the apostle of Buddhism, Kobo-Daishi, as an artist who had entirely set himself free from imitation of the Chinese style. The spirit of East Asia took shape in a new body, and the great æsthetic heritage of China came into the possession of the little people of Nippon, who received this treasure reverently as an aggregate of historical traditions and religious doctrines. Painters began by reproducing the ideals of an exclusive civilization, but, whilst they followed in the wake of Chinese artists, their instincts drove them to the development of their own spirit. Already in the ninth century the temples and palaces of Japan contained a great number of famous pictures, both of native and Chinese origin. Amongst the foreign productions those of Wutaotz, celebrated as the greatest painter of his country, received the highest honour. He was followed by Kanaoka, the greatest Japanese painter of the ninth century, who embodied the grand, serious, austere, sacerdotal art of mediæval Japan. What Christ was, at that time, to the Byzantine artists, Buddha was to the Japanese. In the former, glorified by His anguish, the emaciated Consoler of mankind, who has been stripped to the waist, showed His wounds upon the cross; in the latter, Buddha, in the temple of Nera, upon a gigantic lotus, seemed plunged in fathomless

contemplation, set free from all that could trouble the peace of his soul. Kanaoka's picture of Buddha, in the possession of the Louvre, surpasses the most famous early Christian mosaics in earnest sublimity. He also took portraits of the great sages, and in a temple of Nuinai painted horses so vividly that they "left their frames at midnight and galloped snorting across the meadows."

Paris : Quantin.]
HOKUSAI IN THE COSTUME OF A JAPANESE WARRIOR.

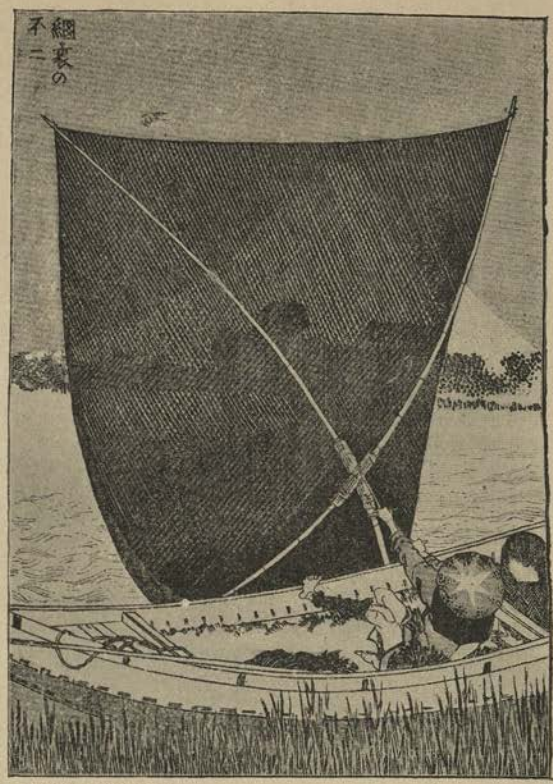
Japanese art remained in these lines until the fourteenth century. Most of the painters were like the European monks. Their painting, like that of the West, gradually stiffened in scholastic formulas. As in Italy the old religious art, before giving place to the more mundane painting of Masaccio, manifested itself once more through Fra Angelico in all its mysticism, the great, ideal side of Japanese mediævalism came to full and glorious blossom in the works of Cho-Densu, who in his life, also, had many traits in common with the pious Italian monk. Like the latter, he was a man of deep religious feeling, a stranger to all human passions, and one who laboured not for his own fame, but for the honour of God, so that his superiors had to force him to put a signature to his pictures. Travellers who have seen his works in Japan mention him, with Kanaoka, as the most earnest and religious of Japanese painters,

Paris : Quantin.]
HOKUSAI : "WOMEN BATHING."

as one who gave his figures the most unworldly and supernatural expression, and a picture in the British Museum makes it possible to verify these expressions of praise. Less fortunate than Fra Angelico, however, he found no Gozzoli to carry on his work. After his death, in 1427, religious painting fell into empty routine, while beyond the cloister walls the profane art of the school of Tosa and Kano was being developed.

Episodes from the life of sages, heroes, and Japanese priests, tales and legends, dances, festivals and ceremonies at the imperial Court, landscapes painted with an eye to style, animals and plants, were the themes which from this time engaged the brush of painters. Art widened her field of observation, beginning to represent man himself, manners, arts and crafts, and scenes from public and domestic life. The head of this movement, which marks in the history of Japanese painting a period of progress like the Renaissance in Europe, was Iwasa Matabe. And the further one goes into the history of Japanese art, the more striking seems the resemblance of its evolution to that of European art. As in Europe the primitive art of Japan was religious and full of expression, in the same way the fifteenth century was an era of renaissance, marking the advent of a novel and more realistic style, and the seventeenth

century, likewise, led to similar results. The glorious Genrokus epoch was for Japan another age of Louis XIV.; painters still fostered the traditions of the Renaissance, but with a growing effort at nobility and graceful, though occasionally bombastic, flights. Colouring became more splendid, and taste in composition more emphatic and more an affair of routine. The seventeenth century had its Caravaggio in Korin, a man of innate passion, exuberant life, and forceful audacity, who painted his pictures with a wild bravura and a brutal truth to nature. At the same time the men of this period brought landscape-painting to its highest development, as the Dutch did at this period in Europe. Landscapes and animal-pieces, hitherto not differentiated from the figure-picture, appear for the first time as independent motives. The progress of art is thus, apparently, the same the whole world over. At first pictures are devoted to gods and heroes, then to men and women, and then to animals and landscape; and in the masters of the seventeenth century Japanese landscape-painting burst into full blossom, and became at the same time an art of unspeakable charm. Whilst the Chinese preferred to compose impossible and fantastic



Paris: Quantin.]

HOKUSAI: "FUJIYAMA SEEN THROUGH A SAIL."

scenes, in which they united waterfalls, rocks, houses, and clumps of trees in a complicated and wildly unnatural fashion, the Japanese landscapes are consistently simple. A lake, a stream, the sea-shore, enlivened by sails and surrounded by wooded mountains, a valley with green fields of rice, a little village half-hidden in the trees, a sylvan hill where ornate temples rise from the green undergrowth, are the usual scenes in Japanese landscape. Occasionally nothing is represented but a plain with a few blades of grass, or merely a solitary sail may be recognized upon water which is scarcely indicated. The more familiar the "motive" the more astonishing is the pictorial charm, and the powerful and moving spirit rendered by simple strokes of the brush. With a few lines they summon the still peace of pleasant summer evenings, the repose of the plains beneath their covering of snow, the soft melancholy of mist, lying like a magic veil across the hills. Tanyu paints low bluish valleys, morning vapour, tree-tops, and misty mountains; Naonobu, delicate snowy landscapes in white and green. Motonobu sheds beams of light through the air, and paints rocks with vague, misty outlines gleaming through it. Yassunobu unrolls boundless prospects, wide panoramas with birds flying far into the distance, moonrises pouring soft light in tremulous waves over the rice-fields and the hills upon the horizon. Keishoki renders the impression of mist, hanging like a wavering sea of vapour between the rocks, or he sends lonely riders wandering through soundless wintry solitudes, where the skeleton of a tree rises like a phantom. Tsunenobu paints heavy air, low skies, and an earth where all noises die away; a dumb, cold nature where a long-legged bird stands upon one leg in the snowy mist. Gueani is never weary of hymning the four seasons, the blossoming trees of spring, and the eternal winter of icy, rock-bound seas. A tender dreamer, Soami, his son, shows the roofs of the houses and the tips of the boughs detaching themselves from a light haze, or builds kiosks in the mist, or sends rivers thundering down sheer from rocky hollows. Only Chintreuil and Corot, the greatest poets of Europe, have expressed with the same tenderness and the same melancholy the feelings

which the life of nature wakens in the human spirit. Only in the school of Barbizon has that simple, deeply felt poetry of nature belonging to the Japanese landscape-painters found anything to resemble it. And just as the Dutch school finally did its best in flower, fruit, and animal pictures, so this Japanese school found its last, chief representative about 1750 in Okio, the great flower and animal painter whose cranes, fishes, little dogs, stags, and apes are the delight of all collectors.

The great development of power in the seventeenth century was followed in the eighteenth by a period of the highest refinement, the Japanese Rococo; its leading representatives, Soukénobu, Shunsho, and Outamaro, might be characterized in their artistic importance, their similarities, and their differences by comparison with Lancret, Boucher, Eisen, and Fragonard. Figure-painting, which up to that time had been often heavy and glaring, became in their hands an exquisite, capricious, delicate, and flattering art; from them it received that grace and lightness and those bright and tender harmonies which it has ever since retained.

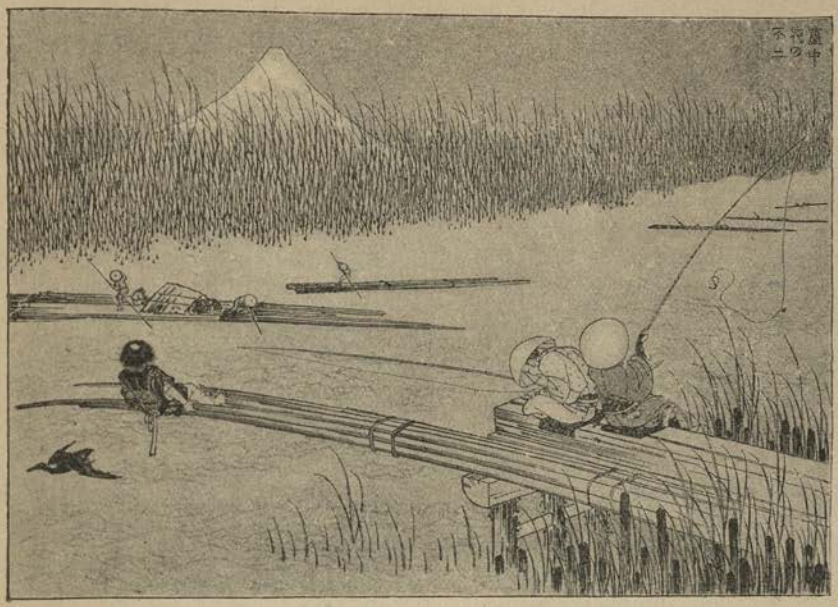
As is well-known, oil-painting exists neither in China nor Japan. Just as the Japanese choose the slightest material for building, so everything in their painting bears a trace of extreme lightness. Japanese pictures, *kakemonos*, are painted in water-colour or China-ink upon framed silk or paper; but this paper has an advantage over the European article in its unsurpassed toughness, its remarkable softness and pliability, its surface which has either a dull, silky lustre, or may only be compared with the finest parchment. And the pictures themselves are kept rolled up, and only hung, as occasion offers, in the Tokonama, the little closet near the reception-room, and according to very refined rules. Only a few are hung at a time, and only such as harmonize. When a visit is expected the taste of the guest determines the selection. Fresh and variously coloured flowers and branches, placed near them in vases, are obliged to harmonize in colour with the pictures.

As an instrument for painting use is only made of the pliant brush of hair, which executes everything with a free and fluent

Paris: Quantin.]

HOKUSAI: "AN APPARITION."

effect. Pen, crayon, or chalk, and all hard mediums which offer resistance, are consistently excluded. The subject-matter of these pictures is surprisingly rich, and assumes for their proper understanding some acquaintance with Japanese literature. An opulent folk-lore, in which cannibals and heroes like Tom Thumb live and move and have their being, just as in European fairy stories, stands at the disposal of the artist. Historical representations from the life of fabulous national heroes, ghosts and apparitions half man and half bird, alternate with simple landscapes and scenes from daily life. And in all pictures, whether they are fanciful or plain renderings of fact, attention is riveted by the same keenness of observation, the same refinement of taste, in the highest sense of the word by pictorial charm. After the Japanese have been long recognized as the first decorative artists in the world, after the highest praise has been accorded to them in the industrial crafts taken jointly—in lacquer-work and bronze work, weaving, embroidery, and pottery—they are now likewise celebrated as the most spirited draughtsmen in existence.



HOKUSAI: "FUJIYAMA SEEN THROUGH REEDS."

The Japanese artist lives with nature and in her as no artist of any other country has ever done. Life in the open air creates a relation to nature suggestive of the doctrines of Rousseau; it makes earth, sky, and water as familiar to man as are the beings that move in them. Every house, even in the centre of towns, has a garden laid out with fine taste, and combining beautiful flowers, trees, and cascades, everything incidental to the soil. The form of trees, the shape and colour of flowers, the ripple of leaves, and the gleaming mail of insects are so imprinted in the memory of the painter, that his fancy can summon them at pleasure without the need of fresh study. The most fleeting moment of the life of nature is held as firmly in his mind as the everlasting form of rocks and gigantic trees shadowing the temple groves of Nippon. Every one of these artists works with the unfettered falcon glance of the child of nature. His keen eye sees in the flight of birds turns and movements first revealed to us by instantaneous photography. This quickness of eye and this astonishing exercise of memory enable him to

attain the most striking effects with the slightest means. If a Japanese executes figures, race, station, age, business, personality, are all seized with the keenest vision, and pregnantly rendered in their essential features. Robes and unclad forms, heads and limbs, animated and still nature, are all reproduced with the same reality. Yet little as the doctrine ever gained ground that to create works of art nature should be mastered upon a system, trivial realism was just as little at any time the vogue.

The love of nature is born in the Japanese, but the photographic imitation, the servile reproduction of reality, is never his ultimate aim. Geffroy has noted with much subtilty the resemblance which exists between Japanese poets and painters in this respect. Their poets never describe, but only endeavour to express a spiritual feeling, to hold a memory fast—the blitheness of smiling pleasure, the mournfulness of vanished joy. They sing of the mist passing over the mountain summits, the fishing boats, the reeds by the sea-shore, the plash of waves, the flying streaks of cloud, the sunset streaming purple over the weary world. The same economy of means, the same sureness in the choice of characteristic features, and a similar rapidity in striking the keynote are peculiar to the painters. They, too, express themselves by the scantiest means, shrink from saying too much, and aim only at a rapid and right expression of total effect, leaving to the imagination the task of supplementing and amplifying what is given. The heaviness of matter is overcome, the absurd pretence of reality not attempted. Like the French of the eighteenth century, the Japanese possess the sportive grace, the *esprit* of the brush hovering over objects, extracting merely their bloom and essence, and using them as the basis for free and independent caprices of beauty. They have the remarkable faculty of being synthetic and discarding every ponderous and disturbing element, without losing the local accent in a landscape or a figure. They fasten upon the most vivid impression of things, but in great, comprehensive lines, subordinating every peculiarity to the light which shines upon them and the shadow in which they are muffled. Their handwriting is at once broad and precise, graceful and bizarre. What a nonchalant,

Paris : Quantin.]

TANYU : "THE GOD HOTEÏ ON HIS TRAVELS."

fragile, piquant, or coquettish effect have their feminine figures! And but a few firm strokes sufficed to create the impression. A dexterous sweep of the brush was all that was necessary for the modelling, all that was wanted to summon the idea of the velvet softness of the flesh and the firmness of the bosom. Or surging waves have been painted, or foaming cataracts. But with what consummate mastery, with what peculiar knowledge, the swirl and eddying of the waters have been illustrated. And how slight are the means which have been employed! Everything has the freshness of life, and the sheer, intangible movement of objects has been caught by a simple and decisive line. A few dashes of China-ink are made, and the forcible strokes unite without effort in forming a mountain-path or a hill-side stream foaming over rocks and trees. Or the prow of a vessel is represented. Nothing is to be seen of the water, and yet it is as if the waves were rocking the ship. The billow swells, rises, and sinks, suggesting the wide sea, the rhythm in the universe. The lines in which the motives are executed render only what is essential.

But combined with this striving after simplified form there is a sense of space which of itself, as it were, controlls everything, producing the poetic illusion of distance.

The Japanese are masters of the art of enlarging a narrow picture-frame to a great expanse, and indicating by a few strokes the distance between foreground and horizon. There is often nothing, or next to nothing, in the wide space, but proximity and distance are so correctly related that all the geological structure is clear, whilst light air is pervasive, giving the eye a vision of boundless perspective. The spur of a headland, the bank of a river, or a cleft between two mountains enables the eye to measure far landscapes. In the presence of their works one dreams, one has the presentiment of infinite distances. They divest objects of their earthiness by bold simplifications, and transform reality into dreamland. It is the spirit of things, their smile, and their intangible perfume which live in these veiled masterpieces which are yet so precise.

The bold irregularity of Japanese works, which know nothing of the stiffness of symmetrical composition, contributes much to this impression. Their pictures are never "composed" in our sense of the word, but rather resemble the instantaneous pictures of photographers. A bird is seen to dart past, only half visible, a cluster of trees is a chance slice from the forest, as it is seen out of the window of a railway train whizzing past. Or it is merely the bough of a tree with a bird upon it that stretches into the picture, which is otherwise filled with a fragment of blue sky. Without appearing to concern themselves about it, they compose little poems of grace and freshness, with a frog, a butterfly, and a blossoming apple-branch sprouting out of a vase. They play with beetles, grasshoppers, tortoises, crabs, and fish as did the artists of the Renaissance with Cupids and angels.

And in everything, as regards colour too, the Japanese have a strain of refinement peculiar to themselves. It is as though they were controlled by the finest tact, as by a *force majeure*, even in their intuition of colour. That great harmony of which Théodore Rousseau spoke, and which it was the aim of his life

Studio.]

KORIN: LANDSCAPE.

to attain, is reached by the Japanese artist almost instinctively. The most vivid effects of red and green trees, yellow roads, and blue sky are represented; the most refined effects of light are rendered—illuminated bridges, dark firmaments, the white sickle of the moon, glittering stars, the bright and rosy blossoms of spring, the dazzling snow as it falls upon trim gardens; and there are discords nowhere. How heavy and motley our colouring is compared with these delicious chords, set beside each other so boldly, and invariably so harmonious. Is it that our eyes are by nature less delicate? or is everything in the Japanese only the result of a more rational training? We have not the same intense force of perception, this instinctive and sensuous gift of colour. Their colouring is a delight to the eyes, a magic potion. Offence is nowhere given by a glaring or an entirely crude tone; everything is finely calculated, delicately indicated, and has that melting softness so enchanting in Japanese enamel. The simplest chords of colour are often the most effective: nothing can be more charming than the delicate duet of grey and gold. And the cheapest wood-cut has often all these refinements in common with the most costly *kakemono.* Even here, where they turn to lowly things, their art is never vulgar, but maintains itself at such an aristocratic height that we barbarians of the West, blessed with oil-prints and Academies of Art, can only look up with envy to this nation of connoisseurs.

The art of wood-cut engraving, too, had in Japan a development similar to what it had in Europe. Up to the year 1610 wood-cuts only appeared as separate plates, to some of which a very great antiquity, stretching far back beyond the beginnings of wood-cut engraving in Europe, has been attributed. In 1610 the first illustrated book appeared, and the simple handicraftsmen who had been previously engaged in the preparation of wood-cuts after the religious pictures of the older masters were forthwith ousted, as in the days of Wohlgemuth and Dürer, by great *peintre-graveurs.* Japanese wood-cuts were no longer reproductions of some work fashioned through another technique, but independent productions which are of the same importance in

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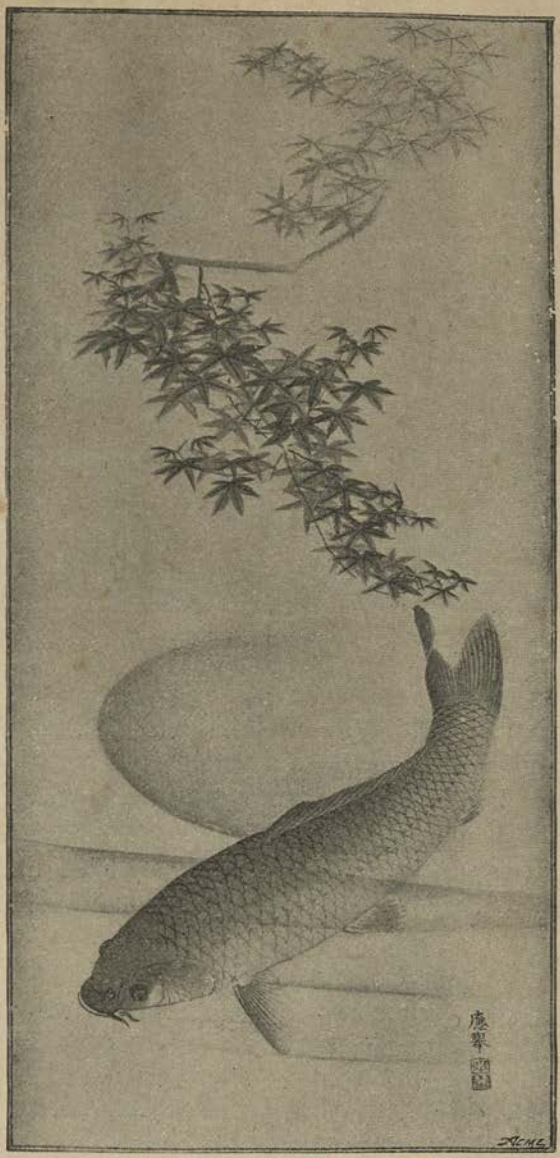
KORIN: "RABBITS."

the history of Japanese art as the wood-cuts of the sixteenth century in the history of German. Wood-cut engraving became for Japanese painters what it had been for Dürer and the "little masters"—a territory in which they moved with freedom, treasuring all the profound ideas or humorous whims which passed through their heads. And as in those times our masters by preference devoted themselves to clare-obscure plates, so in Japan, after wood-cuts had been at first coloured by hand, the period of wood-printing in colours came in about the year 1720, at the time when coloured copper-engraving flourished in England and in France. With the collaboration of the first painters of the day there were produced throughout an entire century whole series of illustrated books, containing the best work ever done in coloured printing.

The oldest of these artists working in wood-cut engraving was Matahei, who lived in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and executed scenes from the theatres and Japanese family and street life. Icho and Moronobu followed at the close of the seventeenth century,

the one being a spirited caricaturist, the other a genuine baroque artist of noble and classic reserve. Through the masters of the eighteenth century, as through Eisen, Fragonard, and Boucher, this reproductive art took fresh development. The soft girls of Soukénobu with their delicate round faces, the graceful beauties of Harunobu arrayed in costly toilettes, the tall feminine forms of the marvellous Outamaro in all their provocative charm, the vivid scenes from popular life of the great colourist Shunsho, are works pervaded with a delicate perfume of which Edmond de Goncourt alone were able to render any impression in words.



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OKIO: "A FISH."

Outamaro, the poet of women, was, in a special sense, the Watteau of aristocratic life in Japan. He knew the life of the

HIROSHIGE: "THE BRIDGE AT YEDDO."

Japanese woman as no other has ever done—her domestic occupations, her walks and her charming graces, her vanities and her love-affairs. He knew also the scenes of nature which she contemplated, the streets through which she passed, and the banks along which she sauntered with an undulating step. His women are slender beings, isolated like idols, and standing motionless in poses hieratically august; æsthetic souls, who swoon and grow pale under the sway of disquieting visions; fading flowers, forms roaming wearily by the verge of a lonely sea or a sluggish stream, or flitting timidly, like bats, through the soft brilliancy of lights amid a festival by night. And in killing what is fleshly and physical, he renders the faces visionary and dreamy, renders the hands and the gestures finer, and, at the same time, subdues and mitigates the colours and the splendour of the clothes, taking pleasure in dying chords, in deep black and tender white, in fine, pallid *nuances* of rose-colour and lilac. Every one of his pupils became a fresh chronicler of aristocratic life. Toyohami painted night festivals;

HIROSHIGE: A LANDSCAPE.

Toyoshiru, animated crowds; Toyokumi, scenes of the theatre; Kunisada, women upon their walks; Kunioshi, melodramatic representations full of pomp, with marvellous fantastic landscapes.

The nineteenth century brought the widest popularization of art, corresponding more or less to the "resort to popular national life," as the beginning of modern *genre* painting and of the modern art of illustration was called in Germany. The refined son of Nippon shrugs his shoulders over these last creations of Japanese reproduction in colours; he prefers those earlier charming masters of grace, and misses the aristocratic *cachet* in the new men, with as much justification as the refined European collector has when he does not care to place the plates of Granville or Doré in a portfolio with those of Eisen or Fragonard. Nevertheless amongst the draughtsmen who followed the popular tendency there was at any rate one great genius, one of the most important artists of his country, who became more familiar to Europe than any of his other compatriots: this was *Hokusai*.

All the qualities of Japanese art are united in him as in a

HIROSHIGE: "A HIGH-ROAD."

focus. His work is the encyclopædia of a whole nation, and in his technical qualities he stands by the side of the greatest men in Europe. He is the most attentive observer, a painter of manners as no other has ever been; he takes strict measure of everything, analyzing the slightest movements. He draws the solid things of earth, the immovable rocks, the everlasting primæval mountains, and yet follows the changing phenomena of light and shade upon its surface. He has, in the highest degree, that peculiarly Japanese quality of giving tangible expression to the movements of things and living creatures. His men and women gesticulate, his animals run, his birds fly, his reptiles crawl, his fish swim; the leaves on the trees, the water of the rivers, and the sea and the clouds of the sky move gently. He is a magnificent landscape-painter, celebrating all the seasons, from the blossoming of spring to the freezing of the ice in winter. In his designs he maps out orchards, fields, and woods, follows the winding course of rivers, summons a fine mist from the sea, sends the waves surging forward, and the billows racing up against the rocks and losing themselves as murmuring rivulets in the sand. But he is also a philosopher and a poet of wide flight, who makes the boldest journeys into

Paris : Quantin.]

HIROSHIGE: "SNOWY WEATHER."

the land of dreams. His imagination rises above the work-a-day world, flies upon the pinions of the chimera, bodies forth a new life, creates monsters, and tells visions of terrible poetry. The deep feeling of the primitive masters revives in him, and he appears as a strange mystic, when he paints his blithe ethereal goddesses, or that old Buddhist who, when banished, came every day across the sea, as the legend tells, to behold once more Fuji, the sacred mountain.

Hokusai was born in 1760, amid flowery gardens in a quiet corner of Yeddo, fourteen years after Goya and twelve years after David. His father was purveyor to the Court of metallic mirrors. Hokusai took lessons from an illustrator, but does not seem to have been much known until his fortieth or fiftieth year. In 1810 he first founded an industrial school of art, which attracted numbers of young people. To provide them with a compendium of instruction in drawing he published in 1810 the first volume of his *Mangwa*. From that time he was recognized as the head of a school. When his fame began to spread he changed his residence almost every month to protect himself from troublesome visitors. And just as often did he alter his

name. Even that under which he became famous in Europe is only a pseudonym, like "Gavarni:" amongst various *noms de guerre* it was that which he bore the longest and by which he was definitely recognized.

As a painter he was only active in his youth. The achievement of his life is not his pictures, but an unbounded series of illustrated books, a life's work richer than that of any of his compatriots. Like Titian and Corot, fate had predestined him to reach a very great age without ever growing old.

"From my sixth year," he writes in the preface to one of his books, "I had a perfect mania for drawing every object that I saw. When I had reached my fiftieth year, I published a vast quantity of drawings; but I am unsatisfied with all that I have produced before my seventieth year. At seventy-three I had some understanding of the form and real nature of birds, fish, and plants. At eighty I hope to have made further progress, and at ninety to have discovered the ultimate foundation of things. In my hundredth year I shall rise to yet higher spheres unknown, and in my hundred and tenth, every stroke, every point, and in short everything that comes from my hand will be alive." Hokusai certainly did not reach so high an age as that. He died at eighty-nine, on April 13th, 1849, and is buried in the temple at Yeddo. During the period between 1815 and 1845 he published about eighty great works, altogether over five hundred volumes.

"I rose from my seat at the window, where I had idled the whole day long . . . softly, softly. . . . Then I was up and away. . . . I saw the countless green leaves tremble in the densely embowered tops of the trees; I watched the flaky clouds in the blue sky, collecting fantastically into shapes torn and multiform. . . . I sauntered here and there, carelessly, without aim or volition. . . . Now I crossed the Bridge of Apes and listened as the echo repeated the cry of the wild cranes. . . . Now I was in the cherry-grove of Owari. . . . Through the mists shifting along the coast of Miho I descried the famous pines of Suminoye. . . . Now I stood trembling upon the Bridge of Kameji and looked down in astonishment at the gigantic Fuki

plants. . . . Then the roar of the dizzy waterfall of Ono resounded in my ear. A shudder ran through me. . . . It was only a dream which I dreamed, lying in bed near my window with this book of pictures by the master as a cushion beneath my head."

In these words a learned Japanese has indicated the great range of subject, the unspeakably rich material of the works of the master. By preference he leads us to the workplaces of artisans, to woodcarvers, smiths, workers in metal, dyers, weavers, and embroiderers. Then come the pleasures of the nobility, who are displayed in their refinement, reserve, and dignity; the country-folk at their daily avocations, or making merry upon holidays; the fantastic shapes of fabulous animals and demons, who figure in the life of Japanese national heroes, mighty with the sword; apparitions, drunken men, wrestlers, street figures of every conceivable description, mythical reptiles, snow-clad mountain tops, waving rice-fields lashed by the wind, woodland glens, strange gateways of rock, far views over waters with cliffs clothed with pine.

The most celebrated of those works which contain landscapes exclusively are the views, published in three volumes in 1834-36, of the mountain of Fuji, the great volcano rising close by Yeddo and from old time playing a part in the works of Japanese landscape-painters. In Hokusai's book the cone of the mountain is sometimes seen rising clear in a cloudless sky, whilst it is sometimes shrouded by clouds of various shapes. Its beautiful outline glimmers through the meshes of a netted sail, through the spindrift of snow falling in great flakes, or through a curtain of rain splashing vertically down. It rises from misty valleys coloured by the rays of the evening sun, or is reflected—itself out of sight—in the smooth surface of a lake, upon the reedy shores of which the wild geese cackle, or it stands in ghostly outlines against the night sky flooded with silver moonlight. Summer breezes and winter storms drive over it, rattling showers of hail, lashed by the wind, or light falls of snow descend round it. In spring the blossoms of peach and plum-trees flutter to the earth, like swarms of white

AN UNKNOWN MASTER: "HARVESTERS RESTING."

and rosy butterflies. Only famished wolves or dragons, which popular superstition has located in the mountain of Fuji, occasionally animate the grandiose solitude of the landscape.

"Never," says Gonse, "has a more dexterous hand rested upon paper. It is impossible to study his plates without an excited feeling of pleasure, for they are absolute perfection, the highest that Japanese art has produced in freshness, brilliancy, life, and originality. Hokusai's capacity of giving the impression of relief and colour with a stroke of the pen has nothing like it except in Rembrandt, Callot, and Goya. Men, animals, landscapes and everything in his drawings are reduced to their simplest expression. Groups are seen in motion, priests in procession, soldiers on the march, and often a single stroke is sufficient to render an individual or create the impression of life and movement. Every plate is a masterpiece of coloured wood-cut engraving, of singular flavour in colour, delightful in its gravely harmonized chord of golden yellow, faded green, and fiery red, to which are sometimes added golden, silver, and other metallic tones."

Studio.] OUTAMARO: "A WET DAY."

Studio.]

OUTAMARO: "MOTHER'S LOVE."

After the beginning of the sixties Paris came under the captivating influence of Japan. And there is no doubt that as the English influenced the landscape-painters of Fontainebleau, the Venetians Delacroix, and the Neapolitan masters Courbet and Ribot, the newest phase of French art, which took its departure from Manet, has been inaugurated by the enthusiasm for things Japanese. From the moment when the peculiar isolation of Japan was ended by the breaking up of the Japanese feudal state, Paris was flooded by splendid works of Japanese art. A painter discovered amongst the mass of articles newly arrived albums, colour-prints, and pictures. Their drawing, colouring, and composition deviated from everything hitherto accounted as art, and yet the æsthetic character of these works was too artistic to permit of any one smiling over them as curiosities. Whether the discoverer was Alfred Stevens or Diaz, Fortuny, James Tissot, or Alphonse Legros, the enthusiasm for the Japanese swept over the studios like a storm. The artistic world never wearied of admiring the capricious ability of these compositions, the astonishing power of drawing, the fineness in tone, the originality of pictorial effect, nor of wondering at the refined simplicity of the means by which these results were

KIYONAGA: "PUNT SAILING."

achieved. Japanese art made itself felt by its fresh and tender charm, its creative opulence, its lightness and delicacy of observation; it arrested attention because directness, unfailing tact, and inherent distinction were of the essence of its conception; and it was recognized as the production of a nation of artists combining the subtilized taste of an originally refined civilization with the freshness of feeling peculiar to primitive people. Colour-prints, now to be had for a few francs at every bazaar, were bought at the highest figures. Every new consignment was awaited with feverish impatience. Old ivory, enamel, porcelain and embellished pottery, bronzes and wood and lacquer-work, ornamented stuffs, embroidered silks, albums, books of wood-cuts, and knick-knacks were scarcely unpacked in the shop before they found their way into the studios of artists and the studies of scholars. In a short time great collections of the artistic productions of Japan passed into the hands of the painters Manet, James Tissot, Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Degas, Carolus Duran, and Monet; of the engravers Bracquemond and Jules Jacquemart; of the authors Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, Champfleury, Philippe Burty, and Zola; and of the manufacturers Barbedienne and Christofle.

HARUNOBU: "A PAIR OF LOVERS."

The International Exhibition of 1867 brought Japan still more into fashion, and from this year must be dated the peculiar influence of the West upon the East and the East upon the West. The Japanese came over to study at the European polytechnical institutions, universities, and military academies. On the other hand, we became the pupils of the Japanese in art. Even during the course of the Exhibition a group of artists and critics founded a Japanese society of the "Jinglar," which met every week in Sèvres at the house of Solon, the director of the manufactory. They used a Japanese dinner-service, designed by Bracquemond, and everything except the napkins, cigars, and ash-trays was Japanese. One of the members, Dr. Zacharias Astruc, published in *L'Étendard* a series of articles upon "The Empire of the Rising Sun," which made a great sensation. Soon afterwards the Parisian theatres brought out Japanese ballets and fairy plays. Ernest d'Hervilly wrote his Japanese piece *La Belle Saïnara*, which Lemère printed for him in Japanese fashion and paged from right to left, giving it a yellow cover designed by Bracquemond. A Japanese ballet was performed at the opera, and a Japanese turn was given to the toilettes of women.

For painters Japanese art was a revelation. Here was uttered

the word that hovered on so many lips, and that no one had dared to pronounce. With what a fleeting touch, and yet with what precision, with what incomparable sureness, lightness, and grace, was everything carried out. How intuitive and spontaneous, how imaginative and how full of suggestion, how effortless and how rich in surprises, was this strange art. How happily was industry united with caprice, and nonchalance with endeavour at the highest finish. How suggestive was this disregard for symmetry, this piquant method of introducing a flower, an insect, a frog, or a bird here and there merely as a pictorial spot in the picture. How the Japanese understood the art of expressing much with few means, where the Europeans toiled with a great expenditure of means to express little.

It would certainly have been an exceedingly false move if a direct imitation of the Japanese had been thought of. Japanese art is the product of a sensuous people, and European art that of intellectual nations. The latter is greater and more serious; it is nobler, and it reaches heights of expression not attained by the grotesque and terrible distortions and the morbidly droll or melancholy outbursts of sentiment known to the Japanese. Our imagination is alien to that of these children of the sensuous world, who quake and tremble for joy, horrify themselves with their masks, and pass from convulsive laughter to sheer terror, and from the shudder of hallucination to ecstatic bliss. Had Japanese art been coarsely transposed by imitators it would have led to caricature.

But if its poetics were little suitable for Europe in the specialized case, they nevertheless contained general laws better fitted for modern art than those which had been hitherto borrowed from Greece. All arts, music as well as poetry, were then striving for the dissolution of simple, tyrannical rhythms. The recurrence of unyielding measures beaten out with unwavering repetition no longer corresponded with the complicated, neurotic emotions of the new age. In painting, likewise, exertions were being made to burst the old shell, and a style was sought after for the treatment of modern life, which had been violently handled in the effort to force it into the Procrustean bed of traditional rules.

TOYOKUMI: "NOCTURNAL DREAMS."

Then came the Japanese with their astonishing, rapid, and pictorial sketches, and revealed a new method for the interpretation of nature. At a time when the symmetrical balance of lines, borrowed from the works of the Renaissance masters, became wearisome in its monotony, they taught a much freer architecture of form and one which was broken by charming caprices. Where there had been rhythm, tension, clarity, largeness, and quietude in the old European painting, there was in them a nervous freedom, an artful carelessness, and life and charm. Art was concealed beneath the fancy shown in their facile construction, which seemed to have been improvised by nature herself. An artistic method of deviating from geometrical arrangement, freedom of distribution, unforced and unsymmetrical structure, in the place of balance and construction according to rules, were learnt from the Japanese in the matter of composition.

At the same time they threw light upon what had been flat and trivial in Courbet's realism. These spirited narrators never told a story for the sake of telling it; they never painted to give a prosaic copy of some particle of reality. They reminded artists

that all the spectacles of life and nature may be made the material of charming and poetic works, but that such works only arise when the painter neither beautifies his subject upon system as the earlier artists did, nor is photographically exact as was Courbet—that the artist's concern was to give a summary, to be subjective, and not didactic, objective, and documentary. They liberated European painting from the heaviness of matter, and rendered it tender and delicate. They taught that art of not saying everything which says so much, the method of compendious drawing, the secret of expanding distance by a special treatment of lines, the touch thrown rapidly in, the unforeseen, the surprise, the fleeting hint, the way of increasing effect by the incompletion of motive, the suggestion of the whole by a part. Artists learnt from them another manner of drawing and modelling, a manner of giving the impression of the object without the need for the whole of it being executed, so that one knows that it is there only through one's knowledge. They brought in the taste for pithy sketches dealing only with essentials, the consciousness of the endless catalogue of what may be contained—in life, reality, and fancy—by one fluent outline. They introduced the preference for perspective bird's-eye views, the disposition to throw groups, dense masses, and crowds more into the distance and render them more animated and vivid by a relief of the foreground which (though confirmed by photography) is apparently improbable.

The influence of Japan on colouring is just as visible as upon composition and drawing. It had been clearly shown in Courbet's pictures of artisans that the rules of the Bolognese school, with their brown sauce and their red shadows, could not possibly be applied to objects in the open air. It was therefore necessary to discover a new principle of colour for modern subjects, a principle by which oil-painting would be divested of its oil, and light and air would come to their rights. It was seen from the works of the painters of Nippon that it was not absolutely necessary to paint brown to be a painter. They taught a new method of seeing things, opened the eyes to the changing play of the phenomena of light, the fugitive nature

and constant mutability of which had up to this time seemed to mock at every rendering. The softness of their bright harmonies was studied and artistically transposed.

These are the points in which Japanese art has had a revolutionary effect upon the development of European. Each one of those who at that time belonged to the Society of the Jinglar has had more or less experience of its influence. Alfred Stevens owes to it certain delicacies of colouring; Whistler, his exquisite refinement of tone and his capriciously artistic method in the treatment of landscape; Degas, his fantastic and free grouping, his unrivalled audacities of composition. Manet especially became now the artist to whom history does honour, and Louis Gonse tells a story with a very characteristic touch of the first exhibition of the *Maîtres impressionistes*. He went there, coming from the official Salon in the company of a Japanese, and, while the French public declared the fresh brightness of the pictures to be untrue and barbaric, the son of sacred Nippon, accustomed from youth to see nature in light, airy tones without a yellow coating of varnish, said: "Over there I was in an exhibition of oil-pictures, here I feel as if I were entering a flowery garden. What strikes me is the animation of these figures, and the feeling is one I have never had elsewhere in your picture exhibitions."

CHAPTER XXXIII

FIAT LUX

Impressionism is Realism widened by the study of the milieu.*—Edouard Manet, Degas, Renoir, Camille Pissarro, Alfred Sisley, Claude Monet.—The Impressionist movement the final phase in the great battle of liberation for modern art.*

THE name Impressionists dates from an exhibition in Paris, which was got up at Nadar's in 1871. The catalogue contained a great deal about impressions—for instance, "*Impression de mon pot au feu*," "*Impression d'un chat qui se promène.*" In his criticism Claretie summed up the impressions and spoke of the *Salon des Impressionistes.*

The beginning of the movement, however, came about the middle of the sixties, and Zola was the first to champion the new artists with his trenchant pen. Assuming the name of his later hero Claude, he contributed in 1866 to *L'Événement*, under the title *Mon Salon*, that article which swamped the office with such a flood of indignant letters and occasioned such a secession of subscribers that the proprietor of the paper, the sage and admirable M. de Villemessant, felt himself obliged to give the naturalistic critic an anti-naturalistic colleague in the person of M. Théodore Pelloquet. In these reviews of the Salon, collected in 1879 in the volume *Mes Haines*, and in the essay upon *Courbet, the Painter of Realism*—Courbet, the already recognized "master of Ornans"—those theories are laid down which Lantier and his friends announced at a later date in *L'Œuvre.* Then the architect Dubiche, one of the members of the young *Bohème*, dreamed in a spirit of presage of a new

[*Fantin-Latour fct.*

ÉDOUARD MANET.

architecture. "With passionate gestures he demanded and insisted upon the formula for the architecture of this democracy, that work in stone which should give expression to it, a building in which it should feel itself at home, something strong and forcible, simple and great, something already proclaimed in our railway-stations and our markets in the grace and power of their iron girders, but purified and made beautiful, declaring the largeness of our conquests." A few years went by and then the Paris Centenary Exhibition provided that something, though it was not in monumental stone. The great edifices were fashioned of glass and iron, and the mighty railway buildings were their forerunners. The enormous engine-rooms which gave space for thousands and the Eiffel Tower announced this new architecture. And as Dubiche prophesied a new architecture, so did Claude prophesy a new painting. "Sun and open air and bright and youthful painting are what we need. Let the sun come in and render objects as they appear under the illumination of broad daylight." In Zola Claude Lantier is the martyr of this new style. He is scorned, derided, avoided, and cast out. His best picture is smuggled, through grace and mercy, into the Exhibition by a friend upon the hanging committee as a *charité*. But ten years after these new doctrines had penetrated all the studios of Paris and of Europe like germs borne in the air.

The artistic ideas of Claude Lantier were given to Zola by his friend *Édouard Manet*, the father of Impressionism, and in that way the creator of the newest form of art. Manet appeared for the first time in 1862. In 1865, when the Committee of the

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Guérard sc.*

MANET: "THE FIFER."

(By permission of M. Durand-Ruel, the owner of the copyright.)

Salon gave up a few secondary rooms to the rejected, the first of his pictures which made any sensation were to be seen —a "Scourging of Christ" and a picture of a girl with a cat resting—both invariably surrounded by a dense circle of the scornful. Forty years before, the first works of the Romanticists, whose doctrine was likewise scoffed at in the formula *Le laid c'est le beau*, had called forth a similar outcry against the want of taste common to them all. A generation later people laughed at "The Funeral in Ornans," and now the same derision was directed against Manet, who completed Courbet's work. His pictures were held to be a practical joke which the painter was playing upon the public, the most unheard-of farce that had ever been painted. If any one had declared that these works would give the impulse to a revolution in art, people would have turned their backs upon him or thought that he was jesting. "Criticism treated Manet," wrote Zola, "as a kind of buffoon who put out his tongue for the amusement of street boys." The rage against "The Scourging of Christ" went so far that the picture had to be protected by special precautions from the assaults of sticks and umbrellas.

But the matter took a somewhat different aspect when, five years afterwards, from twenty to thirty more recent pictures

Braun photo.]

MANET: "FAURE AS HAMLET."

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were exhibited together in Manet's studio. Whether it was because the aims of the painter had become clearer in the meanwhile, or because his works suffered less from the proximity of others, they made an impression, and that although they represented nothing in the least adventurous and sensational. Life-size figures, light and almost without shadow, rowed over blue water, hung out white linen, watered green flower-pots, and leant against grey walls. The light colours stood immediately beside each other with a bizarre effect for the eye accustomed to clare-obscure. The eye, which, like the human spirit, has its habitudes, and believes that it always sees nature as she is painted, was irritated by these delicately chosen tone-values which seemed to it arbitrary, by these novel harmonies which it took for discords. Nevertheless the clarity of the pictures made a striking effect, and something of "Manet's sun" lingered in the memory. People still laughed, only not so loud, and they gave Manet credit for having the courage of his convictions. "A remarkable circumstance has to be recorded. A young painter has followed his personal impressions quite ingenuously, and has painted a few things which are not

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

MANET: "THE GUITARERO."

(By permission of M. Faure, the owner of the picture.)

altogether in accord with the principles taught in the schools. In this way he has executed pictures which have been a source of offence to eyes accustomed to other paintings. But now, instead of abusing the young artist through thick and thin, we must be first clear as to why our eyes have been offended and whether they ought to have been." With these words criticism began to take Manet seriously. Charles Ephrussi and Duranty, besides Zola, came forward as his first literary champions in the press. "Manet is bold" was now the phrase used about him in public. The Impressionists took the Salon by storm. And Manet's bright and radiant sun was seen to be a better thing than the brown sauce of the Bolognese. It was as if a strong power had suddenly deranged the focus of opinion in all the studios, and Manet's victory brought the same salvation to French art as that of Delacroix had done forty years before and that of Courbet ten years before. *Manet et manebit.* Delacroix, Courbet, and Manet are the three great names of modern French painting, the names of the men who gave it the most decisive impulses.

Édouard Manet, *le maître impressioniste*, was born in 1832, in the Rue Bonaparte, exactly opposite the École des Beaux-Arts, and his life was quietly and simply spent, without passion and excitement, unusual events, or sanguinary battles. At sixteen, having passed through the *Collège Rollin*, he entered the navy with the permission of his parents and made a voyage to Rio de Janeiro, which was accomplished without any incident

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Guérard sc.*

MANET: "THE MAN DRINKING."

of interest, without shipwreck or any one being drowned. With his cheerful, even temperament he looked on the boundless sea and satiated his eyes with the marvellous spectacle of waves and horizon, never to forget it. The luminous sky was spread before him, the great ocean rocked and sported around, revealing colours other than he had seen in the Salon. On his return he gave himself entirely up to painting. He is said to have been a slight, pale, delicate, and refined young man when he became a pupil of Couture in 1851, almost at the same time as Feuerbach. Nearly six years he remained with the master of "The Decadent Romans," without a suspicion of how he was to find his way, and even after he had left the studio he was still pursued by the shade of Couture; he worked without knowing very well what he really wanted. Then he travelled, visiting Germany, Cassel, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, and Munich, where he copied the portrait of Rembrandt in the Pinakothek; and then he saw Florence, Rome, and Venice. Under the influence of the Neapolitan and Flemish artists, to whom Ribot, Courbet, and Stevens pointed at the time, he gradually became a painter. His first picture, "The Child with Cherries," painted in 1859, reveals the influence of Brouwer. In 1861 he exhibited, for the first time, the "double portrait" of his parents, for which he received honourable mention, although—or because—the picture was entirely painted in the old Bolognese style. These works are only of interest because they make it possible to see the

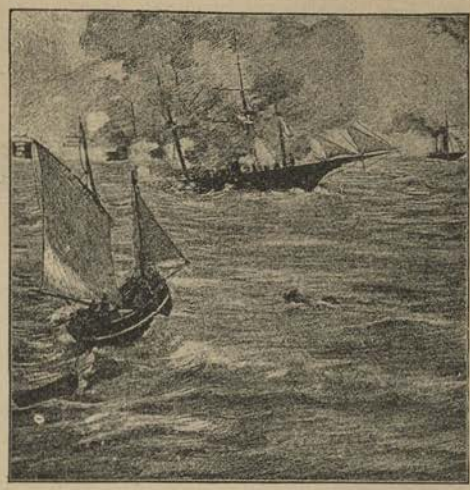
Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Guérard sc.*

MANET: "LE BON BOCK."

(*By permission of M. Faure, the owner of the picture.*)

rapidity with which Manet learnt to understand his craft with the aid of the old masters, and the sureness and energy with which he followed, from the very beginning, the realistic tendency initiated by Courbet. "The Nymph Surprised," in 1862, was a medley of reminiscences from Jordaens, Tintoretto, and Delacroix. His "Old Musician," executed with diligence but trivial in its realism, had the appearance of being a tolerable Courbet. Then he made —not at first in Madrid, which he only knew later, but in the Louvre—the eventful discovery of another old master, not yet known in all his individuality to the master of Ornans.

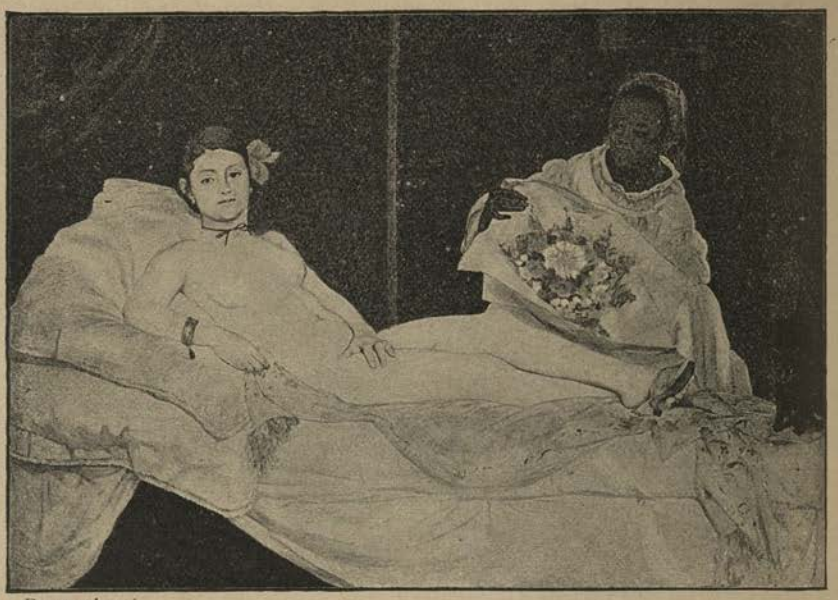
At the great Manchester Exhibition of 1857 Velasquez had been revealed to the English; in the beginning of the sixties he was discovered by the French. William Stirling's biography of Velasquez was translated into French by G. Brunet, and provided with a *Catalogue raisonné* by W. Bürger. The works of Charles Blanc, Théophile Gautier, and Paul Lefort appeared, and in a short time Velasquez, of whom the world outside Madrid had hitherto known little, was in artistic circles in Paris a familiar and frequently cited personality, who began not only to occupy the attention of the historians of art, but of artists also. Couture was in the habit of saying to his pupils that Velasquez had not understood the orchestration of tones, that he had an inclination to monochrome, and that he had never comprehended the nature of colour. From the beginning of the sixties France came under the sway of that serious feeling for colour known to the great Spaniard, and Manet is his first enthusiastic pupil.



Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] [*Guérard sc.*

MANET: "THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE 'KEARSAGE' AND 'ALABAMA.'"

Certain of his single figures against a pearl-grey background—"The Fifer," "The Guitarero," "The Bull-fighter wounded to Death"—were the decisive works in which, with astonishing talent, he declared himself as the pupil of Velasquez. W. Bürger praised Velasquez as *le peintre le plus peintre qui fût jamais.* As regards the nineteenth century the same may be said of Manet. Only Frans Hals and Velasquez had these eminent pictorial qualities. In the way in which the black velvet dress, the white silk band, and the red flag were painted in the toreador picture, there was a feeling for beauty which bore witness to the finest understanding of the great Spaniard. In his "Angels at the Tomb of Christ" he has sought, as little as did Velasquez in his picture of the Epiphany, to introduce any trace of heavenly expression into the faces, but as a piece of painting it takes its place amongst the best religious pictures of the century. His "Bon Bock"—a portrait of the engraver Belot, a stout jovial man smoking a pipe as he sits over a glass of beer—is one of those likenesses which stamp themselves upon the memory like the "Hille Bobbe" of Frans Hals. "Faure as Hamlet" stands out from the vacant light grey background like the "Truhan Pablillos" of Velasquez. The doublet and mantle are of black velvet, the mantle lined with rose-coloured silk; and the toilette is completed by a broad black hat with a large black feather. He seems as though he had just stepped to the foot-lights, and stands there with his legs apart, the mantle thrown over the left arm, and his right hand stretched out closing upon his sword. The cool harmony of black, white, grey, and



Braun photo.

MANET: "OLYMPIA."

rose-colour makes an uncommonly refined effect. Manet has the rich artistic methods of Velasquez in a measure elsewhere only attained by Raeburn, and as the last of these studies he has created in his "Enfant à l'Épée" a work which—speaking without profanity—might have been signed by the great Spaniard himself. In the beginning of the sixties, when he gave a separate exhibition of his works, Courbet is said to have exclaimed upon entering, "Nothing but Spaniards!"

But even this following of the Spaniards indicated an advance upon Courbet; it meant the triumph over brown sauce and a closer approximation to truth. For amongst all the old masters Velasquez and Frans Hals—who greatly resemble each other in this respect—are the simplest and most natural in their colouring; they are not idealists in colour like Titian, Paul Veronese, and Rubens, nor do they labour upon the tone of their pictures like the Dutch "little masters" and Chardin. They paint their pictures in the broad and common light of day. Their flesh-tint is truer than the juicy tint of the Venetians,

and the fiery red of Rubens, with his shining reflections. Beside Velasquez, as Justi says, the colouring of Titian seems *conventional*, that of Rembrandt fantastic, and that of Rubens is tinged with something which is not natural. Or, as a contemporary of Velasquez expressed himself: "Everything else, old and new, is painting; Velasquez alone is truth."

L'Art français.]

MANET: "THE ANGELS AT THE TOMB OF CHRIST."

(By permission of M. Durand-Ruel, the owner of the picture.)

Thus the difference between the youthful works of Manet and those of his predecessor Courbet is the difference between Velasquez and Caravaggio. Of course in Manet's earliest pictures there were found the broad, dull red-brown surfaces which characterize the works of the Bolognese and the Neapolitans. A cool silver tone, a shadowless treatment gleaming in silver, has now taken the place of this warm brown sauce. He has the white of Velasquez, his cool subdued rose-colour, his delicate grey which has been so much admired and against which every touch of colour stands out clear and determined, and that celebrated black of the Spaniard which is never heavy and dull, but makes such a light and transparent effect. What is bright is

Paris : Baschet.] [*Guérard sc.*

MANET: "BOATING."

contrasted with what is bright, and light colours are placed upon a silvery grey background. The most perfect modelling and plastic effect is attained without the aid of strong contrasts of shadow. Thus he closed his apprenticeship to the old masters by being able to see with the eyes of that old master whose vision was the truest.

This was the point of departure for Manet's further development. The study of Velasquez did not merely set him free from sauce; it also started the problem of painting light. He went through a course of development similar to that of the old Spaniard himself. When Velasquez painted his first picture with a popular turn, the "Bacchus," he still stood upon the ground of the tenebrous painters; he represented an open-air scene with the illumination of a closed room. Although the ceremony is taking place in broad daylight, the people seem to be sitting in a dingy tavern, receiving light from a studio window to the left. Ten years afterwards, when he painted

MANET: "THE WOMAN WITH THE GUITAR." [*Lauzet sc.*

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"The Smithy of Vulcan," he had emancipated himself from this Bolognese tradition, which he spoke of henceforward as "a gloomy and horrible style." The deep and sharply contrasted shadows have vanished, and daylight has conquered the light of the cellar. The great equestrian portraits which followed gave Mengs occasion to remark, even a hundred years ago, that Velasquez was the first who understood how to paint what is "ambiant," the air filling the vacuum between objects. And at the end of his life he solved the final problem in "The Women spinning." In the "Bacchus" might be found the treatment of an open-air scene in the key of sauce, but here was the glistening of light in an interior. The sun quivers over silken stuffs, falls upon the dazzling necks of women, plays through coal-black Castilian locks, renders one thing plastically distinct and another pictorially vague, dissolves corporeality, and lends surface the rounding of life. Contours touched with the brightness of light surround the heads of the girls at work. The shadows are not warm brown but cool grey, and the tints of reflected light play from one object to another.

L'Art français.]

MANET: "NANA."

(By permission of M. Durand-Ruel, the owner of the copyright.)

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.] *[Guérard sc.*

MANET: "A BAR AT THE FOLIES-BERGÈRES."

Two remarkable pictures of 1863 and 1865 show that Manet had grasped the problem and was endeavouring in a tentative way to give expression to his ideas.

In one of these, "The Picnic," painted in 1863, there was a stretch of sward, a few trees, and in the background a river in which a woman was merrily splashing in her chemise; in the foreground were seated two young men in frock-coats opposite another woman, who has just come out of the water and been drying herself. Needless to say, this picture was rejected, as something unprecedented, by the committee, which included Ingres, Léon Cogniet, Robert Fleury, and Hippolyte Flandrin. Eugène Delacroix was the only one in its favour. So Manet was relegated to the *Salon des Refusés*, where Bracquemond, Legros, Whistler, and Harpignies were hung beside him. This Exhibition was held in the Industrial Hall, and the public went through a narrow little door from one gallery to the other. Half Paris was bewildered and discomposed by these works of the rejected;

even Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie ostentatiously turned their backs upon Manet's picture when they visited the Salon. This naked woman made a scandal. How shocking! A woman without the slightest stitch of clothes between two gentlemen in their frock-coats! In the Louvre, indeed, there were about fifty Venetian paintings with much the same purport. Every manual of art refers to "The Family," as it is called, and the "Ages of Life" of Giorgione, in which nude and clothed figures are moving in a landscape and placed ingenuously beside each other.

Paris: Baschet.]

MANET: "SPRING" ("JEANNE").

(By permission of M. Faure, the owner of the picture.)

But that a painter should claim for a modern artist the right of painting for the joy of what is purely pictorial was a phenomenon that had never been encountered before. The public searched for something obscene, and they found it; but for Manet the whole picture was only a technical experiment: the nude woman in front was only there because the painter wanted to observe the play of the sun and the reflexions of the foliage upon naked flesh; the woman in her chemise merely owed her existence to the circumstance of her charming outline making such a delightful patch of white amid the green meadows. Manet for the first time touched the problem which Madox Brown had thrown out in his "Work" ten years before in England, though for the present he did so with no greater success: the sunbeams glanced no doubt, but they were heavy and opaque; the sky was bright, but without

[Lauzet sc

MANET: "SPANISH DANCERS."

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atmosphere. As yet there is nothing of the Manet who belongs to history.

The celebrated "Olympia" of 1865, now to be found in the Luxembourg, was painted during this stage in his development: it represents a neurotic, anæmic creature, who stretches out, pale and sickly, her meagre nudity upon white linen, with a purring cat at her feet; whilst a negress in a red dress draws back the curtain, offering her a bouquet. With this picture—no one can tell why—the definite battles over Impressionism began. The critics who talked about obscenity were not consistent, because Titian's pictures of Venus with her female attendant, the little dog, and the youth sitting upon the edge of the bed, are not usually held to be obscene. But it is nevertheless difficult to find in this flatly modelled body, with its hard black outlines, those artistic qualities which Zola discovered in it. The picture has nothing whatever of Titian in it, but it may almost be said to have something of Cranach. "The Picnic" and "Olympia"

have both only an historical interest as the first works in which the artist trusted his own eyes, refusing to court the assistance of any one's spectacles. Feeling that he would come to nothing if he continued to study nature through the medium of an old master, he had to render some real thing just as it appeared to him when he was not looking into the mirror of old pictures. He tried to forget what he had studied in galleries, the tricks of art which he had learnt with Couture, and the famous pictures he had seen. In his earlier works there had been a far-fetched refinement and a delicacy taken from the old masters, but "The Picnic" and "Olympia" are simpler and more independent. In both he was already an "Impressionist," true to his personal vision, though he could not entirely express the new language that hovered upon his lips. He had tried both to rid himself of Courbet's brown sauce and of the ivory tone of Bouguereau, and to be just to local tones through simple and independent observation; in his "Picnic" he had painted the trees green, the earth yellow, and the sky grey, and in "Olympia" the bed white and the body of the woman flesh-colour. But he was as little successful as the Preraphaelites in bringing the local tones into full harmony. This is the step which Manet made in advance of the Preraphaelites: after he had emancipated himself from the conventional brown and ivory scheme of tone, and had been for a time, like the Preraphaelites, true although hard, he attained that harmony which hitherto had been either not reached by artistic means or not reached at all, by strict observation of the medium by which nature produces her harmonies—light. As the air, the pervasive atmosphere, renders nature everywhere harmonious and refined in colour, so it forthwith became for the artist the means of reaching that great harmony which is the object of all pictorial endeavour and which had never previously been reached except through some mannerism.

This movement, so historically memorable, when Manet discovered the sun and the fine fluid of the atmosphere, was shortly before 1870. Not long before the declaration of war he was in the country, in the neighbourhood of Paris, staying

with his friend de Nittis; but he continued to work as though he were at home, only his studio was here the pleasure-ground. Here one day he sat in full sunlight, placed his model amid the flowers of the turf, and began to paint. The result was "The Garden," now in the possession of Madame de Nittis. The young wife of the Italian painter is reclining in an easy-chair, between her husband, who is lying on the grass, and her child, which is asleep in its cradle. Every flower is fresh and bright upon the fragrant sward. The green of the stretch of grass is luminous, and everything is bathed in soft, bright atmosphere; the leaves cast their blue shadows upon the yellow gravel path. "Plein-air" made its entry into painting.

In 1870 his activity had to be interrupted. He entered a company of Volunteers consisting chiefly of artists and men of letters, and in December he became a lieutenant in the Garde Nationale, where he had Meissonier as his colonel. The pictures, therefore, in which he was entirely Manet belong exclusively to the period following 1870.

From this time his great problem was the sun, the glow of daylight, the tremor of the air upon the earth basking in light. He became a natural philosopher who could never satisfy himself, studying the effect of light and determining with the observation of a man of science how the atmosphere alters the phenomena of colour.

In tender, virginal, light grey tones, never seen before, he depicted, in fourteen pictures exhibited at a dealer's, the luxury and grace of Paris, the bright days of summer and *soirées* flooded with gaslight, the faded features of the fallen maiden and the refined *chic* of the woman of the world. There was to be seen "Nana," that marvel of audacious grace. Laced in a blue silk corset, and otherwise clad merely in a muslin smock with her feet in pearl-grey stockings, the blond woman stands at the mirror painting her lips, and carelessly replying to the words of a man who is watching her upon the sofa behind. Near it hung balcony scenes, fleeting sketches from the skating rink, the *café concert*, the *Bal de l'Opéra*, the *déjeuner* scene at Père Lathuille's, and the "Bar at the Folies-Bergères." In

Scribner's Magazine.]

DEGAS: "A BALLET."

one case he has made daylight the subject of searching study, in another the artificial illumination of the footlights. "Music in the Tuileries" reveals a crowd of people swarming in an open, sunny place. Every figure was introduced as a patch of colour, but these patches were alive and this multitude spoke. One of the best pictures was "Boating"—a craft boldly cut away in its frame, after the manner of the Japanese, and seated in it a young lady in light blue and a young man in white, their figures contrasting finely with the delicate grey of the water and the atmosphere impregnated with moisture. And scattered amongst these pictures there were to be found powerful sea-pieces and charming, piquant portraits.

Manet had a passion for the world. He was a man with a slight and graceful figure, a beard of the colour known as *blond cendré*, deep blue eyes filled with the fire of youth, a refined, clever face, aristocratic hands, and a manner of great

Magazine of Art.]

DEGAS: "THE BALLET IN 'ROBERT THE DEVIL.'"

urbanity. With his wife, the highly cultured daughter of a Dutch musician, he went into the best circles of Parisian society, and was popular everywhere for his trenchant judgment and his sparkling intellect. His conversation was vivid and sarcastic. He was famous for his wit *à la* Gavarni. He delighted in the delicate perfume of drawing-rooms, the shining candle-light at receptions; he worshipped modernity and the piquant *frou-frou* of toilettes; he was the first who stood with both feet in the world which seemed so inartistic to others. Thus the progress made in the acquisition of subject and material may be seen even in the outward appearance of the three pioneers of modern art. Millet in his portrait stands in wooden shoes, Courbet in his shirt-sleeves; Manet wears a tall

DEGAS: "THE BALLET IN 'DON JUAN.'" [*Lauzet sc.*

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hat and a frock-coat. Millet, the peasant, painted peasants. Courbet, the democrat from the provinces, gave the rights of citizenship to the artisan, but without himself deserting the provinces and the *bourgeoisie*. He was repelled by everything either distinguished or refined. In such matters he could not find the force and vehemence which were all he sought. Manet, the Parisian and the man of refinement, gave art the elegance of modern life.

[*Lauzet sc.*

DEGAS: "A BALLET-DANCER."
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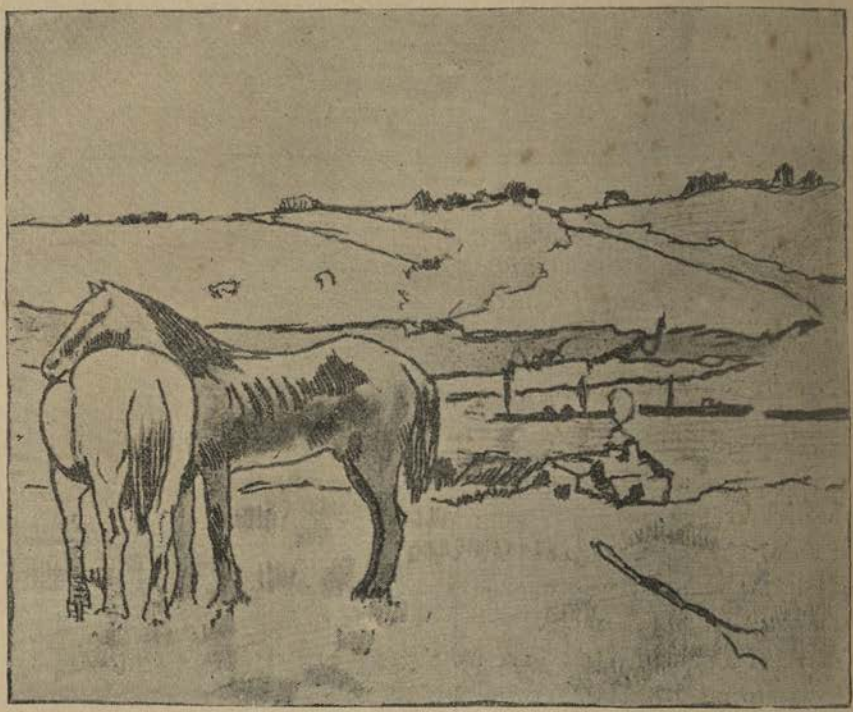
In the year 1879 he made the Parisian magistracy the offer of painting in the session-room of the Town Hall the entire *Ventre de Paris*, the markets, railway-stations, lading-places, and public gardens, and beneath the ceiling a gallery of the celebrated men of the present time. His letter was unanswered, and yet it gave the impulse to all those great pictures of contemporary life painted afterwards in Paris and the provinces for the walls of public buildings. In 1880 he received, through the exertions of his friend Antonin Proust, a medal of the second class, the only one ever awarded to him. And the dealer Duret began to buy pictures of him; Durand-Ruel followed suit, and so did M. Faure, the singer of the Grand Opera, who himself is the owner of five-and-thirty Manets. The poor artist did not long enjoy this recognition. On April 30th, 1883, the varnishing day at the Salon, he died from blood-poisoning and the consequences of the amputation of a leg.



[Lauzet sc.

DEGAS: "HORSES IN A MEADOW" (SKETCH).

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But the seed which he had scattered when he died had already thrown out roots. It had taken him years to force open the doors of the Salon, but to-day his name shines in letters of gold upon the façade of the École des Beaux-Arts as that of the man who has spoken the most decisive final utterance on behalf of the liberation of modern art. His achievement, which seems to have been an unimportant alteration in the method of painting, was in reality a renovation in the method of looking at the world and a renovation in the method of thinking.

Up to this time it was only the landscape-painters who had emancipated themselves from imitation of the gallery tone, and what was done by Corot in landscape had, logically enough, to be carried out in figure-painting likewise; for men and women are encompassed by the air as much as trees. After the

[*Lauzet sc.*

RENOIR: "SUPPER AT BONGIVAL."

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landscape-painters of Barbizon had made evident the vast difference between the light of day and that of a closed room in their pictures painted in the open air, the figure-painters, if they made any claim to truth of effect, could no longer venture to content themselves with the illumination falling upon their models in the studio, when they were painting incidents taking place out of doors. Yet even the boldest of the new artists did not set themselves free from tradition. Even after they had become independent in subject and composition, they had remained the slaves of the old masters in their intuition of colour. Some imitated the Spaniards, without reflecting that Ribera painted his pictures in a small, dark studio, and that the cellar-light with which they were illuminated was therefore correct, whereas applied, in the present age, to the bright interiors of the nineteenth century it was utterly false. Others

[*Lauzet sc.*

RENOIR: "THE WOMAN WITH THE FAN."

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treated open-air scenes as if they were taking place in a ground-floor parlour, and endeavoured by curtains and shutters to create a light similar to that which may be found in old masters and pictures dimmed with age. Or the artist painted according to a general recipe and in complete defiance of what he saw with his eyes. For instance, an exceedingly characteristic episode is told of the student days of Puvis de Chavannes. Upon a grey, misty day the young artist had painted a nude figure. The model appeared enveloped in tender light as by a bright, silvery halo. "That's the way you see your model?" grumbled Couture indignantly when he came to correct the picture. Then he mixed together white, cobalt blue, Naples yellow, and vermilion, and turned Puvis de Chavannes' nude grey figure by a universal recipe into one that was highly coloured and warmly luminous —such a figure as an old master might perhaps have painted under different conditions of light. With his "Fiat Lux" Manet uttered a word of redemption that had hovered upon many lips. The jurisdiction of galleries was broken now also in regard to colour; the last remnant of servile dependence upon the mighty dead was cast aside; the aims attained by the landscape-painters thirty years before were reached in figure-painting likewise. Realism, which had been true and at liberty in the handling of form, was untrue and in a condition of bondage in its intuition of colour. But now truth of colour is united to truth of draughtsmanship. Impressionism

[*Lauzet sc.*

RENOIR: "FISHER CHILDREN BY THE SEA."

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is realism extended by the study of the *milieu*.

Perhaps a later age may even come to recognize that Manet made an advance upon the old masters in his delicacy and scrupulous analysis of light; in that case it will esteem the discovery of tone-values as the chief acquisition of the nineteenth century, as a conquest such as has never been made in painting since the Eycks and Masaccio, since the establishment of the theory of perspective. In a treatise commanding all respect Hugo Magnus has written of how the sense of colour increased in the various periods of the world's history; since the appearance of the Impressionists verification may be made of yet another advance in this direction. The study of tone-values has never been carried on with such conscientious exactitude, and in regard to truth of atmosphere one is disposed to believe that our eyes to-day see and feel things which our ancestors had not yet noticed. The old masters have also touched the problem of "truth in painting." It is not merely that the character of their colours often led the Italian tempera and fresco painters to the most natural method of treating light. They even occupied themselves in a theoretical way with the question. An old Italian precept declares that the painter ought to work in a closed yard beneath an awning, but should place his model beneath the open sky. In the frescoes which he painted in Arezzo in 1480, Piero della Francesca, in particular, pursued the problem of *plein-air* painting with a fine instinct. But love of the beautiful and

[*Lauzet sc.*

RENOIR: "THE WOMAN WITH THE CAT."

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[*Lauzet sc.*

RENOIR: "THE TERRACE."

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luminous tints, such as the technique of oil-painting enabled artists to attain at a later date, quickly seduced them from carrying out the natural treatment of light in the gradation of colour. Under the influence of oil-painting, the Italians of the great period, from Leonardo onwards, turned more and more to strong contrasts. And in spite of Albert Cuyp, even the Dutch landscape-painters of the seventeenth century have seen objects rather in line and form, plastically, than pictorially in their environment of light and air. The nineteenth century was the first seriously to attack a problem which—except by Velasquez—had been merely grazed by the old schools, but never solved.

What the masters of Barbizon had done through instinctive genius was made the object of scientific study by the Impressionists. The new school set up the principle that atmosphere changes the colour of objects; for instance, that the colour and outline of a tree painted in a room are completely different from those of the same tree painted upon the spot in the open air. As an unqualified rule they claimed that every incident was to be harmonized with time, place, and light; thus a scene taking place out of doors had of necessity to be painted, not within four walls, but under the actual illumination of morning, or

[*Lauzet sc.*

RENOIR: "THE PRIVATE BOX."

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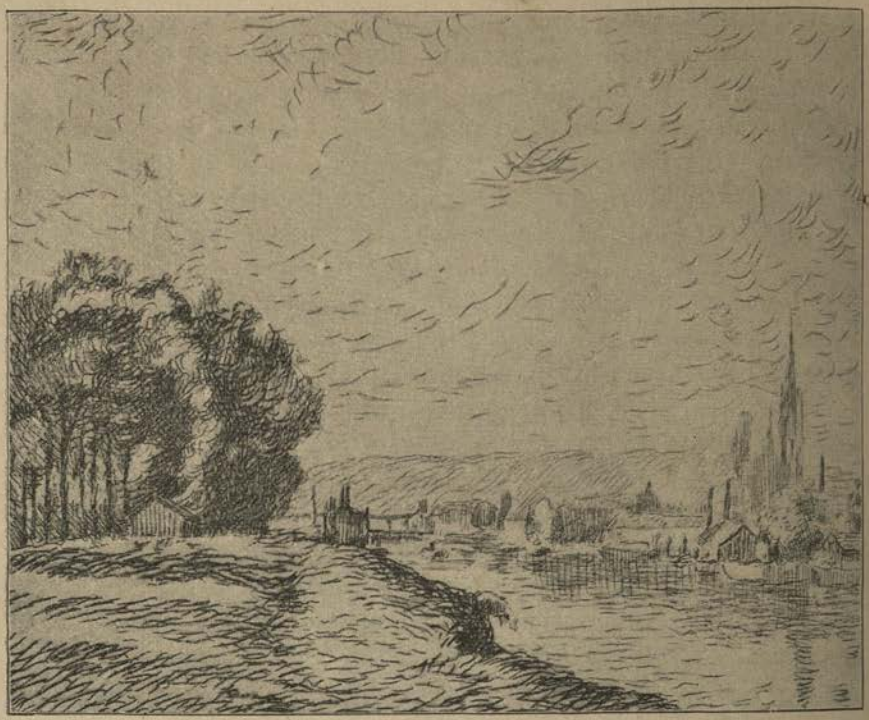
noon, or evening, or night. In making this problem the object of detailed and careful inquiry, the artist came to analyze life, throbbing beneath its veil of air and light, with more refinement and thoroughness than the old masters had done. The latter painted light deadened in its fall, but not shining. Oils were treated as an opaque material, colour appeared to be a substance, and the radiance of tinted light was lost through this material heaviness. Courbet still represented merely the object apart from its environment; he saw things in a plastic way, and not as they were, bathed in the atmosphere; his men and women lived in oil, in brown sauce, and not where it was only possible for them to live—in the air. Everything he painted he isolated without a thought of atmospheric surroundings. Now a complete change of parts was effected: bodies and colours were no longer painted, but the shifting power of light under which everything changes form and colour at every moment of the day. The elder painters in essentials confined light to the surface of objects; the new painters believed in its universality, beholding in it the father of all life and of the manifold nature of the visible world, and therefore of colour also. They no longer painted colours and forms with lights and cast-shadows, but pellucid light, pouring over forms and colours and absorbed and refracted by

them. They no longer looked merely to the particular, but to the whole, no longer saw nothing except deadened light and cast-shadows, but the harmony and pictorial charm of a moment of nature considered as such. With a zeal which at times seemed almost paradoxical, they proceeded to establish the importance of the phenomena of light. They discovered that, so far from objects being gilded by sunlight, it silvers them, and they made every effort to analyze the multiplicity of these fine gradations down to their most delicate *nuances*. They learnt to paint the quiver of tremulous sunbeams radiating far and wide; they were the lyrical poets of light, which they often glorified at the expense of what it envelops and causes to live. At the service of art they placed a renovated treasury of refined, purified, and pictorial phases of expression, in which the history of art records an increase in the human eye of the sense of colour and the power of perception.

That light is movement is here made obvious, and that all life is movement is just what their art reveals. Courbet was an admirable painter of plain surfaces. If he had to paint a wall, he took it upon his strong shoulders and transferred it to his canvas in such a way that a stone-mason might have been deceived. If it was a question of rocks, the body of a woman, or the waves of the sea, he began to mix his pigments thick, laid a firm mass of colour on the canvas, and spread it with a knife. This spade-work gave him unrivalled truth to nature in reproducing the surface of hard substances. Rocks, banks, and walls look as they do in nature, but in the case of moving, indeterminate things his power deserts him. His landscapes are painted in a rich, broad, and juicy style, but his earth has no pulsation. Courbet has forgotten the birds in his landscape. His seas have been seen with extraordinary largeness of feeling, and they are masterpieces of drawing; the only drawback is that they seem uninhabitable for fish. Under the steady hand of the master the sea came to a standstill and was changed into rock. If he has to paint human beings they stand as motionless as wax dolls. The expression of their faces seems galvanized into life, like their bodies. Placing absolute directness in the rendering

of impressions in their programme, as the chief aim of their artistic endeavours, the Impressionists were the first who had the secret of seizing with the utmost freshness the *nuances* of expression and movement, which remained petrified in the hands of their predecessors. Only the flash of the spokes is painted in the wheel of a carriage in motion, and never the appearance of the wheel when it is at rest; in the same way they allow the outlines of human figures to relax and become indistinct, to call up the impression of movement, the real vividness of the appearance. Colour has been established as the sole, unqualified medium of expression for the painter, and has so absorbed the drawing that the line receives, as it were, a pulsating life and cannot be felt except in a pictorial way. In the painting of nude human figures the waxen look—which in the traditional painting from the nude had a pretence of being natural—has vanished from the skin, and thousands of delicately distinguished gradations give animation to the flesh. Moreover a finer and deeper observation of temperament was made possible by lighter and more sensitive technique. In the works of the earlier *genre* painters people never are what they are supposed to represent. The hired model, picked from the lower strata of life, and used by the painter in bringing his picture slowly to completion, was obvious even in the most elegant toilette; but now real human beings are represented, men and women whose carriage, gestures, and countenances tell at once what they are. Even in portrait-painting, people whom the painter has surprised before they have had time to put themselves in order, in the second when they are still entirely natural, have taken the place of dolls nailed to the spot. The effort to seize the most unconstrained air and the most natural position, and to arrest the most transitory shade of expression, produces, in this field of art also, a directness and vivacity divided by a great gulf from the pose and the grand airs of the earlier drawing-room picture.

From his very first appearance there gathered round Manet a number of young men who met twice a week at a café in Batignolles, formerly a suburb at the entrance of the Avenue de Clichy. After this trysting-place the society called itself



[Lauzet sc.

C. PISSARRO: "ROUEN."

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L'École des Batignolles. Burty, Antonin Proust, Henner, and Stevens put in an occasional appearance, but Legros, Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Duranty, and Zola were constant visitors. Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Monet, Gauguin, and Zandomeneghi were the leading spirits of the impressionistic staff, and, being excluded from the official Salon, they generally set up their tent at Nadar's, Reichshofen's, or some other dealer's. These are the names of the men who, following Manet, were the earliest to make the new problem the object of their studies.

Degas, the subtile colourist and miraculous draughtsman, who celebrates dancers, gauze skirts, and the foyers of the Opera, is the boldest and the most original of those who banded together from the very outset of the movement—the worst enemy of everything pretty and banal, the greatest dandy of modern France,

[*Lauzet sc.*

C. Pissarro: "Sitting Up."

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L'Art français.]

C. PISSARRO: "SYDENHAM CHURCH."

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the man whose works are caviare to the general and so refreshing to the *gourmet*, the painter who can find a joy in the sublime beauty of ugliness.

Degas was older than Manet. He had run through all phases of French art since Ingres. His first pictures, "Spartan Youths" and "Semiramis building the Walls of Babylon," might indeed have been painted by Ingres, to whom he looks up even now as to the first star in the firmament of French art. Then for a time he was influenced by the suggestive and tender intimacy in feeling and the soft, quiet harmony of Chardin. He had also an enthusiasm for Delacroix: less for his exaggerated colouring, than for the lofty mark of style in the gestures and movements painted by this great Romanticist, which Degas endeavoured to transfer to the pantomime of the ballet. From Manet he learnt softness and fluency of modelling. And finally the Japanese communicated to him the principle of their dispersed composition, the choice of standpoint, allowing the artist to look up from beneath or down from above, the taste for fantastic decoration, the suggestive method of emphasizing this and suppressing that,

the surprise of detail introduced here and there in a perfectly arbitrary fashion. From the original and bizarre union of all these elements he formed his exquisite, marvellously expressive, and entirely personal style, which is hard to describe with the pen, and would be defectively indicated by reference to Besnard, who is allied to him in the treatment of light. But it is only in literature that Degas has a parallel. If a comparison between them be at all possible, it might be said that his style in many ways recalls that of the brothers de Goncourt. As these have enriched their language with a new vocabulary for the expression of new emotions, Degas has made for himself a new technique. Utterly despising everything pretty and anecdotic, he has the secret of gaining the effect intended by refinements of drawing and tone-values, just as the de Goncourts by the association of words; he has borrowed phrases from all the lexicons of painting; he has mixed oils, pastel, and water-colour together, and, such as he is to-day, he is, like the de Goncourts, to be reckoned amongst the most delicate and refined artists of the century.

His range of subjects finds its limit in one point: he has the greatest contempt for banality, for the repetition of others and of himself. Every subject has to give opportunity for the introduction of special models, not hitherto employed, of pictorial experiments and novel problems of light. He made his starting-point the grace and charming movements of women. Trim Parisian laundresses in their spotless aprons, little shop-girls in their *boutiques*, the spare grace of racehorses with their elastic jockeys, marvellous portraits, like that of Duranty, women rising from the bath, the movements of the workwoman and the toilette and *negligé* of the woman of the world, boudoir scenes, scenes in court, and scenes in boxes at the theatre—he has painted them all. And with what truth and life! How admirably his figures stand! how completely they are what they give themselves out to be! The Circus and the Opera soon became his favourite field of study. In his ballet-girls he found fresher artistic material than in the goddesses and nymphs of the antique.

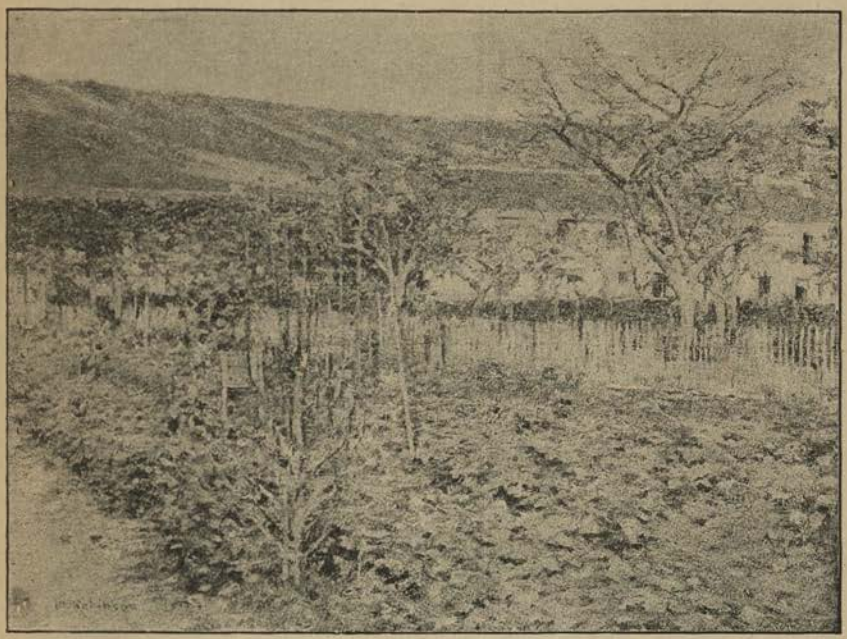
At the same time the highest conceivable demands were

here made on the capacities of the painter and the draughtsman, and on his powers of characterization. Of all modern artists Degas is the man who creates the greatest illusion as an interpreter of artificial light, of the light of the foot-lamps before which these *décolleté* singers move in their gauze skirts. And these dancers are real dancers, vivid every one of them, every one of them individual. The nervous force of the born ballerina is sharply differentiated from the phlegm of the others who merely earn their bread by their legs. How fine are his novices with tired, faded, pretty faces, when they have to sweep a courtesy, and pose so awkwardly in their delightful shyness. How marvellously he has grasped the fleeting charm of this moment. With what a spirited nonchalance he groups his girls enveloped in white muslin and coloured sashes. Like the Japanese, he claims the right of rendering only what interests him and appears to make a striking effect—"the vivid points," in Hokusai's phrase—and does not hold himself bound to add a lifeless piece of canvas for the sake of "rounded composition." In pictures where it is his purpose to show the varied forms of the legs and feet of his dancers he only paints the upper part of the orchestra and the lower part of the stage—that is to say, heads, hands, and instruments below, and dancing legs above. He is equally uncompromising in his street and racing scenes, so that often it is merely the hindquarters of the horses and the back of the jockey that are visible. His pictures, however, owe not a little of their life and piquancy to this brilliant method of cutting through the middle, and to these triumphant evasions of all the vulgar rules of composition. But, for the matter of that, surely Dürer knew what he was about, when in his pictures of apocalyptic riders, instead of completing the composition, he left it fragmentary, to create an impression of the wild gallop.

A special group amongst the artist's ballet-pictures are those in which he represents the discipline of pupils, the severe course through which the grub must pass before taking wing as a butterfly. Here is displayed a strange, fantastic anatomy, only comparable to the acrobatic distortions to which the

Century.]
CLAUDE MONET.

Japanese are so much addicted in their art. But it is precisely these pictures which were of determining importance for the development of Degas. In the quest of unstable lines and expressions, instead of feeling reality in all its charming grace, he came to behold it only in its degeneration. He was impelled to render the large outline of the modern woman—the female figure which has grown to be a product of art beneath the array of toilette—even in the most ungraceful moments. He painted the woman who does not suspect that she is being observed; he painted her seen, as it were, through the key-hole or the slit of a curtain, and making, to some extent, the most atrociously ugly movements. He was the merciless observer of creatures whom society turns into machines for its pleasure — dancing, racing, and erotic machines. He has depicted cruelly the sort of woman Zola has drawn in Nana — the woman who has no expression, no play in her eyes, the woman who is merely animal, motionless as a Hindu idol. His pictures of this class are a natural history of prostitution of terrible veracity, a great poem on the flesh, like the works of Titian and Rubens, except that in the latter blooming beauty is the substance of the brilliant strophes, while in Degas it is wrinkled skin, decaying youth, and the artificial brightness of enamelled faces. He explored the horrors of Paris by night, and began to linger over everything monstrous, vicious, and degenerate, so far as it is pictorial. An aristocratic disgust for the world, the



Century.]

MONET'S HOUSE AT GIVERNY.

blasé taste of a Sybarite, for whom everything normal and healthy has become banal, and whom nothing can rouse but what is hideous, runs through his last works with a frightful pessimism. "*À vous autres il faut la vie naturelle, à moi la vie factice.*"

This sense of having lived too much expressed itself also in the haughty contempt with which he withdrew himself from exhibitions, the public, and criticism. Any one who is not a constant visitor at Durand-Ruel's has little opportunity of seeing the pictures of Degas. The conception of fame is what he does not seem to possess. Being a man of cool self-reliance, he paints to please himself, without caring how his pictures may suit the notions of the world or the usages of the schools. For years he has kept aloof from the Salon, and some people say that he has never exhibited at all. And he keeps at as great a distance from Parisian society. In earlier days, when Manet,

[*Lauzet sc.*

MONET: "A WALK IN GREY WEATHER."

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Pissarro, and Duranty met at the Café Nouvelle Athènes, he sometimes appeared after ten o'clock—a little man with round shoulders and a shuffling walk, who only took part in the conversation by now and then breaking in with brief, sarcastic observations. After Manet's death he made the Café de la Rochefoucauld his place of resort. And young painters went on his account also to the Café de la Rochefoucauld and pointed him out to each other, saying, "That is Degas." When artists assemble together the conversation usually turns upon him, and he is accorded the highest honours by the young generation. He is revered as the haughty *Indépendant* who stands unapproachably above the *profanum vulgus*, the great unknown who never passed through the ordeal of a hanging committee, but whose spirit hovers invisibly over every exhibition.

A refined *charmeur*, *Auguste Renoir*, has made important discoveries, in portrait-painting especially. He is peculiarly the painter of women, whose elegance, delicate skin, and velvet flesh he interprets with extraordinary deftness. Léon Bonnat's portraits were great pieces of still-life. The persons sit as if they were nailed to their seats. Their flesh looks like zinc and their clothes like steel. In Carolus Duran's hands portrait-painting became a sport with draperies. Most of his portraits merely

MONET: "THE CHURCH AT VARANGÉVILLE." [*Lauzet sc.*

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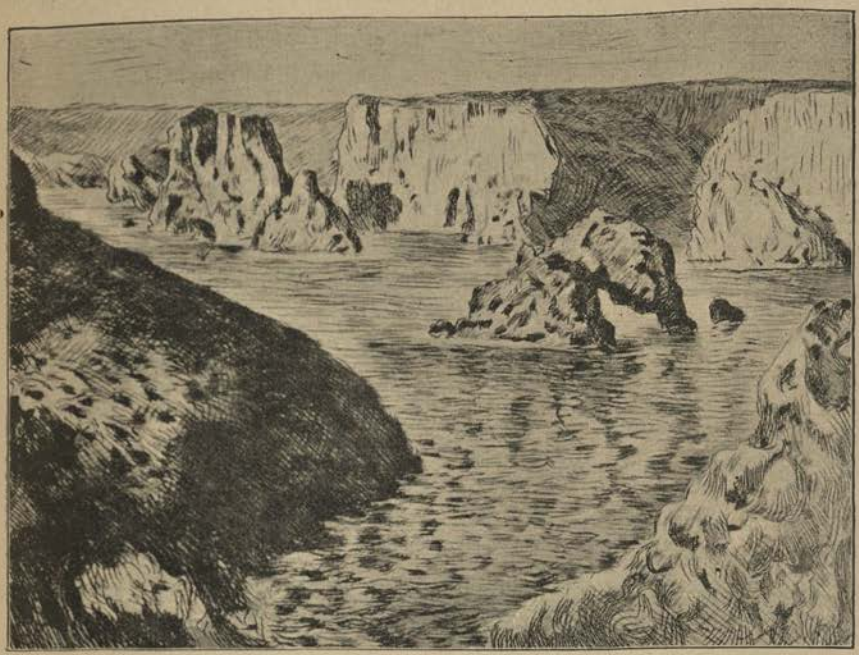

[*Lauzet sc.*

MONET: "THE ROCKS AT BELLE-ISLE."

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betray the amount which the toilettes have cost; they are inspired by their rich array of silk and heavy curtains; often they are crude symphonies in velvet and satin. The rustle of robes, the dazzling—or loud—fulness of colour in glistening materials, gave him greater pleasure than the lustre of flesh-tints and any glance of inquiry into the moral temperament of his models. Renoir endeavours to arrest the scarcely perceptible and transitory movements of the features and the figure. Placing his persons boldly in the real light of day which streams around, he paints atmospheric influences in all their results, like a landscapist. Light is the sole and absolute thing. The fallen trunk of a tree, upon which the broken sunlight plays in yellow and light green reflections, and the body or head of a girl, are subject to the same laws. Stippled with yellowish green spots of light, the latter loses its contours and becomes a part

of nature. With this study of the effects of light and reflection there is united an astonishing sureness in the analysis of sudden phases of expression. The way in which laughter begins and ends, the moment between laughter and weeping, the passing flash of an eye, a fleeting motion of the lips, all that comes like lightning and vanishes as swiftly, shades of expression which had hitherto seemed indefinable, are seized by Renoir in all their suddenness. In the portraits of Bonnat and Duran there are people who have "sat," but here are people from whom the painter has had the power of stealing and holding fast the secret of their being at a moment when they were not "sitting." Here are dreamy blond girls gazing out of their great blue eyes ethereal fragrant flowers, like lilies leaning against a rose-bush, through which the rays of the setting sun are shining. Here are coquettish young girls, now laughing, now pouting, now blithe and gay, and now angry once more, now faltering between both moods in a charming passion. And there are women of the world of consummate elegance, slender and lightly built figures, with small hands and feet, an even pallor, almond-shaped eyes catching every light, moist shining lips of a tender grace, bearing witness to a love of pleasure refined by artifice. And children especially there are, children of sensitive and flexuous race: some as yet unconscious, dreamy, and free from thought; others already animated, correct in pose, graceful, and wise. The three girls, in his "Portrait of Mesdemoiselles M——," grouped around the piano, the eldest playing, the second accompanying upon the violin, and the youngest quietly attentive, with both hands resting upon the piano, are exquisite, painted with an entirely naïve and novel truth. All the poses are natural, all the colours bright and subtile—the furniture, the yellow bunches of flowers, the fresh spring dresses, the silk stockings. But such tender poems of childhood and blossoming girlhood form merely a part of Renoir's work. In his "Dinner at Chaton" a company of ladies and gentlemen are seated at table, laughing, talking, and listening; the champagne sparkles in the glasses, and the cheerful, easy mood which comes with dessert is in the ascendant. In his "Moulin de la Galette"

he painted the excitement of the dance—whirling pairs, animated faces, languid poses, and everything enveloped in sunlight and dust. Renoir's peculiar field is the study of the various delicate emotions which colour the human countenance.

The merit of *Camille Pissarro* is to have once more set the painting of peasants, weakened by Breton, upon the virile lines of Millet, and to have supplemented them in those places where Millet was technically inadequate. When the Impressionist movement began Camille Pissarro had already a past: he was the recognized landscape-painter of the Norman plains; the straightforward observer of peasants, the plain and simple depictor of the vegetable gardens stretching round peasant dwellings. Since Millet no artist had placed himself in closer relationship to the life of the earth and of cultivated nature. Though a delicate analyst, Pissarro had not the epic feeling nor the religious mysticism of Millet; but like Millet he was a rustic in spirit, like him a Norman, from the land of vineyards, of large farmyards, green meadows, soft avenues of poplars, and wide horizons reddened by the sun. He was healthy, tender, and intimate in feeling, rejoiced in the richness of the land and the voluptuous undulation of fields, and he could give a striking impression of a region in its work-a-day character. Celebrated in the press as the legitimate descendant of Millet, he might have contented himself with his regular successes. He had, indeed, arrived at an age when men usually leave off making experiments, and reap what they have sown in their youth, at an age when many conquerors occupy themselves with the mechanical reproduction of their own works. Nevertheless the Impressionistic movement became for Pissarro the starting-point of a new way.

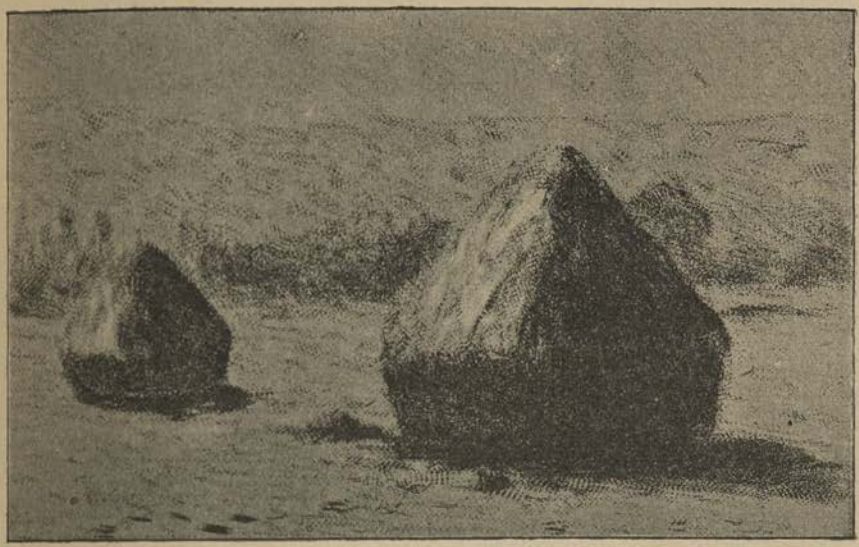
He aimed at fresher, intenser, and more transparent light, at a more cogent observation of phenomena, at a more exact analysis of the encompassing atmosphere. He celebrated the eternal, immutable light in which the world is bathed. He loved it specially during clear afternoons, when it plays over bright green meadows fringed by soft trees, or at the foot of low hills. He has sought it on the slopes across which it ripples deliciously,

Gaz. des Beaux-Arts.]

MONET: "A VIEW OF ROUEN."

(*By permission of the Artist.*)

on the plains from which it rises like a light veil of gauze. He studied the play of light upon the bronzed skin of labourers, on the coats of animals, on the foliage and fruit of trees. He characterized the seasons, the hour of day, the moment, with the conscientiousness of a peasant intent upon noting the direction of the wind and the position of the sun. The cold, chilly humour of autumn afternoons, the vivid clarity of sparkling wintry skies, the bloom and lightness of spring mornings, the oppressive brooding of summer, the luxuriance or the parched aspect of the earth, the young vigour of foliage or the fading of nature robbed of her adornment—all these Pissarro has painted with largeness, plainness, and simplicity. He strays over the fields, watching the shepherd driving out his flock, the wains rumbling along the uneven roads, the quiet, rhythmical movement of the gleaners, the graceful gait of the women who have been reaping and now return home in the evening with a rake across their shoulders; he stations himself at the entrance of villages where the apple-pickers are at work, and the women



[*Lauzet sc.*

MONET: "HAYRICKS."

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minding geese stand by their drove; he notes the whole life of peasants, and gives truer and more direct intelligence of it than Millet did in his broad, synthetic manner. Where there is a classic quietude and an oily heaviness in Millet, there is in Pissarro palpitating life, transparence, and freshness. He sees the country in bright, laughing tones; and the pure white of the kerchiefs, the pale rose-colour or tender blue bodices of his peasant women, lend his pictures a blithe delicacy of colour. His girls are like fresh flowers of the field which the sun of June brings forth upon the meadows. There is something intense and yet soft, strong and delicate, true and rhythmical, in Pissarro's tender poems upon country life.

So long as any advance beyond Rousseau and Corot seemed impossible, pictures of talent but only moderate importance had increased in number in the province of landscape. The landscape-painters who immediately followed the great pioneers loved nature on account of her comparative coolness in summer; upon sites where the classic artists of Fontainebleau dreamed and painted they built comfortable villas and

settled down with the sentiments of a house-owner. The country was parcelled out, and each one undertook his part and painted it conscientiously without arousing any novel sensations. Impressionism gave landscape-painting, which showed signs of being split into specialities, once more a firm basis, a charming field of study. To communicate impressions without any of the studio combinations, just as they strike us suddenly, to preserve the vividness and cogency of the first imprint of nature upon the mind, was the great problem which Impressionism placed before the landscape-painters. The artists of Fontainebleau painted neither the rawness and rigidity of winter nor the brooding atmosphere and scorching heat of summer; they painted artistic and dignified and exquisite works. The Impressionists did not approach their themes as poets, but as naturalists. In their hands landscape, which in Corot, Millet, Diaz, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Jongkind is an occasional poem, becomes a likeness of a region under special influences of light. With more delicate nerves, and a sensibility almost greater, they allowed nature to work upon them, and perceived in the symphonies of every hour strains never heard before, transparent shadows, the vibration of atoms of light decomposing the lines of contour, that tremor of the atmosphere which is the breath of landscape. Here also England was not without influence. As Corot and Rousseau received an impulse from Constable and Bonington in 1830, Monet and Sisley returned from London with their eyes dazzled by the light of the great Turner. Laid hold upon, like Turner, by the miracles of the universe, by the golden haze which trembles in a sunbeam, they succeeded in painting light in spite of the defectiveness of our chemical mediums.

Alfred Sisley might be compared with Daubigny. He settled in the neighbourhood of Moret, upon the banks of the Loing, and is the most soft and tender amongst the Impressionists. Like Daubigny, he loves the germinating energy, the blossoming, and the growth of young and luminous spring; the moist banks of quiet streamlets, blooming beeches, and the rye-fields growing green, the variegated flowering of the meadows, clear skies, ladies walking in bright spring dresses, and the play of light

upon the budding foliage. He has painted tender mornings breathed upon with rosy bloom, reeds with a bluish gleam and moist duck-weed, grey clouds mirrored in lonely pools, alleys of poplar, peasants' houses, and hills and banks, melting softly in the warm atmosphere. His pictures, like those of the master of Oise, leave the impression of youth and freshness, of quiet happiness, or of smiling melancholy.

On many of his pictures, saturated as they are with light, *Claude Monet* could inscribe the name of Turner, without exciting unbelief. In exceedingly unequal works, which are nevertheless full of audacity and genius, he has grasped what would seem to be intangible. Except Turner there is no one who has carried so far the study of the effects of light, of the gradations and reflections of sunbeams, of momentary phases of illumination, no one who has embodied more subtile and forcible impressions. For Monet man has no existence, but only the earth and the light. He delights in the cloven rocks of Belle-Isle, and the wild banks of the Creuse, when the oppressive sun of summer is brooding over them. He paints phenomena as transitory as the shades of expression in Renoir. The world appears in a glory of light, such as it only has in fleeting moments, and such as would be blinding were it always to be seen. Nature, in his version, is an inhospitable dwelling where it is impossible to dream and live. One hopes sometimes to hear a word of intimate association from Monet—and in vain; Claude Monet is only an eye. Carouses of sunshine and orgies in the open air are the exclusive materials of his pictures. Thus he has little to say for those who seek the soul of a human being in every landscape. Like Degas, he is *par excellence* the master in technique whose highest endeavour is to enrich the art of painting with novel sensations and unedited effects, even if it has to be done by violence. There are sea-pieces touched by the humour of evening, when the sea, red as a mirror of copper, merges into the glory of the sky, in a great radiant ocean of infinity; moods of evening storm, when gloomy clouds over the restless tree-tops race across the smoky red sky, losing tiny shreds in their flight, little thin strips of loosened cloud, richened through and through with a

wine-red glow by the splendour of the sun. Or there are spring meadows fragrant with bloom, and hills parched by the sun; rushing trains with their white smoke gleaming in the light, yellow sails scudding over glittering waters; waves shining blue, red, and golden, and burning ships, where shooting tongues of flame in a jagged rim of the evening glow leap upon the masts. Claude Monet has followed light everywhere—in Holland, Normandy, the South of France, Belle-Isle-en-Mer, the villages of the Seine, London, Algiers, Brittany. He became an enthusiast for nature as she is in Norway and Sweden, for French cathedrals rising into the sky, tall and fair, like the peaks of great promontories. He interpreted the surge of towns, the movement of the sea, the majestic solitude of the sky. But he knows too that the artist could pass his life in the same corner of the earth and work for years upon the same objects without the drama of nature played before him becoming ever exhausted. For the light which streams between things is for ever different. So he stood one evening two paces in front of his little house, in the garden, amid a flaming sea of flowers scarlet like poppies. White summer clouds shifted in the sky, and the beams of the setting sun fell upon two stacks, standing solitary in a solitary field. Claude Monet began to paint, and came again the next day, and the day after that, and every day throughout the autumn, and winter, and spring. In a series of fifteen pictures, "The Hayricks," he painted—as Hokusai did in his hundred views of the Fuji mountain—the endless variations produced by season, day, and hour upon the eternal countenance of nature. The lonely field is like a glass, catching the effects of atmosphere, the breeze, and the most fleeting light. The stacks gleam softly in the brightness of beautiful afternoons, stand out sharp and clear against the cold sky of the forenoon, loom like phantoms in the mist of a November evening, or sparkle like glittering jewels beneath the caress of the rising sun. They shine like glowing ovens, absorbed by the light of the autumnal sunset; they are surrounded as by a rosy halo, when the early sun pierces, wedgelike, through a sea of dense mist. They rise distinctly, covered with sparkling,

rose-tinged snow, into the cloudless heaven, and cast their pure, blue shadows upon the silent, white, wintry landscape, or stand out in ghostly outlines against the night firmament, mantled with silver by the moonlight. Without moving his easel, Monet has interpreted the silence of winter, and autumn with her sad and splendid feasts of colour—dusk and rain, snow and frost and sun. He heard the voices of evening and the jubilation of morning; he painted the eternal undulation of light upon the same objects, the altered impression which the same particle of nature yields according to the changing light of the hour. He chanted the poetry of the universe in a single fragment of nature, and would be a pantheistic artist of worldwide compass had he merely painted these stacks of hay for the rest of his natural existence.

And here ends the battle for the liberation of modern art. *Libertas artibus restituta.* The painters of the nineteenth century are no longer imitators, but have become makers of a new thing, "enlargers of the empire." The prophetic words of Philipp Otto Runge, "light, colour, and moving life," were to form the great problem, the great conquest of modern art; they were fulfilled after two generations. Through the Impressionists art was enriched by an opulence of new beauties, and a new province—a province peculiar to herself—was won for painting. The step which they made was the last and most important taken by nineteenth-century art, and if later painters arrived at more harmonious results, results more completely purged from extraneous mixture, the Independents have still the glory of being the bold hussars of the vanguard, the Jacobins of the revolution in art which has since been accomplished throughout all Europe.

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